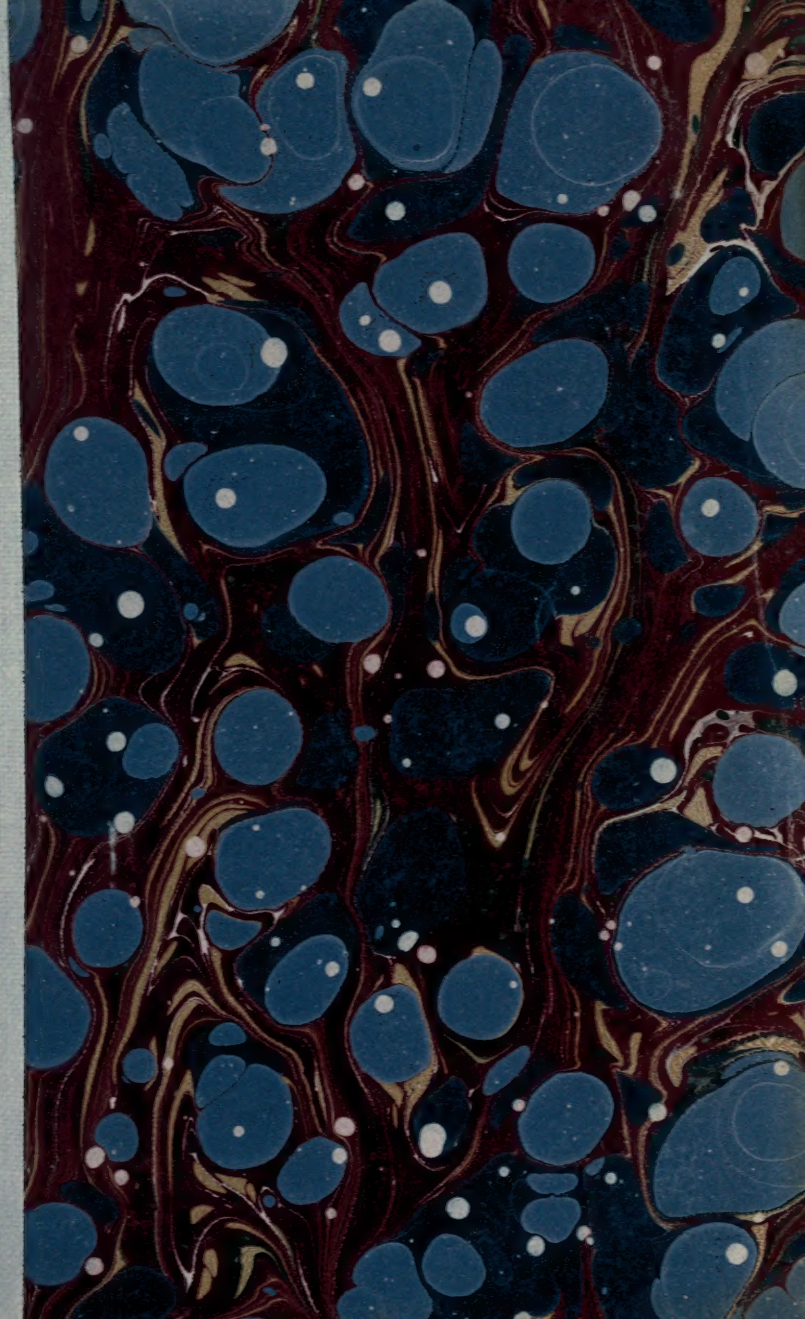
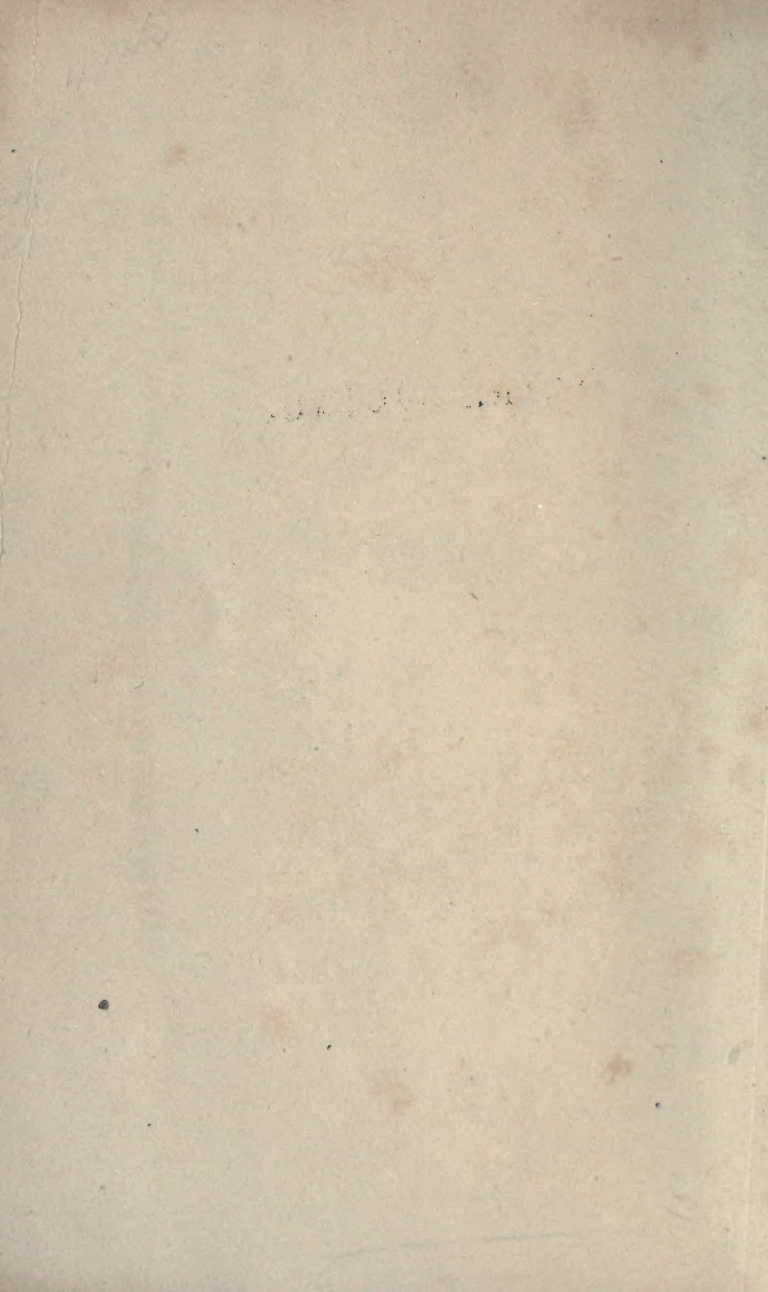


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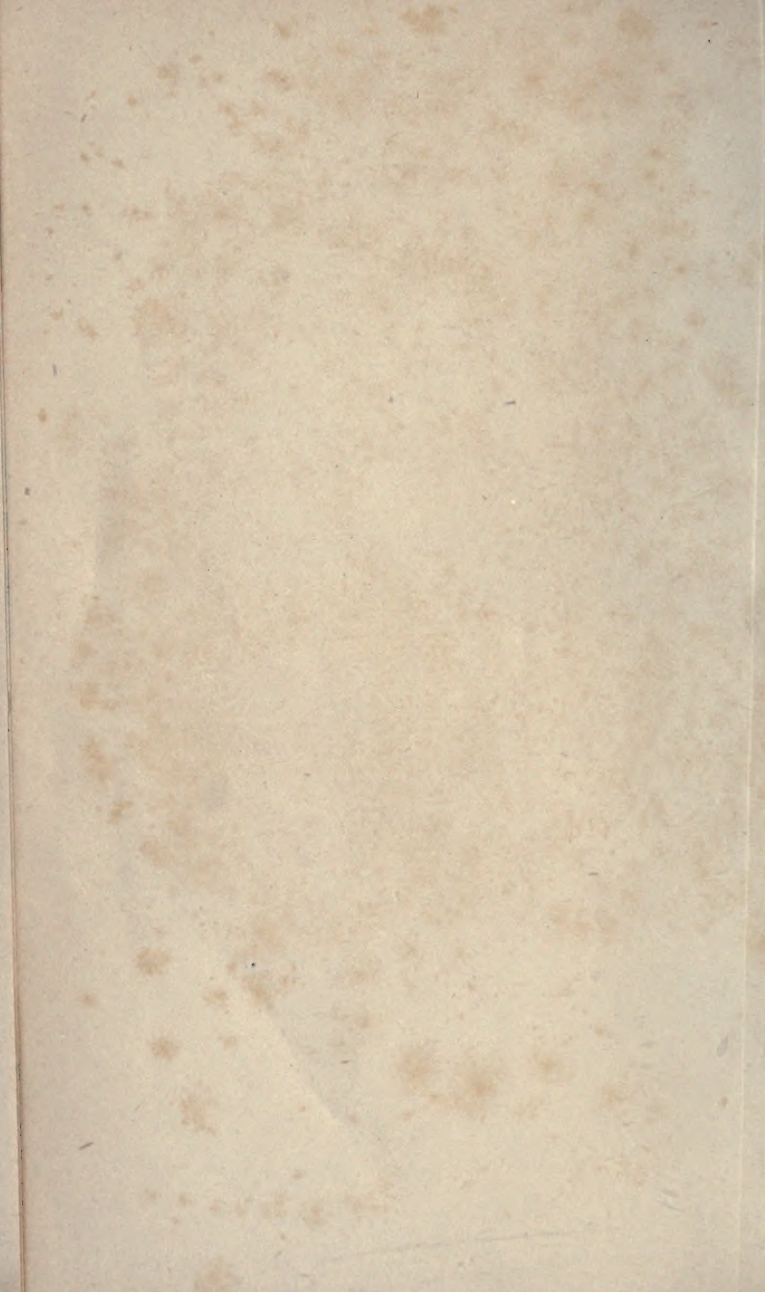




J. BAYNE COULTHARD.



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JOSEPHINE.

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HISTORICAL

AND

SECRET MEMOIRS

OF THE

EMPRESS JOSEPHINE,

(MARIE ROSE TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE.)

FIRST WIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY M^{LLE} M. A. LE NORMAND,

AUTHORESS "DES SOUVENIRS PROPHETIQUES," ETC.

She is no more, that woman whom France hath surnamed the Good; that Angel of Goodness is no more. Those who knew her can never forget her. She dies regretted by her offspring, her friends, and her contemporaries.

Words of the Emperor Alexander.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY JACOB M. HOWARD, Esq.

NEW EDITION.

VOL. I.

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A. HART, LATE CAREY AND HART,

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1852.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE,

THE following work, hitherto unknown, it is believed, in this country, is respectfully submitted to the American public.

That part of it written by the Empress herself, comprehending nearly the entire work, is full of instruction to men and women, to statesmen and citizens.

The rapid but vivid sketches given by this daughter of sorrow and destiny, of the historical characters of the French Revolution and Empire, cannot fail to attract the attention, not only of the curious, but of the wise and reflecting.

May the American people profit by the impressive teachings of one whose life was spent in the very cradle of modern politics, in the midst of the most important events of modern times; to whom the arts of politicians, ministers and rulers were as familiar as the light of day; whose mind, naturally brilliant and sagacious, was illuminated by the mighty intellect of Napoleon, in the unrestricted intimacy and privacy of the marriage relation.

If the reflections of the Empress upon her husband's political conduct are sometimes severe, it should be remembered that she was a woman, a mother, a widow, an Ex-Empress, and a divorced wife. And yet her affection for him was never shaken. She loved him to the last, and her dying tear fell upon his portrait. Truth, honour, fidelity, and benevolence, were her virtues; and though differing from her husband upon important political topics, and sometimes rendering herself obnoxious to his keen reproofs, she was ever as true to his person and his interests

as if she had been commissioned by Heaven as his guardian angel.

Honour, Fidelity, Gratitude ! Where, in the history of man, can be found a brighter illustration of those noble qualities than in that of this illustrious woman ?—But the reader is as capable as I am of appreciating her character.

TRANSLATOR.

DEDICATORY LETTER.

TO HIS MAJESTY, ALEXANDER, EMPEROR OF ALL THE
RUSSIAS, KING OF POLAND.

SIRE—Your Majesty, wholly occupied in promoting the happiness of your subjects, daily adds to your fame the glory which is reflected by enlightened princes who deign to protect literature and the arts: but the trump of fame will never cease to repeat—future generations will learn with surprise and admiration, the fact that your Majesty, anxious to establish, in a durable manner, the happiness of nations, tore himself from a people by whom he was adored, to achieve the overthrow and humiliation of that celebrated man, who had reached the summit of power, and established his empire on the ruins of republican factions. How did he reach that elevation? What did he do to attain so much greatness? Surely he was gifted with an active, energetic mind, a capacity for great things. He was not among the murderers of his king; and yet the blood of the virtuous Louis XVI. was the original cement of the throne of the modern Gengis Khan. For years had France stood in need of a master. Her citizens were depressed and discouraged. Napoleon, environed with military glory, appeared;—*he astonished all*; and the different parties, which, in 1814, united to overthrow him, then all concurred in the establishment of his power.

The dark policy of Bonaparte knew no arbiter but the sword. Strength enabled him to overcome virtue; and jus-

tice, often down-trodden, disappeared beneath the conqueror's steel.

Precious monuments and museums attested the conqueror's taste for magnificence and luxury, enriched as he was by the spoils of Europe; but the giant who sought to rule the whole world, was not even master of his own will. A slave to the caprices of his flatterers, he often fell into their snares without perceiving them. At a time when fortune seemed to favour Napoleon, while he still thought himself happy and successful, unforeseen reverses overtook him, and extinguished, by degrees, the brightness of his glory. He surely might have displayed more courage in adversity; but he was not endowed with that constancy which characterizes and forms a hero. His movements were out of the ordinary line; they were by turns brilliant, obscure, bold, pusillanimous, changeful, incomprehensible. The future alone will show the true cause which impelled him, and the real object he wished to attain!

Your Majesty has presented to the world a sublime spectacle of kindness and generosity.—When your enemy's vessel was under full sail you deigned to warn him of the hidden rocks which lay in his course;—and when he had hurled himself into the abyss, you stretched forth a helping hand to the people of France. Master of their capital, you saved it, actuated by the interests with which a brave and unhappy people inspired you. The illustrious son of the immortal Catharine wore upon our ramparts the loops of Minerva only to protect our arts, our workshops, our academies, and to diffuse around him sentiments of joy and admiration. From age to age will our contemporaries and our posterity recall those memorable events. Men shall never forget that the august and generous Alexander deigned to visit the forsaken wife of Bonaparte, and that, in honouring her with his presence, he proved how much and how sincerely he admired her, not only for the good she had done, but the evil she had prevented in the country which was her home.

Such evidences of your Majesty's especial kindness were a

healing balm to the wounds of her afflicted heart; they soothed the last troubled moments of her life; and when she left this world—a world in which she had nothing more to expect or to hope—she had, at least, the consolation of carrying with her, into the tomb, the consciousness of having relieved misfortune; and also that other consciousness, still dearer to every feeling heart—as she herself said with her dying breath—*of never having caused a tear to flow.*

The secret memoirs of her life, which I am about to publish, were, in a great measure, prepared by herself, and this is the reason which has determined me to place them under the special protection of your Majesty. I have presumed to dedicate them, less to the Sovereign of all the Russias, than to that enlightened man who needs not the radiance of a throne to add to the splendour of his character; it is to the philosophic hero, who, after having furnished to kings examples of true policy, and to warriors, high evidences of attainment in their art, might dictate, even to the best writers, lessons of true taste and refinement.

Permit me to hope that the work which I have the honour to present to you, may make its appearance under the auspices and patronage of the greatest of sovereigns.

But, Sire, however you may regard this request, you have here before you the historical collection which Josephine undertook. She consecrated it to France, and I lay this homage at the feet of your Majesty. Although the different epochs, in the private and public life of the first wife of Bonaparte, may appear like detached sketches, yet it will be found that they are so connected together by a succession of events, prepared by an inscrutable Providence, as to be all founded, so to speak, one upon another. Allow me to hope, Sire, that you will find the moral of the work at once touching, consoling, religious, and eminently philosophical.

Prince! born to promote the happiness of nations, Destiny, which sometimes seems to conceal in obscurity those bright geniuses, whose labours contribute to illustrate the reign of

princes, has reserved a particular glory for that of your Majesty! Awake! shade of Josephine! awake from the sleep of the tomb. Now, more than ever, do I stand in need of thine aid! How shall I, without thee, call to mind all the great deeds which do honour to Alexander, and transmit his virtues and his fame to an impartial posterity? Oh! for the genius of the immortal Maro!—then would I, like him, sing your praises “at dawn and dewy eve.”* But there is no force nor richness of style, that will suffice to paint, I will not say with brilliancy, but with fidelity, the great actions which you have performed. Yet I may be permitted to say, without offence to your Majesty, that the glory of those actions does not eclipse that which you have acquired by protecting and defending the rights of a nation as warlike as France, intoxicated by great successes, yet fortunate, indeed, and proud to acknowledge the fact, that to you they are indebted for the olive branch of peace, and the preservation of their rich and vast territory.

Seated upon a throne where the world with admiration beholds you, the fires of your genius will enlighten and electrify your subjects;—for 'tis by the examples of heroes that great men are formed. The arts that you have transplanted into your empire, will one day form the principal basis of the prosperity of your estates, and become the cause of that veneration which gratitude will engrave upon all hearts, to the memory of so enlightened and benevolent a prince. The sons of fame shall astonish the future with the story of your great deeds, and delight to extol the glorious actions which have already signalized your reign, and those which are yet to give it additional lustre. They will say, “his country boasted of his clemency, the gracefulness of his manners, the wisdom of his counsels. She will for ever celebrate his triumphs, and the innumerable blessings he has lavished upon her.” The voice of poetry shall proclaim to the world, that, under his reign, the people enjoyed a wise and just liberty, and that, by his munificence,

* *Te veniente die, te descendente canebat.*—*Georgics, lib. iv.*

the germs of talent and art are daily developing themselves throughout the vast empire of all the Russias.

Condescend, Great Prince, to receive benignly my sincere homage, and the assurance of the profound respect with which I am

Your Majesty's most humble,
and most obedient servant,

LE NORMAND.

[*Reply to the foregoing.*]

[Letter addressed to Mademoiselle Le Normand, by order of his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Alexander.]

His Imperial Majesty having been made acquainted with the letter which you have addressed to him, has charged me to testify to you, Mademoiselle, his thanks for the work you have sent him; he accepts with pleasure the dedication of the "*Historical Memoirs of the Empress Josephine*," and presents to you, as a souvenir, a Ring enriched with diamonds. In fulfilling his orders by these presents, I hasten to thank you for the copy of your works which you have sent me, and to express to you my high respects.

(Signed) LE PRINCE VALKOUSKY.

(1336, Aix-La-Chapelle, the 6th—18th Oct. 1818.
To Mademoiselle Le Normand.)

PREFACE.

I AM about to recount to Frenchmen the principal events in the life of Josephine. Perhaps, alas ! I attempt a task beyond my strength ; but what mortal so well knows himself as not to undertake too much ? Yet, I shall not have to reproach myself with having omitted any effort to merit the approbation of the people she loved. Should I not attain it, I shall be doubly afflicted ; for, in whatever I say, I aim only to speak the truth, not solely for the honour of speaking it, but because truth is useful to men. If I sometimes happen to wander from it, I shall find in my errors some consoling motives. For the rest, if I have deceived myself, and if any of my principles be not conformable to the general interest, it will be an error of the head, but not of the heart ; and I declare in advance that I disavow them.

It is pleasant to read a good book ; but it is not so very easy to write one. The first condition, and the one which is the most rarely observed, is, unity of object and interest ; the second, and which must be reconciled with the first, is, to describe events well, and to seize the different shades of each picture. I ask only one favour of the reader, and that is, to understand before he condemns me, to follow out the chain of my ideas—to be my judge, and not my accuser. This request is not the effect of a rash confidence.

Some of my maxims may seem adventurous. Should certain critics believe them false, I beg them to consider while they condemn them, that the most useful discoveries are often

due only to the boldness of endeavour, and that the fear of advancing an error ought not to deter us from prosecuting our search after truth. In vain do weak and cowardly men seek to proscribe truth by giving to it the odious name of license; for such is human frailty that there is no truth which may not become dangerous. Yet, woe to the man who shall, on that account, deprive mankind of it! I repeat, the moment the investigation of certain truths shall be interdicted in France, it will not be permitted to utter truths of any kind. Unhappily there are some men indefatigable in their ambition, who will never give over; who persist in believing that truth can never make itself heard, and that courage in a historian does not suffice to make him respected.

How many powerful persons were there, who figured at Napoleon's court, and who, under the idea that it is sometimes wise to conceal the truth, wished to banish it from the earth? But I intend to strip off the veil which conceals those crafty politicians; I will paint the ancient courtiers, who—

“'Neath Cæsar's eye, composed their face to smiles.”

Among the qualities of the heart, according to my ideas, that which will always most challenge our admiration, is that elevation of soul which scorns to tell a lie; errors cease to be dangerous while it is permitted to combat them. Discussion exposes them, and they soon fall into the depths of oblivion, while truth alone remains supernatant upon the vast surface of ages.

When one is about to design plans for building, he does not content himself with an examination of the house which he inhabits; he goes abroad and views the winding walks of some smiling and fertile garden, which furnish the leading ideas—or wanders forth amid romantic scenery. He creates around him the most novel and varied prospects. Thus, when we open a book on morals, or set about sketching history, we must leave the narrow circle of our previous ideas, and place ourselves in a point of view where we may survey the whole.

range of events, and of human passions. The *Memoirs of Josephine* cannot, I am persuaded, fail to present to the mind of the reader, reflections which are new and interesting, and to furnish aid in the study of the human heart.

They will renew the memory of the first wife of the most astonishing man of his age. A new world will be opened to those who shall deign to peruse them. I see the tears fall from their eyes, and their souls catch new inspiration, as they peruse the important events I am about to narrate. I pity those who, more severe than posterity can with justice be, shall dare blacken the public life of a woman, who, by a freak of Fortune's wheel, that never ceases its revolutions, was borne upwards to one of the mightiest thrones in the universe. Bonaparte pretended not to be subject to the opinions of men. Alas ! his interest and ambition destroyed in a moment the charm of his existence, and sundered the bonds which united him to Josephine. Is it possible that his courtiers could have succeeded in their guilty projects, had he possessed the courage to withdraw from their influence ? At that epoch, every obstacle vanished beneath his tread ; he thought himself able to oppose a serene brow to the storm, and to brave in their turn both men and destiny. Josephine's love for that remarkable man, her too blind confidence in the means he possessed, finally induced her to applaud his designs. But never did she share that boundless power, whose weight hung so heavily upon an unhappy people.

Permit me to describe Josephine, such as she presented herself to my imagination ; that is, at the age when, still young, she lost her first husband. There was an expression of sadness about her countenance, giving her an appearance of melancholy. Her mind was filled with recollections of the past ; she knew perfectly the part she had acted, but was then ignorant of what she was one day to perform.

Her bearing was noble, her stature majestic ; she was nevertheless kind and compassionate, enamoured of glory, which she

hoped to espouse, if I may be allowed the expression, in the person of the man who was to engage her affections.

With pleasure shall I describe her maternal love, the heroic courage which she displayed at the period of her divorce. I shall relate the most secret events of her life. I shall speak of the enthusiasm of that admirable woman for whatever bore an impress of the sublime ; of her husband's crooked policy, and of her respect for certain illustrious but unfortunate persons.

Josephine had a kind of towering pride in her composition. The love of the Beautiful exalted her soul, and whatever was noble and generous, was sure to obtain her favour.

She possessed, moreover, but without any show, the art of captivating hearts. By means of her goodness, and the graciousness of her demeanour, she conciliated even the enemies of her second husband. Instead of leaving him upon a throne, surrounded by abysses, in which sleepless crime kept watch in the hope of dragging him into the depths, she gained him friends and partisans, who became his firmest supporters.

I shall also inquire, whether it was a subject of reproach for Bonaparte, to have forgotten the debt of gratitude he owed to Josephine ? 'Tis the ordinary effect of ambition to destroy the natural sentiments of the heart, and to hide them beneath a veil of black ingratitude. Soon, too soon, did he realize the dream which it was his duty to banish from his mind :—he chose a new companion. Unhappy Maria Louisa ! Thine august father, to insure the tranquillity of his empire, consented to give to his daughter a master, as he had given one to himself, by associating Napoleon in the empire of the world. Josephine witnessed the triumph of her rival, without making the slightest attempt to disturb her repose. The loss of her husband was sufficient of itself to render her insensible to whatever passed around her. Nothing but great passions produce extreme suffering and lasting sorrow. She remained several days buried in profound meditation ; but to the recollections of the heart, which seemed ^{to} overcome her, she joined the noblest fortitude—the most patient resignation. A new Ariadne, she

seemed to forget the perfidious Theseus, who had abandoned her. And yet she uttered in secret her prayers for a husband who was perjured to his vows.

Alone at Malmaison, Josephine no longer took notice of the agitating factions of the times, nor the increasing popular disturbances : she heard not the long stifled groans of the people, nor the preparations of the nations for the tumult of arms. Afar from the frightful spectacle of so many evils, and the appalling arrangements to remedy them ; far from the headlong and criminal manœuvres, by which her husband's political system devoted men to mutual destruction, and opposed fury to fury, her heart, wholly consecrated to doing good, preferred the silent but instructive communion of the children of nature, to the society of courtiers, who thronged in multitudes around her. She might have been seen breathing, in its voluptuous freshness, the morning air in the poplar's silent shade, round which the rose and the honeysuckle entwined themselves, hanging like rich crowns above her head. Here, with pencil in hand, she would sketch the various pictures which nature unfolded to her view. Her imagination would speed its flight towards that happy isle, the witness of the bright days of her childhood,—days, the memory of which she loved to cherish. Here, her heart melted with tenderness ; here, she poured forth her tears, as she reflected upon the past. And yet, even here, she began to enjoy a momentary felicity. For fifteen years she was thought to be the happiest of women ; she seemed seated for ever upon the car of fortune ; and yet a day, a single day, had already sufficed to scatter all those seductive illusions.—Thus, alas ! the years rolled on !

Although she must have felt the necessity of banishing all memory of her irreparable loss, she, nevertheless, at times, grasped an enchanted cup, from which she drew long draughts of nectar ; still she was sensible to the pleasure of being loved, and was ravished with delight when she heard, confidentially, that the new spouse of Bonaparte appeared : to occupy, in his heart, the same place as herself.

During her moments of leisure at Malmaison, she sketched the different events of her life; she preserved the most secret particulars of her husband's reign, and destined those precious manuscripts for posterity. I will fulfil her most cherished vow. With such materials I am permitted to undertake this interesting work. Would that, for its execution, I held the insinuating, persuasive pen of the immortal author of *Malthide*, or the *Duchess la Valière*. But, though unsustained by such advantages, I shall offer, at least, to my readers several chapters written entirely by Josephine's own hand; and as a compliment to the work, they will, I trust, content themselves with the curious notes which she deposited in my hands.

O ye, who are still plucking the flowers of youth—noble Eugene—kind-hearted Hortense!—you, whose minds are still surrounded by the dark clouds which conceal your future lot; you, who, to heroic sentiments, unite the celestial enthusiasm of private virtue; may the example of your illustrious mother lead you ever to sustain, becomingly, the reverses of fortune, and make you sensible of this important truth, that, without the resources of genius and sentiment, a man is poor in the midst of treasures, and alone in the midst of society!

Permit me, children of Josephine—permit me, at least, to present to posterity the history of her life; permit me to display the picture of her heart, and the annals of the times in which she lived. To men I will resign the perilous career of politics; but I will not suffer certain authors, with impunity, to sharpen the dart of satire against the memory of a woman whom they ought to adore. I shall endeavour to avoid the shoals which surround me on every side. Too just to be influenced by fear, I shall invoke the testimony of those, who, like myself, knew how to appreciate her understanding, the charms of her conversation, and the pleasures of her society. My principal object is, not only to awaken interesting reflections in the minds of Frenchmen, but, like her, to inspire them with the love of whatever is great, noble, and generous. And let those who, following in the footsteps of her husband, dare

still to entertain the luckless and fatal ambition of reigning over a divided people, learn from her what are the hidden rocks among which they sail.

I shall likewise enter into some details connected with the too famous affair of her divorce. As I am afraid to have my readers misled by false conjectures, and as they may not, from a want of proper investigation, be able to unravel a mystery which is covered with an impenetrable veil, I have endeavoured to shed some light upon that interesting but distressing portion of her life.

In doing this I may present the cup of consolation to wives who, like her, have experienced those fearful dreams which leave nothing behind but long despair, their last and only prospect for the future. * * * *

I think that even envy will hardly impute to me a disposition to wound the feelings of any one who has had relations with Josephine. In these her secret memoirs, she considers no man in his individual character, but treats of men and nations in general. This should shelter her from the attacks of malignity. It will be perceived, in reading the work, that she loves the French, and desires their happiness, without hatred or contempt towards any of them in particular.

Josephine was deeply affected by the innumerable chronicles which obtained circulation in France, after her husband's downfall. "I have seen," said she, "the hateful mask beneath which envy delights to hide itself. I have seen the infamous veil with which hate has sought to cover itself; and I have thought it my duty to rend them away.

"Though I may be accused of seeking to justify the man whom all Europe at present condemns, I shall not, at least, be suspected of having, like many others, admired his errors, and endeavoured to encourage him in the dark road of his political system. When I possessed his confidence, I never ceased to urge him to follow the primary impulses of his heart;—a heart which often, often dreamed of the happiness of France, which he had so many means to secure. Flatterers precipitated him

into a volcano, and those same men will perhaps hereafter draw other princes into the same abyss. Traitors only change masks; they adopt all colours without distinction. They will undoubtedly yet be exposed in the face of the world, but it will be too late for the security of France. In vain," said Josephine, "should I seek to conceal from posterity the names of those cowardly beings who have changed with my fortune, and whose culpable indifference I here arraign, though with a feeling of moderation and generosity. I know I have had some ungrateful friends, whose open abandonment of me has inflicted deep wounds upon my heart. I could wish to have my afflictions understood, but I am afraid to fix an eternal stain upon certain names which I am anxious to shield from opprobrium: nor will I stoop to environ even with the celebrity of disgrace certain wretches in the shape of men, envious of my spoils, or of the feeble portion of power I ever retained over the mind of Bonaparte. There were some of those cowards who, at the time of my repudiation, had the audacity to demand my exile into Italy; others, equally hypocritical, but more cruel, thronged to Malmaison and insulted the victim; they rejoiced to see the dagger already rankling in a wounded heart, and praised the hand which had placed it there, treating my misfortune as a crime, and his abuse of power as the chastisement of the Deity!"

Whoever, in fine, shall follow out all the circumstances of the life of Josephine while the wife of Napoleon, will discover that her character evinced enough of firmness and energy to merit the attention of the historian, and the love of the French people; and this is surely a sufficient recompense for her having sat upon an usurped throne.

This work will justify its title of "*Historical and Secret Memoirs.*" Though the embellishments belong to the author, the characters and events belong to history.

JOSEPHINE TO HER CHILDREN.

MY DEAR CHILDREN :

I myself have taken care of your education ; I have taught you to scorn alike pain and riches : to stand less in fear of torture, nay, of death itself, than of the reproaches of conscience. I have pointed out to you the means of shunning luxury, especially the corrupting pleasures ; to exercise courage in misfortune, and to regard injustice, falsehood, ingratitude, cowardice and effeminacy, as disgraceful and despicable. I have taught you lessons of humanity and disinterestedness, of firmness in repelling an insult, and have enjoined it on you to serve your country. I have accustomed you to speak the truth boldly, and to show yourselves enemies of all adulation. To teach you these things, my children, I did not wait for you to reach even the age of childhood ; but the moment I perceived in you the first sparks of reason, I hastened to instil them into your minds. Hardly had you beheld your eighth summer, when I discovered that you began to fulfil my hopes. Like the soft wax, which, in the hands of a skilful artist, takes whatever form he seeks to give it, youth, at the voice of its guide, commences its journey either in the right or in the wrong path, embraces with earnestness the part of virtue, or attaches itself to the seductive exteriors of vice.

No one can bring up a child better than a tender and enlightened mother ; and it becomes her who has not leisure for that occupation, which is at times both pleasant and painful, to bestow the greatest attention on the choice of the persons to whom she confides her children. As the minute attentions of the gardener contribute to the birth and perfection of the children of Flora, so does the care of the instructor develop and direct the character and talents of the pupil.

Gloomy symptoms of popular discontent had long foretold the frightful revolution which precipitated France into the depths of calamity. At that time, my children, you seemed to be the only solace of your afflicted mother. Your ingenuous tenderness made you contrive, every day, some new means to assuage her sorrows. You knew how to divert and console me, by means of your gayety, and the charms of your conversation. Early was I tried in the school of adversity. To complete my accumulated misfortunes, I was doomed to see my husband sent to prison at the moment I had regained his confidence. I had done everything to merit his esteem—I was about to pluck some of the flowers that spring up along the pathway of life, when, suddenly, the Reign of Terror set in with all its violence. The throne was overturned, the *élite* of our warriors were cut down by the revolutionary scythe, and M. de Beauharnais, like many others, fell beneath the weight of the laurels that adorned his brow.

To escape death or deportation, the most of our friends betook themselves to flight, and, in the depths of woods, in solitary hovels, found an asylum which the towns and cities, a prey to party fury, no longer afforded;—others quitted France. I myself was one of the victims of the distressing events which followed. The estate of your father consisted of several dwellings, but his income was annihilated by the disasters which visited almost all our colonies, and by the law of sequestration. On leaving the prison, only one resource was left me, that of rising to my task often before day; sustained by the hope of being useful to you, I earned with some difficulty enough to supply our primary wants.

You may, perhaps, imagine that in such a sad situation I felt unhappy; not so; I fulfilled that sacred duty, not as a task; the very occupation it afforded, became dear to me, and created in my heart sources of the purest enjoyment. To work for my children, opened to me a way of happiness, which, till then, I had not known.

You, my son, were born with a thirst for knowledge ; study was for you only an amusement, which you preferred to all the sports peculiar to your age. I attended to all your lessons, and raised you in that simplicity which befitted the times we lived in. For that reason, I promptly took away from you the book of Heraldry. Of what service would it then have been to you to understand the different armorial bearings, the *Champs de Gueules*, the *synoples*, the *pals*, the *besans*, &c.? All those words had become barbarous, and might no longer be sounded in the ears of the enemies of kings. Besides, I had taught you that it is not birth which opens the road to fame. As the feeble lark mounts up from his resting-place on the earth, towards the heavens, so may a man, though born a shepherd (if possessed of native worth), travel all the paths of military glory, and reach the most distinguished rank.

Eugene, you were raised amidst the dust of camps ; you esteemed it an honour, while occupying inferior stations, to be obedient to your superior ; you constantly observed the discipline of a soldier : in battle, you ever preserved that presence of mind and that moderation which are so necessary ; and when honour, or the interest of your country required, you confronted with coolness the greatest dangers ; and you have ever fought for the general weal ! Beyond this, no one is required to go ; the warrior, who rashly exposes himself, spreads confusion in the ranks, and often occasions disorder through the whole army. Promoted to the rank of general, aware that courage in a chief is a powerful incitement to the soldier, you displayed your own at the head of our armies ; you did not then forget what you had practised in inferior grades. You remembered that the warrior who commands, ought to show himself a model to all who are to obey ; and you ever furnished such a model. If you have distinguished yourself in numerous engagements ; if, following in the footsteps of your illustrious father, you have acquired the reputation of a hero, your glory, like his, will never be effaced. But, my son, never forget to

protect the weak against the oppressor ; ever make virtue triumphant ; ever show yourself the inflexible enemy of crime ; indulgent towards error, and compassionate towards misfortune.

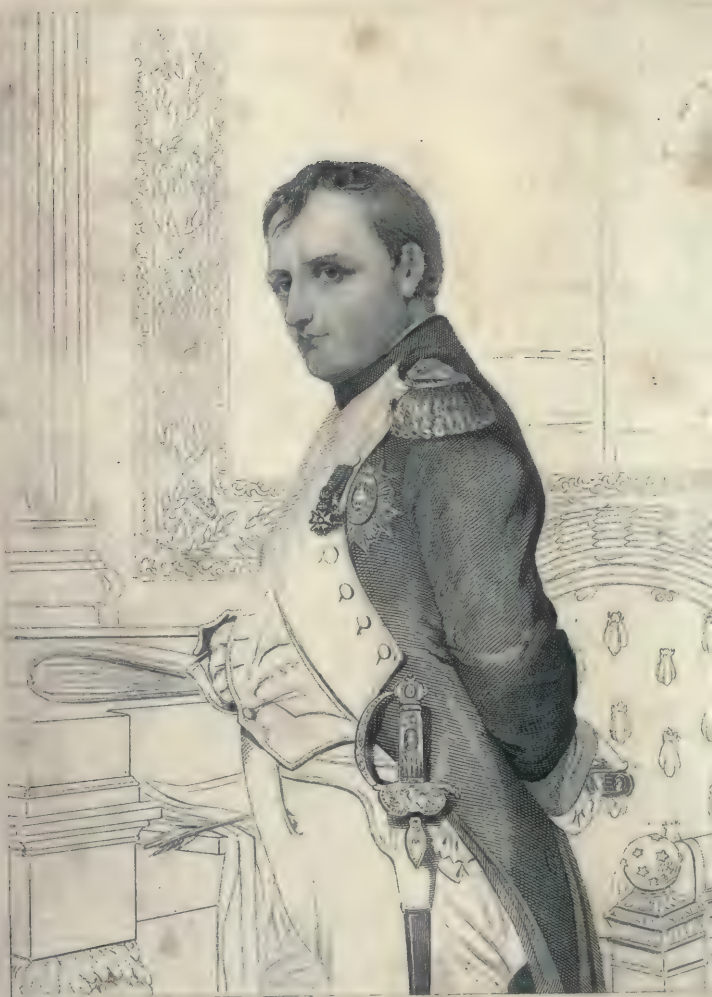
O, my son ! I confide to you your children. Watch over their education ; let them learn from you to conduct themselves like men, in whatever country they may be, whether in prosperity or adversity !—in a word, to show themselves worthy of you and themselves ; and may they one day prove themselves worthy of their ancestors, honouring their country, and rendering themselves immortal.

As to thee, my beloved daughter, long borne down with sorrow, thou wast, even in thy infancy, quoted as a model of reserve and modesty ; but, when fortune had placed thee upon the public stage, thou becamest an object of base jealousy ; faults were imputed to thee, and the blackest envy misconstrued thy most innocent actions. Thy mother was deeply touched by thy sorrows. To her alone didst thou open thy heart ; before her, didst thou freely pour forth thy tears ; although the horrible calumnies did not, in all their venom, reach thee, yet it was with difficulty that I restored calmness to thy afflicted spirit. The poisonous breath of detraction, which scattered all thy hopes of bliss, long continued to assail thee. But thou hast endured all those persecutions with angelic meekness, and hast the consolation of a pure conscience, and an innocent heart.

It belongs to me, Hortense, to make thee known : thy interesting history is attached to my own. How ardently shall I one day perform the duty of your justification ! Perchance I shall have the happiness, should the secret memoirs of my life be published in France, of reviving in all hearts those sentiments of esteem and admiration which are due to thee. Truth, that truth which I shall make known in all its brightness and power, will correct the errors of opinion ; men will forget their unfounded prejudices, and learn to admire thy virtues—virtues which have too long been denied thee. And thus wilt thou

behold thy reputation triumph by means of that same moderation which thou hast never ceased to show from the origin of thy misfortunes. There are those who, enlightened by the torch of repentance, will say, "too late am I undeceived, and my tardy regrets cannot now repair the wrongs of which I was the involuntary cause."





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"SEE high in air the sportive goddess hangs,  
Unlocks her casket — spreads her glittering wares,  
And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad  
Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.  
All rush rapacious ; friend o'er trodden friend,  
Sons o'er their fathers, subjects o'er their kings,  
Priests o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair —  
(Still more adorned) to snatch the golden shower ;  
Sagacious all to trace the smallest game,  
And bold to seize the greatest ;         •         •  
                                                they launch, they fly,  
O'er just, o'er sacred, all forbidden ground,  
Drunk with the burning scent of place and power,  
Staunch to the foot of Lucre, — till they die."

How strange are the destinies of men ! Ah ! happy, a thousand times happy those who are born in obscurity ! They pass their lives without attracting the gaze of the world : but do those who return with a smile the caresses of fortune, always know how to submit to her frowns ? The artisan begins his daily toil with a song, and ends it without regret. Day by

day he eats the bread purchased by his hard toil ; and though he reposes not upon the pillows of ease, he, at least, tastes the sleep of peace.

Those who, by their rank or their dignity, are constrained to present themselves to public gaze, enjoy a less happy lot ; they must count as many judges of their actions as there are men to appear before them ; and the censure to which they are exposed dissipates the dream of felicity.

Again, has happiness a resting-place on earth ? Is it not rather a fugitive stranger, wandering far from his own country, unable to tarry in this vale of tears ?

Ah ! whoever you are, into whose hands fate may throw these memoirs, so fertile of events, beware you do not regard them as a dream, nor as the fruit of a wandering imagination. Ponder well these annals of our revolutions ; let the terrible lesson be engraven upon your hearts in letters ineffaceable ; for the efforts of men are henceforth impotent to repel the memory of the past. Like the rock of Sisyphus, it must roll back and be ever ready to crush them.

Meanwhile I float, uncertain, from thought to thought. I know well the task I have undertaken ; but I shall accomplish it, for my resolution is unalterable, and because this history belongs to posterity. Yet I know not the course I may, perhaps, steer, and this uncertainty agitates and pains me. But imperious truth invokes me ; I hear her resistless voice ; I feel it is her power that impels me ; my subject inspires me, and its importance must, for me, supply the place of genius.

Why do my thoughts, wandering around her tomb, give way to gloomy sorrows ? Is the soul, the celestial fire, extinguished beneath the ashes of the tomb ? No ! — Nothing of *Josephine*, (I know not yet what place she occupies in Heaven) — nothing of *Josephine* has ceased to live but that portion of her being which was doomed to mortality. She has lost only the rude, terrestrial covering which environed her. For *Josephine*, nothing has ended but misfortune and sorrow.

Thus will I not suffer to perish, in forgetfulness, the glory of



that illustrious woman. Fly, ye profane! or approach with awe, this august shade. I hear her voice. She commands me to seize the pencil. Friendship shall guide it! But let me pause for a moment and recall my thoughts.—I enter with reverence the sanctuary where Josephine reposes. It is at *Ruel*; 'tis at the foot of her tomb that all my thoughts are fixed; everything here recalls to my mind her wonderful history.

What do I behold! An insensible marble covers her remains. This simplicity speaks to the heart far more eloquently than the most pompous mausoleum.—*Josephine!* this abode is for thee a bed of triumph. Already I behold thy glory; thy noble actions have made thee immortal.—Yes, here on her coffin do I lay the tribute of my regrets; she has passed the dreadful gate; my straining eyes pursue her, and are lost in eternity!

Yes, thee do I invoke, thou sainted shade, now a dweller in the palace of the King of kings! Ah! deign to support me in the task I here attempt; give to my voice the harmony and the eloquence which belong to good works; adorn this recital with the charms which were so much thine own; aid me in bringing to light the most secret events in the reign of Bonaparte, and name to me the realms which that too famous man overran in search of that marvellous talisman by which he enchained all powers, inferior and superior. Immortal shade! hover over me! dictate a portion of this work, and lend it the charm of thy enchanting style! my pen waits to obey thee.

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The Island of Martinique was the birth-place of Napoleon Bonaparte's first wife. Her family there enjoyed a high consideration, and was noted for that hereditary hospitality which it was so fond of exercising. Its mansion was ever open to the unfortunate colonists, or the slaves who were without shelter.

She came into the world on the very day on which the treaty which surrendered the island to France, was signed, that is, on the 24th day of June, 1763. Her earliest look was upon the

liberators of her country ; those who had prepared this triumph of justice and humanity.

Her parents drew a favourable augury from the circumstance of her birth happening on that day, and it was celebrated by discharges of artillery. The colony was freed from the yoke of the European islanders. Such was Josephine's entrance into the world.

With her brow encircled by a transparent crown, which seldom surrounds the heads of new-born babes, Josephine bore at her birth an infallible sign of prosperity — a token of good fortune in her future career.

We will glance rapidly at the history of her childhood.

In opening her eyes to the day, she felt the influence of the delicious climate where she was born. Constantly surrounded by slaves who ran at her cry, who guarded her infancy from every danger, she was protected by this faithful band from all fear and all sorrow.

A Creole, free from his cradle, never groans under the imprisonment of swaddling clothes, which so often prove fatal ; his limbs never exhibit the slightest imperfection ; and the favourable temperature of the climate lends him an agility fitting him for all kinds of gymnastic exercises, to which he has as much inclination as native adaptation.

The rapid development of Josephine's physical qualities, the unceasing display of the productions with which an ever active course and an exhaustless fertility of soil enriched her country ; perhaps, even the constant view of the element which separated her from the rest of the world, tended to create in her a lively imagination, and a quick perception, affording a happy presage of her future success in those arts to which she loved to devote herself. But the extreme tenderness of her parents, ever the slaves of her will, led them to avoid, during her infancy, the slightest opposition to her desires. The effect of this parental indulgence was to mar the native sweetness of her temper. She required that her smallest caprices should be gratified ; each day she became more and more exacting ; and, had it not been

for the successful resistance of her mother, she must soon have contracted faults which would have been intolerable.

From the day of her birth she was herself surrounded by a throng of courtiers and admirers; the former composed for her a sort of *brilliant court*, while the latter cherished the greatest hopes in reference to her. Hence a subtle pride crept into her purest inclinations, her most virtuous actions. It needed but a look from her to make all around obey. The young negresses, subjected to the variations of her humour, dared not raise their voice, and her infantile freaks, at times, disturbed the general quiet. Her sports often placed her in the midst of young unfortunates whom their colour had condemned to slavery(1); but she showed the same predilection for the blacks, who distinguished themselves by their good conduct, as for the whites. This favour insured them better treatment for the future. And surely, it is a happy lot for beings who are reduced to utter dependence upon others, having no interest in themselves, to find some one to alleviate their painful condition. Thus, she protected them from the injustice which awaited them, whenever the overseer made the least complaint. "I always took care," said Josephine, "to throw a veil over such of their faults as personally concerned me." But whenever occasion required, she displayed all the energy of her nature. Little accustomed to obeisance herself, her resolution, when taken, yielded to no obstacle. Her character was, by nature, wild, and of an extreme sensibility. Never was woman endowed with a soul more tender, more generous, or truer to the sentiment which inspired it. She loved gratitude, and hated its opposite. Alas! to what purpose did she persevere in her love of the one, and her hatred to the other!

Her character exhibited a happy combination of languid softness and vivacity; but her excessive timidity sometimes deprived her of the advantages which a cultivated mind and striking talents would have secured her. Her health was delicate; her voice was charming. Her heart, true and faithful, never knew imposture; the smile of benevolence dwelt on her

lips. Clad usually in the light muslin tissue worn in that climate, she was perfectly free in all the motions of the body. The talent of pleasing always excited her generous emulation; but what particularly affected her, and, indeed, afflicted her, was the preference which the inhabitants of the colony gave to her over her only sister, who was really handsomer than she. By caressing her self-love, they afflicted her heart. They called her the "*pretty Creole*," a title which produced upon her mind the liveliest impressions. Her physical charms were constantly praised; the colours of the rose adorned her cheek, and she knew not then that a woman could resort to art to add to her attractions. 'Tis thus, however, that the greatest part of the *Creoles*, aided by their simple native graces, know how to perpetuate the empire which they hold from the hands of nature.

Josephine was not ten years old when it appeared that *Terpsychore* was the goddess who most engaged her worship. Notwithstanding the warmth of the climate and the feebleness of her constitution, dancing seemed to animate her whole being; and such was the delirium into which this exercise plunged her, that it was easy for a careful observer to see that this pleasure was likely to engross her tastes. She was also exceedingly fond of vocal music; and her own flexible voice was well adapted to light and tender airs. The ballad was the kind of song which pleased her most; her plaintive tones seemed made to administer pleasure to her languid spirits. She would give to each tune a slow and sweet accent, and the ravishing melody enchanted her ear and seduced her heart.

Solitude pleased her much. She preferred the retreat called the "three islets," to the interior of the colony; and, as I have said, her retiring manners seemed to obscure the brilliancy which she might have displayed in the midst of society. It was really only in France that she learned to understand the full value of that amiability which women alone possess, and have the skill to exhibit under the most attractive forms.

But her early education was neglected. In recounting to her



friends the circumstances of her childhood, she gives the following picture of herself:—

“I did not like the restraint of my clothing, nor to be cramped in my movements. I ran, and jumped and danced from morning to night. Why restrain the wild movements of my childhood? I wanted to do no hurt to those from whom I received any evidences of affection. Nature gave me a great facility for everything I undertook. Learning to read and write was mere sport; the same was true as to the instruction I received from my father; and there were few better taught men, or possessing a more skilful manner in making himself understood, than he. I had no other master until I was twelve years old; and then they received from my father the same directions which he had given in reference to *Maria*;\* my lessons were presented me only in the form of amusements. I know not, indeed, whether this method would succeed with all children. I know well, however, that in my case it was followed by the happiest results.”

Madame Tascher affected a sort of severity towards her daughter Josephine, whenever she saw her neglecting her duties. She would talk of putting her into the convent, in the hope of her being able there to acquire a more cultivated education.

“My good and pretty little child,” said her mother to her, one day, “your character and heart are excellent; but your *head*—*Ah!* what a head! Tender even to weakness, I have opposed you in nothing. I have consulted, instead of directing, your inclination, and granted your desires, instead of expressing my own. I have entreated when I should have commanded, and yielded when I should have resisted. I doubt not that in France your mind will develop itself much better than in this climate. In Europe, the example of your companions will arouse your self-love, and excite your emulation. Here, on the

\* Eldest sister of Josephine. She was more commonly called *Manette*. She was very handsome: but the mark she bore on one of her cheeks disfigured her a little.

contrary, the indolence of the *Creoles* has produced in your mind that repugnance for study which is so natural to infancy and youth; my duty is to overcome this repugnance. I have not yet done it, and your ignorance is my fault." With these words she left Josephine, and the coldness of her manner produced in the latter the most painful agitations. A serious thought, a mournful reflection now seized her; she fell to weeping. These tears were, perhaps, the first she ever shed. Her women were frightened to find her in this cruel situation; the cries of one of them reached her father, who hastened to her. His tender cares in some degree soothed her grief, and, in the midst of the sobs which escaped her, she did not hesitate to tell him the cause.

Love, under the disguise of friendship, had already penetrated her heart; she felt a tender sentiment for a certain young man of the colony. She was yet too young to understand the nature of that sweet sentiment which draws us towards a loved object; but the good understanding which reigned between their parents, and the proximity of their habitations, had united them from their earliest years. The inclination which they had felt for each other during the age of innocence, was strengthened by time, and especially after the mother of young *William* had given him the *entrée* into the mansion of la Pagerie. Aside from a motive of personal friendship which had long attached her to Madame Tascher, Madame de R\*\*\* doubtless flattered herself that one day her son, by becoming the husband of the amiable Josephine, would strengthen the bands of ancient friendship which reigned between the two families.

The parents of this, her young Creole lover, who belonged to one of the first families in England, had come to Martinique in consequence of the misfortunes of the unhappy Prince Edward, whose noble banner they had followed. Deprived of their goods, and reduced to a state approaching to indigence, their position was nevertheless respectable. Erewhile the favourites of fortune, objects of envy to their fellow-citizens, it  
' but an unexpected reverse to strip them at once of riches,

friends, country ; to humble them under the strokes of adversity, and to inspire them with serious inquietudes for their own lives. But these generous English were not slow to perceive that *nobility* in a state of destitution, is but a vain title—a source of humiliation and chagrin.

The consideration which M. de Tascher enjoyed was not the only motive which attached them to him : their regard for him was disinterested. For the rest, the inheritance of the estate of a maternal uncle might at any moment rescue them from the precarious position in which they had been plunged since the fall of the house of *Stuart*, whose cause they had embraced, and whose proscription they had shared. These strangers entertained the project of one day establishing themselves in France : there they were to await the promise made by Josephine's parents of uniting her in marriage with their son, when they should be of the proper age. Her father had determined that his eldest daughter should go to reside with Madame Renaudin,\* who had made repeated efforts to procure one of her nieces to live with her, promising to charge herself with the care of her fortune, and to provide for her establishment in life.

Months passed away without any apparent change in Josephine's situation. Her parents by no means foresaw into what a frightful state she was about to fall. How could they divine the catastrophe which fate was preparing for her? Their hearts, naturally so feeling, could not imagine that she was to drain the cup of sorrow, and at an early age feel the touch of the thorns of human life ; and as yet nothing announced to her that her heart would become the sport of the passions. Maria possessed a character widely different from hers ; she combined English tastes and habits ; her face exhibited the paleness of melancholy, while *Josephine* preserved a light and sprightly air. Her heart was not yet open to the illusions of love ; though she soon found out that a natural inclination draws us to the beings who are to become the sovereign arbiters of our desti-

\* Sister of M. de Tascher de la Pagerie.

nies;—the image of William de K\*\*\* began early to occupy her thoughts.

The parents saw with pleasure the development of the early attachment of these two children. “We grew up, day by day,” said *Josephine*, “under their eyes; they loved to preside over our childish sports;—I told my young friend of the threat my mother made of sending me away from *Martinique*; from that moment our hearts felt the same anxiety, and we both resolved to escape, if possible, from the pangs with which such a separation menaced us.”

William de K\*\*\* had not seen ten summers, but by means of a skilful teacher, he had already made such progress in the study of the useful sciences that he was distinguished throughout the colony for his scholarship.

An excess of grief followed this exaltation of feeling; the boy fell sick with a fever, and was horribly agitated, not imagining that there were pangs yet to be endured far more trying than the mere privation he was about to experience. “Ah, my mother, my tender mother,” said he constantly, “your goodness encourages me, and at the same time makes me the more sensible of my faults, if it be a fault to love. Pardon your son, but take care of my *Josephine*! conceal her from every eye; for one of these days *Madame de la Pagerie* may send her away for ever from her country and her friends. Regard her henceforth as your daughter, and when I am older, give her to me as a wife. What say you, mother, to my project?” His tender mother could not but pity him, but, at the same time, made him understand all the inconveniences of such a step. She would not undertake to solicit the particular favour of *Josephine*’s parents, over whose minds she nevertheless held much influence; and only flattered her son that his young companion should be preserved, and that the happiness of both should be complete.

It was not difficult for this good mother to obtain the revocation of *Madame Tascher*’s decree. The self-love of the young *Josephine*, touched by the foreign intervention to which



she had to resort in order to postpone her journey across the seas, easily discovered, from the menaces which her family had employed towards her, that they would soon find some other pretext for executing their design.

For form's sake, certain conditions were exacted to which it was necessary to subscribe. All this passed in so short a time, that the sentiments of fear and pleasure struggled together in the young heart of Josephine, and for a moment caused a tumultuous agitation.—“Happy moment!” she afterwards exclaimed, “and yet I felt unhappy.”

Meanwhile all things went on in their accustomed way: William de K\*\*\*'s teacher became Josephine's. This change produced a happy effect on her daily habits. She felt the pride of emulation; she began to draw quite well, and manifested a taste for the harp and piano; learnt her own language, and commenced the English. Her mother placed all her affections upon Maria, whom she idolized. It is certain, her preference for her was marked, though not absolutely exclusive. In respect, however, to the qualities of the heart, the father possessed them all; he was fond of Josephine. To a well-instructed mind, he united such an amenity of disposition that it was impossible for any one not to prefer his society to that of his wife. The latter perceived this, but without repining; she loved him so tenderly that it was an additional satisfaction to her to witness Josephine's predilection for her father.

After six months of perseverance, Madame de la Pagerie, finding that her daughter was likely to fulfil her expectations, assured her that she need feel no apprehension of a separation from the family; and she added, that, in a few years, her father would undertake to establish her in life,—that her husband would, without doubt, take her to the Continent, and fix his residence in a large city, where she would mingle in society, and form the acquaintance of a class of ladies whose rank and fortune attracted the highest respect and esteem; who take no care of their reputation, who neglect their husbands and children, and live, as it were, like strangers in the midst of their families.

She expressed the hope that her daughter would never imitate such examples ; that she would fulfil her duties without making a merit of it ; consult her husband's happiness, acquire the respect of the public, and enjoy a conscience void of reproach, the first of all blessings. Thus Josephine received from day to day, from the best of mothers, lessons which were not lost upon her. In after life she put them in practice, and more than once blessed the kind hand which had deigned to mark out her most essential and sacred duties.

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## CHAPTER II.

"DIVINE hope!" thought then Josephine, "bright daughter of the skies! thou hast consolation for the wretched, and yet fliest from me who am now scarcely in the morning of life. Alas, thou seemest to shun me! Thou art deaf to my cries, and yet thou alone canst give me peace!—peace! while all things around seem to smile upon me. All seem animated with pleasure and bliss—all but me. Nature, for the islanders, is the same to-morrow as yesterday; and yet for a time with a veil which I cannot penetrate, she has hidden herself from my eyes!" Such were the thoughts of the beautiful Creole while entering upon her thirteenth year.

Whether misfortune had linked itself to the destinies of the de K\*\*\* family, or whether their calamities came upon them without their being able to escape them, it had become necessary for them to quit the hospitable island where they had lived for twenty-five years. Mr. de K\*\*\* was forced to leave suddenly for England to assert his heirship to the estate of Lord Lov\*\*, and took with him his only son. His wife remained a short time in Martinique with her youngest daughter. Her

sister for some years lived in the north of Scotland, whither she had followed her husband.

Josephine found each day a new charm in the society of Madame de K\*\*\*, and became attached to her by the tenderest friendship; she concealed from her none of her tastes, none of her inclinations, and in these she was skilfully guided by that amiable woman.

Maria was more devoted to solitude, and, in order to divert her sister, would often contrive some plan for the relief of a family employed in their service, and whom they sought, by their benevolent attentions, to rob of all sense of the frowns of fortune. The children became objects of their most anxious care. Their benefactresses obtained for them what their parents refused to others in their condition. The overseer of the slaves often complained of this preference, which, to him, appeared unjust. This inflexible man knew no motives but menaces and flogging, and he employed them with a ferocity truly revolting. Every anniversary of the birth of the two young ladies was consecrated to the liberation of a slave. This indulgence became, as they grew up, the price of their good conduct, and of their progress in their studies. Thus, in making others happy, the feeling Josephine found in some sort the means of charming away her own sorrows. She no longer heard any one speak of William, of that William whom she had loved so well. From time to time she interrogated his mother respecting him, but Madame de K\*\*\* merely replied that her son was sent to the University of Oxford to finish his education.

Many young persons of her age, whom she was fond of, paid weekly visits to the family; they were received in the politest manner, and fêtes often prepared for them;—they as yet tasted liberty, that precious privilege of youth, and knew not that they should ever have other duties to perform, and other accomplishments to attain.

These young Creoles gave themselves up to unrestrained merriment; but the sombre Maria, shut up with her teacher, employed herself in cultivating such pleasing talents as she pos-

sessed, or in taking lessons upon those duties which a woman of the *grand monde* is called upon to discharge. She was on the point of setting out for France, where Madame Renaudin had conceived the idea of marrying her to the son of the *Marquis de Beauharnais*. It seemed, on the other hand, to Josephine, that Martinique was the theatre where she was to act her part. She did not sigh after a new world, though she would have been enchanted if the de K\*\*\* family had consented to bring William back to the colony. Such is the power of imagination ! We love to recall the scenes of childhood, and the friends of our youth are always first in our recollection.

Josephine used to call to mind, with a positive emotion, the circumstance of one of her female companions accompanying her in her walks near her residence ; they passed whole days together, sometimes sitting in the shade of a palm-tree, sometimes reposing beneath a majestic American cedar of strong aromatic scent, while their negresses attended upon them. A thousand interesting conversations were had here, and the son of Madame de K\*\*\* was always the subject. One day Josephine perceived that her companion listened to her with unusual attention, and seemed, so to speak, to enjoy the torments which the absence of young William occasioned her. The sentiment of jealousy was a stranger to her heart, and yet she could not support the idea of seeing her young companion happier than herself, though she managed so to control herself as to impose upon her. Nevertheless, in her vexation, she could not help saying, that in *youth, real* stains upon one's character are more culpable than at mature age. And in truth, the sense of the ingratitude of her young lover afflicted her much less in view of the wrong he had done, than that which he had aimed to do. "He is right," said she, with vehemence ; "he wants to keep me from loving all the rest of my life." While thus speaking, she trembled, and an involuntary shudder shook her whole frame, as she discovered a letter in her companion's hand. Her eyes fell on the seal ; she recognised the hand-writing ; — it was Wil-



liam's. "Give it me," said she, with energy, but with visible emotion; "I think I have courage enough to read it—what will it cost you, after all, to give me this satisfaction?" Mademoiselle de K\*\*\* handed it to her, and, by her ironical smile, seemed to say, "that will not impose upon you." In fact, William's letter contained only a seducing picture of the beauties of the capital of the three kingdoms; it expressed his hopes, but did not contain the name of Josephine. She knew not how to account for this indifference, nor knew even yet, that the sentiment with which he had inspired her was love. Her companion, discovering that she was really affected, explained the little trick. This letter was addressed to his brother, the companion of his childhood, with whom William kept up a regular correspondence. Josephine was reassured. From this time forth she mastered her feelings and smiled at the future. She ceased uttering reproaches against William, though she could have wished to penetrate the secrets of his heart. Her aversion to lying made her remember this black falsehood, and from that time she openly broke with this young lady, not seeing her at all, except as mere civility required, and avoiding her on all occasions when she could do so with decency.

Months passed away in the hope of seeing William return; Josephine had in a manner contracted the habits of Jean Jacques Rousseau.(2) She might have been seen every morning carefully picking up all the pebbles which came in her way, and throwing them at the nearest tree. This became her favourable or unfavourable augury. She collected with avidity all the prognostics, and then awaited quietly their fulfilment. In remarking upon this habit, she was accustomed to say of herself, "like the author of *Emile*, I know not whether I ought to smile or sigh at myself."

However that may be, Mademoiselle de Tascher formed the project of going to consult a woman of colour, named *Euphemia*,\*

\* She had belonged to Madame Renaudin; she was Irish, and surnamed David.

who enjoyed a great reputation in Martinique, where she passed for a *magician*. This mulatto woman inspired such a dread throughout the colony, that when the young negroes did wrong, they *were* threatened with a visit from this disciple of Belzebub. Having fixed upon a day, Josephine, accompanied by two of her female friends, whom she had inspired with the same curiosity, proceeded to the house of the Irish Pythoness.

They found her living in a modest cabin, which she had built near the "*three Islets*." The avenue to her magic cell was bordered with the *amaryllis gigantea*. (3) Josephine took a fancy to this plant, and resolved to have several bunches of it planted in the most conspicuous place about her house.

The three young Creoles found the Irish hag in a room that was somewhat elevated, where she seemed to give audiences. She was not placed under a canopy glittering with gold and rubies; she did not affect a tone of grandeur and severity; no hurricane attended her; in entering her house, no hissing of frightful serpents was heard, which would not cease until the new Medea should speak or make a sign; no crescent glittered on her brow; but she was seated on a simple cane mat, and surrounded by a throng of the curious. All were in a commotion difficult to describe. Josephine and her companions began to feel how foolish they had been; a panic terror seized them; they found themselves face to face with *her* who was to tell them of their fate. At sight of them, this prophetic exclamation escaped the mulatto woman:—"You see, my mouth exhales no poisonous vapour; neither flame nor smoke surrounds my dwelling; nor does a volcano vomit out around me its sulphurous clouds. No, my pretty Creoles, do not be afraid, nor be sorry that you have honoured me with your visit." Then assuming an air less grave, she said to one of them in a mild sweet tone—"Though you are young, you have had considerable experience in aiding your mother in the government of several households; you will marry a man from another colony;\* you will be the mother of one daughter and

\* Guadeloupe.

spend nearly the whole of your life in Europe; yours will be but an ephemeral part on the theatre of the world, but your fortune will always sustain you.”\* Miss S\*\*\*, who accompanied them, then presented to her, trembling, some ground *Moka* coffee.† At the sight of it Euphemia uttered a cry. This unexpected surprise produced a deep impression upon the young American; but she immediately recovered herself, and told the woman plainly that she had not the least confidence in the art of divination. The woman replied: “When you appeared before me, I showed some perturbation, but it was not to awe you: I subject nobody to rigorous trials, and far from occasioning you the least pain, I aim only to foretell to you what shall be your future destinies.”

She then examined the curved lines of Miss S\*\*\*’s left hand with the most scrupulous attention, and after some moments’ reflection, said to her; —“Your parents will soon send you to Europe, to perfect your education. Your ship will be taken by Algerine corsairs; you will be led away captive, and immediately conducted into a seraglio. There you will have a son; this son shall reign gloriously, but his steps to the throne will first have been sprinkled with the blood of one of his last predecessors.‡ As to you, you will never enjoy the public honours of the court, but you will occupy a vast and magnificent palace, in which you shall rule. But at the moment when you shall think yourself the most happy of women, your happiness shall vanish like a dream; and a wasting disease conduct you to the tomb.”§ At length, Josephine’s turn came. As yet, the

\* She is now Madame de St. A\*\*\*.

† A sort of token, the results of which were so striking in regard to Gustavus III., King of Sweden. This truly astonishing prediction may be found at p. 544 of the “*Souvenirs Prophétiques d’une Sibyle.*”

‡ The unfortunate Sultan Selim II.

§ This interesting Creole quitted the Island of Martinique in the year 1776. The vessel which was carrying her to France, was attacked by Algerine corsairs. At the moment they turned their prows towards the states of Barbary, their ship was pillaged by Tunis pirates, who met them at sea.

prophetess had inspired her with so little confidence, that she was even tempted not to submit to an examination. Encouraged, however, by the example and entreaties of her young friends, she hazarded some sly questions; then, with an indifferent and disdainful air, she asked her to look at the inside of her hands. The black woman, after telling her that her art taught her that she really wished to know the whole truth, notwithstanding her apparent indifference, remarked, that her frankness would cause her a great surprise. She then examined the ball of her left thumb with marked attention; while doing so, the Pythoness changed countenance repeatedly; then, in a hollow, shrill voice, she articulated these words:—

“You will be married to a man of a fair complexion, destined to be the husband of another of your family. The young lady whose place you are called to fill, will not live long. A young Creole, whom you love, does not cease to think of you; you will never marry him, and you will make vain attempts to save his life (4); but his end will be unhappy. Your star promises you two marriages. Your first husband will be a man born in Martinique, but he will reside in Europe and wear a sword; he will enjoy some moments of good fortune. A sad legal proceeding will separate you from him, and after many

Miss S\*\*\* became the booty of these new conquerors, who destined the poor girl to the Sultan’s seraglio. On her arrival at Constantinople, she augmented the prodigious number of *odalisks* of all nations; and at the end of a certain time, became the mother of a son. Sultan *Malmoulh*, who at this day reigns gloriously in Turkey, owes his birth to this American girl. Having become Sultanness, Miss S\*\*\* used to take pleasure in the singular prediction which was made to her in Martinique by the Irish woman, Euphemia. As gratitude was the first sentiment of her heart, she had sought out the means of assuring to this coloured woman an honourable maintenance; and when she thought herself the most fortunate of mothers, and rejoiced to see her numerous family coming to establish themselves around her, she fell a victim to a lingering disease, of which, after some months, she died in the year 1811, at the age of fifty-one years. She earnestly recommended to her son, her numerous friends; and among these was Josephine, for whom, it is said, she never ceased to cherish the most tender recollections.



great troubles, which are to befall the kingdom of the *Franks*, he will perish tragically, and leave you a widow with two helpless children. Your second husband will be of an olive complexion, of European birth; without fortune, yet he will become famous; he will fill the world with his glory, and will subject a great many nations to his power. You will then become an *eminent woman*, and possess a supreme dignity; but many people will forget your kindnesses. After having astonished the world, *you will die miserable*. (5) The country in which what I foretell must happen, forms a part of *Celtic Gaul*; and more than once, in the midst of your prosperity, you will regret the happy and peaceful life you led in the colony. At the moment you shall quit it (*but not for ever*), a prodigy will appear in the air;—this will be the first harbinger of your astonishing destiny.”

Having left the house of Euphemia, the young consulters gazed at each other for some time in silence, unable to account for the different sensations they experienced. They reciprocally promised to keep all secret, and no one of them was either depressed or elated with her fortune. Miss S\*\*\*, indeed, confessed to her friends, some days after, that she vacillated between hope and fear, agitated by a thousand conjectures respecting her singular horoscope. Morpheus no longer strewed his sleep-inducing poppies on her eyelids, and for many a night she was totally without repose.

Josephine, some time after, recounted to her father the strange prediction which had been made to her, to which, she said, she attached not the least importance; though she compared it to that of the widow Scarron (*Madame de Maintenon*). Like Josephine, the grand-daughter of *Agrippa d'Aubigné* had passed her early years in Martinique; and yet history teaches us that a *bricklayer* foretold to her that she should one day mount the throne of France. In recalling these historical facts, M. de Tascher imagined he saw the spirit of the great Louis XIV. wandering about him. “I regret but one thing,” said he; “it is that I was not born in that age, which even now

sheds its glorious lights upon our own." His wife smiled at his enthusiasm, for she looked upon power only as a rock in the ocean, on which, sooner or later, the strongest vessel is dashed and broken. For several months, however, she amused herself with the dream of her daughter's future greatness, and often repeated this beautiful thought of Lucan—"the oracles of Heaven show the future only through a cloud."\*

But the gay and light-hearted young Creole soon forgot all the prophetess had told her; for, said she to her friends, "Whoever promises too much, creates distrust." This incredulity was the more natural in Josephine, as Euphemia had insisted that she must give up William, whom, nevertheless, she still flatters herself with the hope of marrying:

"Jusqu'au dernier moment un malheureux espère."

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### CHAPTER III.

THE family of Josephine were about to see their wishes accomplished. "Even now" (wrote Madame Renaudin to her brother (6) de Tascher), "the *fêtes* of Hymen are in preparation; garlands of flowers adorn the temple, and clouds of incense will soon rise from the altars of that divinity. The day for the nuptial pomp will soon be fixed."

Suddenly the eldest of the two Misses Pagerie was seized with a severe malady; her face became pale, her respiration difficult, and she felt every moment her pulse beating more faintly. These terrible symptoms taught her mother that the relentless fates were about to sever the threads of life for her beloved Maria.

"Yes," she exclaimed with deep sorrow, "soon Maria's only bed will be the tomb;—the fears I have entertained from

\* Tripodas, vatesque deorum sors obscura tenet.

the commencement of the disease, hasten to their fulfilment ; — alas ! the garlands of affection are withered !”

The family became disconsolate ; the interesting girl was universally and deservedly lamented. Never was the conduct of a young lady more exemplary. She fulfilled all her duties with the most scrupulous exactness. The mother was in despair. Josephine was deeply affected by her mother’s grief, while the latter, out of respect for the feelings of her surviving child, tried to control her sorrows. By degrees, however, she became more composed, and found her only solace in the attachment of her remaining daughter. Poor Maria was lamented by her sister, who now resolved to follow her example ; the more, because her tender mother continually pronounced the name of the lost one, and repeated sorrowfully the exclamation—“Would that Josephine could console me for the loss of my eldest born !”(7)

In this she succeeded, by means of careful attentions and tenderness ; so far, indeed, that she hardly recognised herself. Her approach to womanhood had ripened her ideas ; in losing the best friend she had on earth, she found herself in the midst of a vast solitude ; though her family still remained to her, and united their efforts to soothe her for a loss which was, alas ! irreparable : but months passed away before they succeeded.

She became melancholy ; she was a burden to herself, and afraid she should become so to others ; a thousand gloomy thoughts weighed upon her spirits ; her native gayety was without aliment, and her heart became a prey to pangs, the keener that they were the first of the kind which had assailed her. Her father was the first to discover her true situation, and to talk with her about it ; and to him she opened her heart’s secret.

Looking her in the face, he at first treated it as a joke, but afterwards endeavoured to reason her out of it. He told her that, as he had not been able to keep the promise he had made to Madame Renaudin, he should charge *her* with its fulfilment. These words were a thunderclap to Josephine. Aware, however, that prayers would avail nothing with him, and that he

well knew upon whom she had placed her affections, she rose, and said to him with moderation, but with firmness—“Father, may my destiny one day cause you no tears !”

He replied, that her aunt might secure her permanent happiness, as she had a decided influence over the Marquis de Beauharnais, whose son, destined to become his son-in-law, appeared to consent to an exchange; and that it was she, Josephine, who alone could supply the loss of his affianced Maria.

We have remarked that M. de la Pagerie idolized his favourite daughter. The parallel he drew between her and her sister, was always to the advantage of the latter. 'Tis thus that most parents become blinded to the faults of their children. Josephine was for a while silenced, but soon implored him to remember that she was promised to William. De Tascher was moved, but, assuming his authority, he added, in a firm tone—“What you ask of me, my dear child, is impossible. I have done all I could to fulfil my most cherished vow; you must obey! Besides, my daughter, the times are no longer the same; you are now our only hope.” He then showed her that, by means of the favours she was to receive from her Aunt Renaudin, she was become one of the most advantageous matches in Martinique; and that for this reason, the son of M. de K\*\*\* could never become her husband. “It is true,” said he, “your hand was destined to him.”

“But,” said she, “your intentions, father, are no longer the same !”

“My dear child !” said he, “and how has that happened ?”

“Why,” she replied, “has my father renounced his purpose ?”

“Because,” said he, “the immense inheritance which he is to receive, is but a mere substitution; in case he takes the title of Lord Lov\*\*\*, he must marry the niece of the testator, and it is only on this condition that William can assume the name and the arms of the old baronet. Besides, everything shows that this young man has, since he left for England, utterly forgotten you.”



Happily for her, Josephine was ignorant that William had written her twenty letters, which her parents had kept from her. Of course she accused him of coldness, indifference, and even of ingratitude.

She now promised to submit to her parents in whatever they exacted.—But in seeking to avenge herself on William she was herself the greatest sufferer, and really became the first to break her vows. The scenes of her childhood haunted her imagination; every object recalled a tender recollection; she loved to frequent the spot which witnessed their last farewells,—and there to abandon herself to tumultuous and melancholy thoughts.

One day she noticed a tree on which her young friends had carved their names. It is impossible to describe the emotions she experienced at seeing her own name united with his whom she believed to be perjured. She instantly effaced this symbol of their love. “Alas,” said she to herself, “the sun shone upon our love at its birth, but it is to be feared he does not exist in the midst of the thunders and tempests. A dark and dreary future awaits me;”—and with the point of a knife, and with trembling hand, she inscribed these words: “*Unhappy William, thou hast forgotten me ! !*” She felt better after taking this trifling revenge. Time brought her to her senses; and then she sought to comprehend fully this truth :

“Rien au monde, après l’espérance,  
N’est si trompeur que l’apparence.”

News from France arrived often, and Madame Renaudin insisted constantly on her niece’s coming to reside with her. She could have wished, also, for her own gratification, that the Pagerie family should come and see her at Fontainebleau, where she had visited for some time. Her brother would have readily consented, but Josephine’s mother was unwilling to leave her own country. He used all his skill to persuade her, by exciting her curiosity, and drawing pompous pictures of the happy country her daughter was to inhabit. Madame Tascher’s reply

was : " It is quite easy to embellish or to discolour objects, while I am two thousand leagues distant from the capital." It was then agreed that Josephine should proceed alone. Her parents kept her in ignorance of their purpose of separating from her. But she was by no means so stupid as not to perceive what every look of theirs indicated.

Her mother clasped her in her arms, gazed at her in silence, and endeavoured to restrain her tears, which, nevertheless, soon began to flow.

If her daughter asked the occasion of her weeping, she would answer by some careless observation, or some moral maxim. " The moment," said she, " a man gives himself up to joy, is often that which immediately precedes the misfortune he least thinks of:" or, " it becomes every one to be constantly prepared for misfortune." Josephine knew not the meaning of those words ; and these cool reflections of her mother made her suspect that her grief was not altogether sincere. She, however, soon discovered the real cause, and that her mother had been gradually preparing her to endure with courage their mournful separation.

When the enigma was fully solved, Josephine was only able to stretch forth her hands to that adored mother, and tell her, in a tone of despair—" Now I know my father has irrevocably disposed of my hand." Then, borne down by grief, she threw herself at her feet, and exclaimed in agony—" Oh, save me—save Maria's sister !" M. de Tascher entered the room. He caught his fainting wife in his arms ; and in an indignant tone, said to his daughter, " has her precious life ceased to be dear to you ?" This terrible exclamation gave Josephine strength to aid him in placing her in a chair. " Ah, my dear child," said Madame de la Pagerie, with a mixed expression of grief and tenderness, " we are, indeed, both unhappy. You are about to undertake a long voyage. The furious wintry winds will toss the waves ; but the sea will be less agitated than my heart. Oh, my daughter ! even now I see you in the bosom of the storm, tossed by fearful tempests, and driven from shoal to

shoal. Alas! I see the future—it freezes me with terror” . . . In a moment Josephine’s face was reddened with a blush; she leaned upon the bosom of her mother, and cried out, with a voice faint with grief—“I don’t want to say it before my father;”—and her agonized looks showed how dreadfully the poor girl’s heart was tortured. M. de Tascher, who was still present, heard it: he wept; he embraced her tenderly, and promised her his support. He left them; but it is easy to imagine the struggle which must have taken place in a heart which was coldly sacrificing to its vast ambition the existence of a beloved daughter.

The moment of her departure presented itself to Josephine under the most frightful aspect; all former illusions had vanished, and despair now seized upon her heart.

Often did she repeat with bitterness, the sentiment, “the land we are born in is always the dearest.” The wise, it is said, can live anywhere; but the charm which attaches to the clime of our birth, to the place where we experienced the first sentiments of pleasure, and even of pain—that mysterious attraction which draws us so gently towards the objects which first met our view—oh no, it is not in the imagination that all this takes its source! There are purer skies than those under which Josephine was born,—there are spots more beautiful—but there are none so dear. The nearer the day approached when she was to exchange them for the country she was to inhabit, the more sorrowful did she become. She shed tears in abundance, a kind of luxury to her wounded spirit; she gave them free course without noticing who was present to witness them.

“My dear daughter,” said her mother, “our separation will impose an additional obligation on Madame Renaudin towards you.”

The afflicted mother gave her the sagest counsels; but soon her fortitude forsook her.

“My Josephine,” said she, “the seas you are about to pass, will become an eternal barrier between us. In conforming to your parent’s wishes; in yielding, as you have done, to our pru-

dent advice, you have given the most conclusive proof of the goodness of your heart. Heaven will bless you. It is, perhaps, Heaven itself which, in its wisdom, has ordained that you should establish yourself in Europe. Oh! may you enjoy in your new situation an unchanging felicity; may you never resemble those young women who, victims of a fatal passion, irritated by a sense of their dependence, curse their fate, and curse those who . . . I cannot conclude, Josephine! I would solace your feelings. What passes in my heart must speak the rest.—Such are the sad results of secret inclinations; all the protestations of love which accompany them are treacherous and hollow. Alas! most men feel but a transitory passion; others address us their homage only from politeness, or for the sake of idle show, and seek only to abuse the sincerity or the credulity of a young woman, in order to boast of their triumphs.”

“Do not,” said Josephine, “do not distrust me; the best title to my confidence that the man can boast who shall become my husband, will be, that he was commended by yourself and my father. This title will for ever assure him my esteem and respect. Yet, I confess it, I could wish to throw a spell over the present, so that I might not wish for another future . . . One single thought has produced in my mind the utmost embarrassment.”

Madame de la Pagerie gazed on her child, and, with a smile of indescribable sweetness, said—

“Your last resolution has established an eternal tranquillity in my heart;” thus seeking to efface the tender impressions which the thought of William had aroused in Josephine’s mind. But, on the contrary, this conversation served only to rekindle the flame which was not yet extinguished.

Happily, however, the young Creole took counsel of her good sense, silenced her grief, and confirmed her parents in the idea that the recollections of her youth were passing before her eyes, only like wandering clouds, which lose themselves in the boundless horizon.

Some months passed in anxious waiting, during which her



parents vainly strove, by the tenderest cares, to quiet her imagination. Josephine read their thoughts, and understood them perfectly. They used even to stand upon the sea-shore, and, without speaking to each other, contemplate the succession of waves which rolled forward and broke at their feet—a striking image of the destinies of man, whose end is ever the same.

Josephine, at that time, seemed doomed to follow poor Maria. She fell sick;—her grief overpowered her.

Madame de la Pagerie said to those who came to condole with her;—“My daughter has no support but me, no pleasure but her own tears; but no human foresight can prevail against her destiny!”

From these few words, it would seem that she was a believer in the system of fatality. It cannot be doubted that our lot is often fated; that the laws of destiny are incomprehensible.

The young and beautiful Creole, a prey to melancholy, was now about to leave the paternal roof. She received the last embraces of her family. Her first trial had at length arrived.

M. de Tascher committed her to the care of a faithful friend (Madame de B\*\*\*); her black servants were ready to conduct her to the port, and the young American girl was about to tear herself from this scene of grief, and to fulfil her destiny. Her father, pale, and filled with anguish, sobbed, and pressed her to his bosom. Her mother and Madame de K\*\*\* pointed out to her in the far future, that hope which cheers and consoles the unfortunate. She listened with eagerness to those tender words, and witnessed the tears of friendship. She passed the threshold of her home, in the midst of the sobs and lamentations of her slaves. Her mother threw herself into her arms:—

“Remember,” said she, “my dear, unhappy child, my blessings and my regrets attend you!—my happiness vanishes with you!”

“It is no longer time to dissemble!” cried Josephine, with an accent of the profoundest grief. “I see it, I have now nothing to hope! everything in my nature arms me against weakness;

but how, how can I find strength to leave all those whom I love?"

She spoke, and kissed the earth which saw her born, but which was not to see her die. She moistened it with her tears. She then went on board the vessel which was to take her far from her country, her parents, her friends, and from the mother of young William.

The ship remained for some time in the offing, in sight of Fort Royal. The very winds seemed to refuse their support to the projects of the De Tascher family.

The sea was agitated by horrible tempests.

Struck by these unfavourable signs, the gloomy predictions of the mulatto woman, Euphemia, recurred to her mind—predictions which now began to be accomplished. The sister of Maria then called to mind, and repeated, with fear and dismay, these well-known lines :

“Plût aux cruel destins qui, pour moi, sont ouverts,  
Que, à un voile éternel, mes yeux fussent couverts,  
Fatal présent du ciel ! Science malheureuse !”

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#### CHAPTER IV.

THE ship which bore Josephine, and which was about to place between her and her parents the ocean's wide barrier, got under way; the pilots raised their cry, and she passed out of port under full sail. Behold her now in the midst of Neptune's kingdom. The hours pass on, the sun grows dark, and the air begins to be agitated. Signs of a storm become visible—a sort of disturbance in the atmosphere, known at sea under the name of *tourmente*, seemed impending. Hardly had she begun to recover from the shock produced by the separation, when she heard around her a thousand confused cries expressive of gene-

ral wonder. Her spirit was still stricken by the recollection of her last farewells to her friends : but curiosity aroused her, and she inquired into the occasion of the wonder that was expressed. She was told that she alone was, probably, the primary cause of the inexplicable phenomenon which attracted the general attention.\*

. By the aid of a telescope, which the captain handed her, she was enabled to observe, not without a feeling of wonder and delight, in the midst of the clear azure of the heavens, unobscured by a single cloud, a luminous meteor, which she contemplated attentively, and regarded as a happy presage, foretokening to her a prosperous, a brilliant future. Turning then towards the spot she had left, the spot where she was born, she raised her hands to heaven, and uttered a prayer for the authors of her being. She perceived upon the beach a crowd of the inhabitants gazing after her, waving their hands, and testifying by their attitude and gestures, the surprise and admiration they felt at this strange phenomenon. The captain, who had sent a man to the mast-head, informed the young Creole that the object which was exciting so much attention was a phosphoric flame, called "*St. Elmo's fire.*"

It seemed to attach itself to the ship, forming a sort of wreath around it, and one would have said that the spangles of lambent flame which it threw out vied with each other for the honour of encircling the ship.†

All were speculating upon the causes of this prodigy ; but

\* It would appear that the prediction made to her by the black woman, David, was already known to the captain of the vessel, M. de B\*\*\*, and to the principal passengers. They heard it repeated in the colony, even at the moment of embarkation. — The report was, indeed, general.

† This is an historical fact, attested by a great number of the inhabitants of Martinique, who were witnesses of it. This phosphoric flame attached itself to the main-mast of the vessel, and it was still seen at the moment of her debarkment. — This anecdote was told me by the empress herself. Josephine was taken to France by M. de B\*\*\* ; she embarked at Fort Royal.

Josephine was the only one on board who took no part in the conversation. In that day of inward anguish she could not, like the rest of the passengers, give herself up to pleasure and amusements. She was unfitted both in mind and body; she heard little or nothing of all that was said around her, and it was only at intervals, and as if awaking from sleep, that she was able to answer questions; and then only in monosyllables. The weather was fine; the captain's wife was unceasing in her attentions; and at length the motion of the ship and the majestic spectacle of the ocean which she was traversing, seemed, in some degree, to restore her gayety. This, however, was but momentary, like the star which shows itself for an instant between the flying clouds. She calls philosophy to her aid, and this calmed her mind, though it could not solace her heart. The sight of the immense expanse of waters which was separating her from Martinique, kept her in a profound melancholy. She could not account even to herself for her feelings. The cold and humid air of the sea affected her health, and for weeks the most serious apprehensions were felt for her life; indeed, so hopeless seemed her case that she was almost ready to be placed on the fatal plank and precipitated into the waves. But as the vessel approached the coast of Europe, she began to improve.

The pangs of absence were soothed by the hope of soon obtaining news from her friends. Near the end of the voyage a frightful commotion was heard on deck. The young American listened attentively to the howlings of the wind, as they came to her ears mingled with the affrighted cries of the mariners, which the tempest-beaten rocks echoed far and wide with horrible distinctness. The intrepid captain preserved all his self-possession in the midst of the menacing dangers. The bright disc of the moon lighted up the whole of the neighbouring coast, and facilitated the execution of the orders which he gave with as much calmness as prudence. His greatest cause of alarm arose from the rudder's smiting against the vessel with so much violence that fears were entertained that she would go



to pieces. At one moment, borne upon the summit of a wave, she seemed to remain in a kind of motionless state, not less frightful than the heaviest shock; the next, she plunged to the bottom of the swelling billows.

At length the storm abated and tranquillity was restored. The crew, after a moment's rest, repaired the mast, the breaking of which had greatly embarrassed the working of the ship. Oh, ye who, in the course of an agitated life, have seen the frail bark which bore all your hopes, ready to sink in the depths of misfortune, you alone know the joyousness of a calm, after a tempest!

The next morning Josephine looked out upon the still troubled sea, the image of her own tumultuous feelings, by no means yet allayed by the absence of the causes which had produced them.

The fall of the mast had covered the deck with rigging and fragments. Everything was in confusion, and one could see upon the faces of the fatigued sailors the evidences of discouragement and terror.

A sight so new to her, the movements of the seamen occupied in repairing the disorders occasioned by the storm, now engrossed her attention. The hours passed by rapidly, and she took no note of them. When the captain had refitted his ship, judging the weather favourable, he again set sail and continued his voyage, which was henceforth tranquil, although he still encountered adverse winds. At length the cry of "Land! land!" awakened Josephine from her dreamy revery.

The shallop entered the port.\* A crowd of sad thoughts

\* She landed at Marseilles, whither her Aunt Renaudin had come to meet her. It appeared that she had suffered a good deal during the passage. Many a time they entertained fears for her life. The winds were contrary, and storms frequent. A young Creole, named Fanny (now Madame Lefevre), a protégée of Madame Renaudin, accompanied Josephine on the voyage. They were both so silly that they even carried along with them their dolls, to serve them for pastimes on board the vessel. Josephine had a predilection altogether personal for hers. It seemed to her sometimes to recall the looks of Maria, sometimes those of William. This childishness may be excused: the young Creole's heart could not

again assailed and tormented her. Could she, in this separation which rendered her so miserable, imagine that any circumstance would restore her to her parents? At what epoch should she have the consolation of seeing them again? . . . Under what auspices? . . . Great God! . . . But let us not anticipate events.

Josephine's anxieties, however, were but light, and were soon removed by the novelty of her situation. She conceived the hope of a better lot, a hope which attached itself to whatever she undertook. She felt, in fact, some satisfaction in touching the soil of France, persuaded as she was that she should not experience an emotion so tender, a contentment so positive, had it been but a game of chance, and not a presentiment of her destiny.—The glance of her mind pierced the mysteries of a brilliant future. Being informed that M. de K\*\*\* and his son had for some time resided at the capital, Mademoiselle de Tascher felt that she now breathed the same air as William, and that she should probably soon see him again. This thought secretly flattered her: it restored her reason, or, rather, rekindled her hope, and exercised such a powerful influence upon her, that, on arriving at Fontainebleau, her health became at once entirely restored. In a few days the early friend of her childhood was presented to her by M. de K\*\*\*. This gentleman was under the deepest obligations to the Marquis de Beauharnais, formerly governor of Martinique, and intimately connected with Madame Renaudin.\* (8) During their stay at Fontainebleau, he constantly, and with the most polite attentions, received them at his house, and their frequent visits showed that it had become agreeable to them. Dinner over, M. de Beauharnais would propose a promenade in the city or in the forests, but the beautiful Creole usually remained at home,

remain inactive; it must be occupied. To love was one of the necessities of her being; to solace misfortune became her favourite virtue. Behold, in two words, the most faithful, the most exact portrait of the woman who was to astonish the world, and who is so universally mourned.

\* The Marquis de Beauharnais married Madame Renaudin, Josephine's aunt, the same year that Josephine married Bonaparte, and while the latter was in Italy.

shut up in her aunt's apartment. The thought of being alone with William made her tremble . . . What, then, is that sentiment whose presence produced upon her such a lively impression, in her then situation? Alas, as she became less and less convinced of his indifference, she was more and more anxious to avoid him.

Often was the son of M. de K\*\*\* announced at the door, unaccompanied by his father, but the servants had been charged not to admit him. One day, however, he found the means of depositing on her toilette a letter, in which he addressed to her the most spirited reproofs for the coldness she manifested toward him. 'Twas thus that she became finally and fully convinced that he could not endure the thought of for ever living away from her. He solicited a private interview.

No doubt it cost the tender-hearted girl a severe struggle to deny him this last request; but her duty prevailed over her feelings.

Her aunt turned off the female servant who had presumed to be the bearer of the imprudent epistle. "Ah," said Josephine, "why did not my father tell M. de K\*\*\* to beware how he suffered two beings, drawn towards each other by a natural sympathy, to find themselves together? His own experience should have taught him the danger, and guarded me against it: but William's father brought him to me, himself. Alas! it is impossible he should know my secret. He thinks, probably, that at my age\* one is incapable of loving; but if that respectable gentleman knew my feelings while I held that letter in my hand, I am sure he himself would become a prey to the deepest regret; his countenance, which reflects so much calmness and contentment, would be furrowed with anxiety and grief; the felicity he promises himself in seeing the daughter of his old friend happy, would soon disappear, and give place to a very different feeling."

There was no sacrifice to which Josephine did not feel it

\* Josephine was scarcely fifteen when she went to France.

her duty to submit, in order to please her protectress. She even asked to go into a convent, under pretence that the state of her health required repose; and kept her bed for several days. She became the object of the deepest anxiety. Her aunt informed her friends that she had chosen for that purpose the Abbey de Panthemont, and that she intended immediately to conduct her niece thither. Preparations were made accordingly. Josephine could not well avoid taking leave of William's father. He told Madame Renaudin that his son was about to quit Paris, and return to reside with one of his mother's\* relations; and he came charged by his afflicted, heart-broken son, to address to her his respectful homage. "The discharge of this duty," William observed to his father, "would have been, indeed, grateful to me; there was a time when I should have reserved it for myself alone; but I must now look with a dry eye upon all the preparations for the marriage of the future Madame Beauharnais. I will perform the whole of the sacrifice—the most painful a human being can make! To save her I would drain the cup of hemlock, and not a sigh should escape me! To die, oh! what is it to die, now that I must give up for ever the bright illusion which I have cherished from my very childhood? Oh, my father! let me have her I love, her only! and keep for yourself and my tender mother, all, all the titles and treasures of Lord Lov\*\*!" With these words he sunk into a sombre melancholy, repeating to himself, continually—"No, I shall never see her again!—too much presumption has been my ruin, and I am now, indeed, paid for not daring to trust to myself. I wrote to her, because I had much to say to her, and because I could not help relieving my heart!"

Such was the too faithful report which M. de K\*\*\* brought to the sister of M. de Tascher. Josephine listened to it motion-

\* Madame de G\*\*\* then resided at St. Jermain en Laye, but she often visited at an English lady's, named Brown, who had a country-seat at Choisy.



less, overwhelmed. A sudden paleness covered her face. Her eyes filled, but she dared not turn them upon William's father. Alas, the thoughts of that ambitious man were even then wandering amidst the prospects of a future still more vast! He looked upon the illustrious match, which he was arranging for his son, as an infallible means of entering upon an immense inheritance in Scotland, once owned by his ancestors. It was thus that the two families coolly calculated the results of their respective projects. What mattered it to them to plunge their offspring in despair—to rend them asunder for ever—provided the son of M. de K\*\*\* could revive an illustrious name, and Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie receive the fortune which Madame Renaudin had promised her? Docile victims of their parents' schemes, they were driven to renounce their mutual love, and, like Paul and Virginia, to experience the blighting effects of the ambition which reigns in European society. Less happy than those other two Creoles, they were condemned to live, and, without ceasing to love, to be eternally strangers. Their early attachment was doomed to experience this sad fatality.

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## CHAPTER V.

“To be contented with one's lot, whatever it may be; to live without ambition, and without desires; to rely upon Providence alone—this is the true science of happiness, and the one of which all men are destitute.”

Such were the lessons of morality daily taught by the Marquis de Beauharnais to the amiable Madame Renaudin. Mademoiselle de Tascher had been presented to him on her arrival at Fontainebleau, but he was from supposing that her aunt

destined her for one of his sons.\* At the first mention of this alliance, the old man showed so much repugnance that the project soon ceased to be mentioned in his presence. Common friends were resorted to as mediators. The claims of the viscount's family were numerous; he himself opposed the union. Bitterness began to infuse itself into the controversy.† The unhappy Josephine could well have wished that this sad rite might have been postponed indefinitely: "For," said she to the persons who had condescended to *protect* her, "we are unknown to each other; we have lived in different countries; destined, perhaps, never to love each other, we shall live in a manner separate; the dreams of my sensitive heart will perhaps, never be in harmony with his; he will comprehend

\*Some years before the Revolution the two sons of the Marquis de Beauharnais had made a voyage to Egypt. Choiseul and Rochefoucault advocated and ordered the expedition.

† Madame Renaudin, a Pagerie by birth, was a near relation to the Marquis de Beauharnais, whom she at last married. He possessed an estate in Beausse, called Fronville. Madame de L\*\*\* lived in a chateau in the same province. She had with her another young lady of the name of la Pagerie, a sister of Madame Renaudin. The latter besought Madame L\*\*\* to use all her influence over the Marquis—a thing she dared not do—to persuade him to give his son Alexander in marriage to Mademoiselle de Tascher, daughter of a Monsieur Tascher de la Pagerie, a very respectable gentleman, who had once resided on the land of Madame de L\*\*\*, and afterwards in Martinique. The Viscount de Beauharnais declared himself decidedly opposed to the projected union; but the adroit Madame Renaudin placed before his eyes the portrait of one of her nieces; he was enchanted with her beauty (it was the picture of Maria); and the young man gave some hopes, though care was taken not to deceive him. But when he saw Josephine all illusion vanished. Henceforth he opposed a firm resolution to the schemes which others were nourishing respecting him. For a moment his father encouraged his opposition; but soon overcome by the ascendant of Madame Renaudin, and the counsels of Madame de L\*\*\*, he consented that his son, the viscount, should give his hand to the interesting Josephine. And notwithstanding all the son's opposition, he became the nephew of the woman who, in a few years afterwards, was to marry the father.

nothing of its language ; he will have to resort to lying ; dissimulation, a dangerous art, will become necessary in his intercourse with the world ; he will conceal from me his thoughts, his desires, his actions ; I shall soon become a stranger to him, and he will be embarrassed when he shall find himself in the painful alternative of breaking his solemn promises, or fulfilling them under a perpetual constraint. Unquiet, he will be unhappy ; and not knowing how to escape from the labyrinth, he will resolve not to answer my simple questions, which to him will seem indiscreet ; the resolution, which his position will force upon him, will lead him to change the part he will act at first, and in his turn to address to me various questions—to give me hardly time to express my thoughts, and, finally, to impute faults to me, in order to make me the dupe of his artifices.” . . . The young American already foresaw that she should become an object of calumny, and that those persons who censured the feelings which the viscount entertained towards her, would, in the end, interest themselves in sowing the seeds of hatred between a husband naturally jealous, and a woman unjustly accused. She left with regret the spot which had witnessed a single, fugitive moment of happiness. From the time of her entrance into the convent at Panthemont, she was in a state of depression difficult to describe ; and by a secret instinct she perceived, from the moment that she entered society, that the artful and sly Madame de V\*\*\*, by interposing an insurmountable obstacle to her felicity, would play the hypocrite so skilfully as to deprive her of every shadow of hope.(9)

Josephine sometimes received the visits of the viscount at the grates of her window. Without exactly knowing why, she could not avoid feeling a secret agitation whenever she heard him announced. A presentiment seemed to teach her that the prediction of the *black woman* was hastening to its fulfilment. She combated these thoughts ; she shed involuntary tears. The recollection of her parents, and, above all, of William, that William who was never to be hers, filled her imagination with painful forebodings. Madame Renaudin often addressed her

reproachfully about what she called the whimsies of her mind ; while Josephine showed towards her aunt nothing but the innocence, the simplicity, the confidence of a child, and revealed to her all her secrets, the most touching incidents of her life, even the attachment she had conceived for the young Creole William. She told her story with all the enthusiasm with which the thought of William inspired her, and told her aunt how their mothers had reared them together ; how they loved their children ; and how their children naturally loved each other.

The aunt spoke to her the language of a friend ; she sought to make her niece understand that by her cares, and by the will of *destiny*, she was to reach an elevated rank. "Would that I were again in my beloved island !" answered Josephine. "I love tranquillity ; I cannot conceal from myself that the distractions and the pleasures of society gain by degrees a dominion over the strongest mind, and trouble the wisest head. Ought I not to fear that I, too, carried along by the common whirlwind, may run after the chimeras, baubles of an idle and dissipated life ? . . . Ah ! madam, can I remain unconcerned in the midst of imminent and continual dangers ? Alas ! I already foresee them too plainly ! . . . While reflecting that I am to be united for ever to a man, who only marries me by way of yielding to the will of his father, I feel myself on the brink of a volcano, or some spot shaken by earthquakes. Still I see the future before me. May I not hope that chance, that some unforeseen event, may yet render possible what at this time seems impossible ? No, no, I will not give up all for lost !"

Madame Renaudin was alarmed at this ; but what could she do ? She resolved to employ the language of reason. "My purpose, Josephine," said she, "is not to delude you by false hopes. The self-love of your parents might have been flattered by the homage which the son of the Marquis de Beauharnais rendered their daughter. Perhaps they might even feel afraid their daughter might escape from the honourable alliance which I have taken so much pleasure in endeavouring to form ; but whatever may be your motives, my young friend, I am incapable of



longer dissimulation. I shall send you back to your native country ; you will carry with you my regrets. I flatter myself that, in returning thither from the tender affection which I could not but feel for you, your own heart (as well as mine) will be afflicted ; and I wish, that, from to-day, you would cease to recognise any other authority than that of my benevolence. Thus your marriage will be broken off by myself ; for the rest, be content with the consequences of your refusal."

This language made such an impression upon Mademoiselle de Tascher, that she retired to her private apartment some time before the brilliant assembly, where she then was, had separated ; for it was on a day when Madame Renaudin had invited many of her friends to her house, and the one on which Josephine came regularly each week to visit her. Josephine found no sleep ; she had not forgotten the wise counsels of her mother ; they were still engraven upon her heart, never to be effaced. But virtue does not interdict a wise liberty. "I will only try," said she to herself, "to postpone the fatal epoch which is to deprive me of mine — that is all I can hope for."

She wrote her friends a long account of what she was doing, and of the pretended pleasures which were henceforth to occupy her time. She told them that she wished to become better acquainted with the marquis's son. "I wish," said she, "to study his character, to observe his conduct, to judge, in fine, whether the beauty of his mind corresponds with that of his face." (10)

After the touching scene which I have just described, the conduct of Madame Renaudin towards her niece was perfectly sincere. Anxious to protect her from all reproaches of her parents, she had informed them of the repugnance which she felt to form a marriage contract at so tender an age. "Expect all from time," said she to her brother. "Josephine, always modest, will enjoy her triumph with calmness ; she will use with moderation her ascendancy over me, and only in order to contribute to her repose. She seems even now to be afraid of losing my affections, which a single moment of time has sufficed

to win for her. She is correct in not counting upon lasting happiness or a brilliant victory. My self-love, as well as your own, can easily overthrow the transient dominion this young creature has succeeded in establishing over us both ; and when her sixteenth year has passed, I trust a power superior to mine will make a successful attack upon her heart."

Madame Renaudin, who already read the heart of the young Creole, yielded herself up to the charm, always new to her, of doing good to her niece, and inspiring her with sentiments of gratitude.

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## CHAPTER VI.

THE solitude in which the young American girl was living, increased her pangs, rendered her regrets the more bitter, her life more languishing, the loss of her hopes the more distressing, and the necessity of some new encouragement the more urgent. At length she perceived the dawn of a new hope, and gave herself up to it with transport. No, she was by no means a senseless being !

The Abbess of Panthemont,\* that friend of the afflicted, had sounded the depths of Josephine's heart with a compassionate and delicate hand. Her heavenly mind, guided by the spirit of charity, was afflicted at her lot. She pitied the young girl, and encouraged her to listen to the advice of her friends, repeating to her continually this line from Corneille, "*Le devoir d'une fille est dans l'obéissance.*"

In order to appreciate the resolution which Josephine then formed, it is necessary to have experienced the storms of the heart, to have felt the dominion of all the affections united in

\* Her name was Devirieux. The Princess of Condé, at present a religious Carmelite, was then a boarder in this famous monastery.

one ; to have been deprived of the object of this one universal sentiment. She made up her mind to declare to Madame Renaudin that she had determined to comply with her wishes, and that soon the Viscount de Beauharnais should be the exclusive possessor of her heart.

Notwithstanding the perfidious insinuations of certain interested personages, who aimed to disturb her repose,\* Josephine, towards the end of her sixteenth year, became the wife of a man who possessed eminent qualities.† He possessed a noble mind and a feeling heart. She soon became sincerely attached to him, and learned to forget by degrees all the illusions of her childhood. She left him in ignorance of one fatal passion, which might have destroyed his repose, and perhaps his attachment to her. But whilst she concealed from him the fact, she imposed upon herself the duty of acting as if it were known to him. Let the past be buried in eternal oblivion!—Beauharnais is henceforth everything to Josephine, whose only care must be to please him.

As has been seen, she yielded to the representations of her friends in giving her hand to the son of her aunt's protector ; the viscount inspired her with respect and confidence, but did not awaken in her the flames of love. Still too young to understand the weight of the chains which marriage imposes, she was not skilful enough to act before her husband, the part of a tender wife.

In a moment of ill-humour she dropped the hint that she should have preferred M. de Beauharnais *for her brother-in-law*. “ He

\*A female friend of Madame Renaudin saw fit to whisper to her, that, at the close of a magnificent ball, the viscount had received the picture of a lady whose influence with a minister attached to her a large number of the ladies of the court. One of Josephine's female friends indiscreetly told her of this. This is a natural explanation of the fears she henceforth entertained respecting her future tranquillity.

† This marriage was against the will of Alexander Beauharnais, who was then in love with Madame de V\*\*\*, whose maiden name was de G\*\*\*.

laughed at me," said Josephine, "but did not the less exert himself to find out the way to my heart." But when at length she had made him a father, her tenderest affections took the place of that cold indifference with which he first inspired her. The viscount was a man of consideration; (11) he was a major in the \*\*\* regiment; he solicited the presentation of his wife at the court of Louis XVI.; it was deferred under various pretexts. Madame de Beauharnais profited by the delay, by improving herself in the arts of pleasing, which as yet she possessed but imperfectly, and applauded herself for the progress she made. Both husband and wife held a highly respectable rank, and were in the habit of receiving visits from the most distinguished persons in Paris. Hence Josephine was in some sort forced to plunge into the whirlpool of society.

The innocence which she carried with her from the paternal roof ran the greater risks, as the circle in which she moved became enlarged. The spectacle of so many new objects, the vivacity of the French people, insensibly made an impression upon her. A fine residence, splendid equipage, a brilliant retinue, and exquisite board, pictures, statues, costly furniture, and the thousand other factitious demands of taste and pleasure, began to seduce her imagination. Still, upon principle, she avoided those tumultuous assemblages where gossip and back-biting are regarded as proofs of wit. The narrow circle of a few persons of understanding more befitted her character. She avoided, as far as depended on her, the rocks of ambition. M. de Beauharnais saw his son growing up under his eyes, and already began to dream of the part he was one day to act in public affairs.

Scarcely had young Eugene learned to talk, when his father began to flatter himself with the idea of seeing the favours of the court heaped upon him. And yet M. de Beauharnais decorated himself with the name of *philosophe*! Such are the astonishing contradictions of the human mind.

Thus Josephine spent her time, divided between the duties



of maternal tenderness, and the etiquette imposed upon her by the rank she held in society.

At length her husband came one day, and announced to her with enthusiasm, that the time of her presentation at court was fixed, but that the queen had designated an hour for receiving her in her private apartments. He explained to her the importance of this signal favour.

Although she herself did not partake of his exultation, still, in order to gratify him, she promised to be particularly mindful of every observance which this privilege imposed.

The wife of Louis XVI. had, in some degree, lessened the burden of the court ceremonies; but there were some which, from a respect to their antiquity, she had not dared attack; of this number was the use of robes *à la Française*, and the immense cloaks which decorated the ladies of quality.

Let one picture to himself a young Creole girl, free from the cradle, knowing nothing about fashion, all at once decked out with costly paints and perfumes, which render the skin still more fresh and brilliant, muffled up in heavy and inconvenient clothing, and loaded down with one of those enormous hoops which do not permit the wearer to pass straight through a door;—let him form an idea of the embarrassment of a woman accustomed to let her locks float in long tresses, obliged painfully to sustain the edifice of a tall and heavy head-dress—and he will be able to judge of the situation of her who could not, without great difficulty, retain in her memory the voluminous code of court usages. Happily, on appearing at Versailles, she found herself relieved, by the extreme goodness of the queen, from this fatiguing ceremonial.\* This gave her courage; and no longer doubting her own abilities, she fairly outdid herself, and not only attracted flattering compliments from the ladies of the court, but the particular regard of the royal family.

Madame Beauharnais was enchanted with her *début*, and

\* Madame de Beauharnais was not presented publicly at the court, but was presented twice privately.

her husband received the most flattering compliments on the occasion.

At first, he took it as an augury\* favourable to his fortune. Some time afterwards Josephine observed, with a feeling of deep concern, that her husband's humour was becoming reserved and sombre. The viscount finally compelled her to renounce the society of most of her acquaintances, and required her to forbear entirely to return the visits of Madame Renaudin. Josephine knew not to what to attribute this provoking distrust. Did it become him to accuse Madame Renaudin?

But although her self-love might have been flattered by exercising her pleasing talents in society, yet she preserved a tender attachment to Beauharnais. It is certain that she sometimes thought of William; but she avoided every occasion which might furnish reproaches against her on his account. Never did she violate the obligation she had in this respect imposed on herself, and she even consented to forego almost entirely the charming society of Madame the Countess of Montesson.(12)

From the day that Beauharnais announced to his wife that her countryman would probably be presented to her, with his young spouse (they were on their way from England), she confined herself more closely to her apartment, looking after the health of her son, which had given her some uneasiness; she had the good fortune to save his life. The viscount was obliged to be often absent on duty, and Josephine embraced the opportunities thus afforded to finish her course of studies. She was quite fond of reading, and took great delight in perusing

\* Beauharnais was many times honoured with marks of the queen's particular favour. Marie Antoinette used to call him the *beau danseur* (the fine dancer) of the court, which name he long retained. At the balls which were so frequent at Versailles, Josephine's husband was selected as a partner in the dance, by the ladies who were prettiest, and most accomplished in that art. His bearing was noble, his attitudes graceful, and the lightness of his step added to the natural graces of his person. He then enjoyed with the fair sex the reputation of being a zephyr in the saloons, and a Bayard at the head of his corps.

the best authors. In this way she perfected her taste, and greatly improved her understanding.

'Twas thus that she acquired the knowledge which afterwards became so precious to her, and by a skilful use of which she at length almost succeeded in dissipating the coldness which reigned betwixt her and her husband. He permitted her to accompany him to Strasburg, where his regiment was in garrison. The *belle Creole* could not but charm the society of Strasburg; she became, in fact, a universal favourite there.

But, after his return to Paris, Beauharnais showed himself but seldom inside his house, and his humour became soured. The kind of repose which Josephine now enjoyed became an illusion. She was to drain the cup of misfortune: such was the decree of destiny!

Having, in this interval, given birth to a daughter,\* this happy circumstance enabled her to bear up with courage under the numerous calumnies of which she became the object. She was at this time far from being able to penetrate their real causes. She needed a *familiar spirit* to reveal the secret acts of her husband's private life. Unhappily a malicious spirit constantly beset her. Madame de V\*\*\* began by inspiring her with an unwise distrust; then led her to take some hazardous steps; and cunningly dug beneath her the abyss which was to swallow her up. She was the primary cause of all the evils through which Josephine was doomed to pass.(13)

“*You have presumed too much upon your strength; you ought not to have espoused Beauharnais.*” Such was the language of the perfidious Madame de V\*\*\*,—of that woman whom the viscount had in a manner compelled his wife to receive and regard as her *friend*—a title which she haughtily assumed. She would insinuate to Josephine that the least resistance to her husband's will, the slightest imprudence, would prove her inevitable ruin. “*Promise me,*” said the artful

\* Hortense de Beauharnais was nursed at *Chelle*, a small town in the Isle of France *sur-le-Marne*. It contained a monastery before the Revolution.

intriguer, "that you will never utter any complaints to *dear Alexander* ; do not, without my aid, seek to pierce the darkness which veils his conduct; keep secret what I am about to tell you; when the time comes, I will explain all; for the present, be content with knowing that the father of your children is an ingrate, and that he lavishes upon others the tribute of attachment which is alone your due, and of which you daily show yourself so worthy."

Thus did Madame de V\*\*\* adroitly instil into the heart of this unhappy woman the poison of jealousy. She sought to induce her to take part in her own quarrel with Beauharnais, and to make her partake of all her resentments towards him.(14) She saw that Beauharnais neglected his wife, and, adroit politician as she was, she endeavoured to render herself necessary to the viscount. She wanted an opportunity to gain his confidence, and Josephine appeared to be the proper means of enabling her to play her game. Josephine was without the experience necessary to enable her to divine her projects; and Madame de V\*\*\* was not slow to select her victim.

Days passed on, and the heiress of the Tascher family approached that moment when she was to see and feel the reality of that which hitherto she had believed to be an absurd dream. As, to her unsuspecting mind, Madame de V\*\*\* seemed all frankness and truth, Josephine was in some degree excusable for listening to her perfidious insinuations; which she did, although new grounds of hope and confidence were constantly occurring. But this only made it the worse for Josephine, as her enemy took advantage of them to exaggerate all the misdeeds of Alexander towards her. Madame Beauharnais listened with fortitude to these secret communications. But when, as time elapsed, she began to think them without any foundation, she felt like declaring war upon the woman whom she now suspected to be her rival. When she looked upon the tender fruits of their marriage, she felt that their father deserved all her indulgence. Again, she would hesitate to believe him guilty, she had done so much to merit his attachment. "For



him," said she, "have I sacrificed everything, even my friendship for William, while he, my husband, forgets, for the sake of this woman, all the promises he has made me!" This disregard of his duty made Josephine lament that she had ever married him. The advice of Madame V\*\*\* had turned her head; yet she made known her griefs only in the bosom of her family.

Some months afterwards the viscount separated from her. Interest, and his fortunes, called him to the court of Versailles; the unfortunate Creole abandoned herself to sorrow; her troubled spirit drank all the poisons of jealousy.

This fierce passion took full possession of her heart. Unable longer to support this unmerited abandonment, deprived of the last ray of hope, she one day sent him, by a faithful friend, a letter, in which she set forth her grounds of complaint, and asked a prompt explanation. The next morning, at break of day, Beauharnais appeared, sombre and severe in his demeanour. He gazed at her for some moments, and addressed her as follows:

"The little experience possessed by young ladies, of the usages of society and its artifices; the solitary life they lead; the reserve which the care of their own reputation imposes on them, do not permit them to understand the most important duties of married life. In such circumstances their eyes are very bad judges; whatever speaks only to the senses, is almost always liable to lead us astray. I told you, madam, at the moment of uniting my lot with yours, that if you felt no inclination for the match which was proposed to you, you would be violating the confidence you owed to your parents not to avow it. Other men will be able to please you; but I must efface from your heart the slightest traces of love. I admit that they exist; the will alone does not always suffice to efface them; time will effect it; this, I think, I may expect from your reason; I do not pretend to say from your friendship. If young William was the first to succeed in captivating your heart, he is not the only mortal who may deserve your affections . . . Your choice need not be confined to such narrow limits, and

you ought to cast your eyes upon an object more worthy of your attachment than I.

"Such, madam, was the language I held to you in the presence of my father some days before our marriage. You now see how dangerous it was for you to conceal from me that lurking passion, and what just grounds your parents had for opposing the imprudent steps which might have augmented it. The vicinity of your habitations, the ancient friendship of your families, afforded you opportunities to spend together the days of your childhood; in your innocent sports you called each other 'husband and wife;' years only serve to increase that sympathy. I have expressly prohibited him from entering my house; this act will only serve to increase his passion for you, and, perhaps, even yours for him." . . .

"You have broken my heart with your odious suspicions," cried Josephine, with impetuosity; "they are absolutely imaginary. But *you*, sir, have you nothing to reproach yourself with, in regard to me?"

"What," replied he, with emphasis, "what means that letter which you addressed to your parents, wherein you passed in minute review what you were pleased to call my faults? Why accuse them of still adding to your woes, by uniting you to me? Of what do you complain? I am only making reprisals. Is it not permitted me to present to another the homage of a heart which you seem to disdain? In that letter you say: 'But for my children, I should, without a pang, renounce France for ever! My duty requires me to forget William de K\*\*\*; and yet, if we were united together, I should not to-day be troubling you with my griefs.' Is this, madam, the language of an innocent woman? Ah! I should never have imagined that the heart of my wife could have given admittance to the dangerous passion of jealousy! Still further, I will believe that her virtue will make her resist and overcome an inclination so much opposed to our peace. I do, I confess, experience chagrin, which will end only with my life."

Josephine's feelings were most deeply wounded. Over-

whelmed by these declarations, she knew not whether she was lost amidst the wild mazes of a dream, or whether her eyes were gazing upon the earliest rays of the sun. These reproaches produced upon her an impression difficult to be described; she was terrified at her situation; she foresaw nothing but trouble and pain. Trembling, and afraid to speak, she said to the viscount, with that accent which belongs only to innocence, "I have not, then, reached the goal of my misfortunes! A new and more terrible one has befallen me; the father of my Eugene, of my Hortense, dares to suspect me—Oh! I shudder at the thought! Can you believe, Alexander, that another can efface from my heart the affections which wholly belong to you? The fate that awaits me, is, I see plainly, the fruit of infamous treachery. A woman, who calls herself my friend and yours, has inspired me with some suspicions against you, which are perhaps unjust. Unhappily, I laid open before her the most secret workings of my heart. If, at any time, the name of the son of M. de K\*\*\* has escaped me, that woman, at least, ought not to sharpen against me the weapons of calumny. You are well aware, that I have preserved for that friend of my childhood a kindly recollection; but never, I here dare affirm, never, since our union, has it weighed a feather against the sincere attachment which my heart bears towards you. I have not had the least correspondence with him, nor any interview since my arrival in France. You have no need to place injurious restrictions upon me; your distrust, your suspicions, all such subterfuges, are, I insist, unworthy of M. de Beauharnais. I cannot but regard with sovereign contempt this Madame de V\*\*\*, who, after urging me to write that letter to my father, was infamous enough to send it to you. Perfectly at peace with my conscience, I have refused to follow her further advice to write to William de K\*\*\* himself—to that young man, whose name alone serves you as a pretext to aggravate my misfortunes!" To a feeling of terror instantly succeeded one of melting tenderness, which she was unable to control and rushing towards him, she burst into tears, and ex-

claimed—"Be assured that time will unveil to you all that this impenetrable mystery now conceals." She swooned. Her husband, really moved, repeated, in an accent of grief—

"Rise, rise, my dear Josephine; I am sensible of all your afflictions, and sincerely pity you!"

The pretty Creole, with eyes filled with tears, looked upon him, extended her hand, and pardoned him.

"Alas!" cried the viscount, "how little are you able to read what passes in my heart, and the feelings which my silence must express!"

He then called her women, and intrusted her to their care. Overcome by these heart-rending emotions, Josephine remained for some days a prey to the most poignant grief, and was attacked by a serious malady, which occasioned apprehensions for her life. It was some time before her health was re-established; but, at length, the scrupulous care of her friends, and the youthful vigour of her constitution, saved her. Her ardent imagination flattered her with the idea that her husband would again yield her his confidence. But in this she was destined soon to be undeceived. Alas!

*"D'une sexe infortunée, les armes sont les pleurs."*

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## CHAPTER VII.

How painful is a state of expectation! and, unhappily, expectation is inevitable! Who can escape from it? He would, indeed, be a perfectly happy being!

Such were the reflections natural to a mother, who, long alone and disconsolate with her children, was guiding their early footsteps. They had now learned to pronounce that cherished name with a voice so sweet, that maternal love knew no bliss



like hearing it repeated ! Already did she see upon the lips of Hortense that bewitching smile which often recalled the memory of a perjured spouse and his noble features ; but, alas ! all her other thoughts and feelings turned upon herself, mixed with the bitterest sorrows, the most harassing apprehensions.

The arts might have afforded her consolation, but the sight of the most beautiful specimens, far from diverting her thoughts, only served to replunge her into profound melancholy. Vainly did she seek to charm her leisure hours, and lighten the weight of her griefs ; her mind was so oppressed that she more than ever confined herself to her apartments.\*

Besides, the proceedings of her husband were little calculated to comfort her, and each passing moment only added to her troubles.

She was deprived of her son, who was placed at a private boarding-house. She felt the loss of Eugene the more, because his age still required her maternal cares. For some weeks she was inconsolable. The dwelling she lived in became more and more wearisome to her.† The viscount rarely showed himself at her house. She addressed him some touching reproofs :—“ Unhappy beings,” said she, pressing her children to her bosom ; “ poor victims ! through what troubles have you come into the world ! Alas ! why were you born ? ”

Learning from Madame Renaudin that it was the purpose of the marquis’s son to place an eternal barrier between him and her, she besought him to spare her this last humiliation. “ I could,” she wrote to him, “ have desired, for the honour of M. de Beauharnais, that he should have contented himself with a

\* M. de Beauharnais had a country-house at Croisy. He, as well as his wife, was closely related to Madame Hostein, whose estate lay near to theirs. The children of this lady, and those of M. de Beauharnais, were brought up together.

† Josephine had, so to speak, sequestered herself from the world, in order to devote herself entirely to the cares demanded by her two infants. At Croisy she lived quite retired, receiving no visits except from persons whom she could not refuse to see.

voluntary separation ; for he ought to feel a repugnance at making the tribunals ring with his complaints. She who has stolen away the heart of my husband, and his esteem for me, is unworthy of him—that woman is known by her coquetry, and her numerous adventures.” But nothing is weaker than a jealous man ; he answered her in a tone of angry severity. The afflicted woman thought it her duty to go and relate her troubles to Madame Montesson, hoping that she would deign to employ all the means in her power to open the eyes of the man whom she had never ceased to esteem, and to make him see plainly the consequences of the publicity which he contemplated, and to divert him from his strange resolution.

But here again the unfortunate Josephine was mistaken. Absorbed for a time in sad thought, she dreamed of the days of her past felicity ; they had passed away swiftly ; and she now chose the monastery of Panthemont, where she shut herself up with all her sorrows. Condemned to endure a long solitude, she found her only consolation in looking upon her daughter. She alone remained to soothe and solace her woes.

The perpetual silence which reigned around her ; the hours which rolled away with fatiguing heaviness ; everything concurred to make her look upon life under a gloomy aspect, which seemed fast approaching its close. In this solemn abode even the trees, as old as the world, seemed formed to banish all gaiety. Their thick foliage served as an asylum for those birds to which the daylight is irksome, and whose piercing cries were a terror to the timid soul of Josephine. “ Here,” said she, “ I listen only to singing of the ‘ bird of death ;’ everything warns me that this place will probably be my tomb.” Her customary reading served only to nourish her sombre melancholy.

Young’s “ *Night Thoughts*” became her familiar study, and gave her a taste for the philosophic dreams of Hervey. She regarded the latter’s “ *Meditations*” as sublime and profound teachings. She turned her thoughts upon the immensity of the Creator’s works, the abyss of nothingness, and an eternity of happiness.

Fatigued, borne down by these despairing thoughts, a fitful slumber would for a moment close her eyelids: then, throngs of frightful dreams arose to torment her. But the habits of her mind always brought her back to her primitive character; by nature gladsome and lively, she could not help remarking the strange contrast between this oriental pomp which she witnessed, and the simplicity of true religion. The lady abbess frequently laid upon her a fatiguing burden of observances; but even after listening to that daughter of centuries, who, by means of such observances, governed the convent, the light-hearted American could not help often infringing the ancient regulations. In fact, it was impossible for her to subject herself to the futile ceremonies, which filled up every minute of the day.

But the expense which she was occasioning, in some degree soothed her for the loss of her liberty.\* With the exception of some female friends who kindly remembered her, she might have supposed herself abandoned by the whole world.

There happened, in a convent near to that of Panthemont,† an event which, for some brief moments, relieved her sadness, and afforded amusement by its singularity.

One of her windows looked out upon a little court belonging to the house of the nuns of *Belle Chasse*. Josephine had noticed that each evening, at the hour the ospray ceased its frightful cry, the silvery rays of the moon, as they fell upon her couch of sorrow, revealed a silent and touching scene. Everything, even the zephyr, was still; all was peaceful, and seemed to resemble the sleep of her angelic child, whose breathing was scarcely audible. Josephine had descried one of the discreet mothers, who seemed to take especial care to avoid being seen while she introduced herself into this same enclosure.

She usually carried in her hand a lantern, which she would

\* Madame de Beauharnais shut herself up voluntarily at Panthemont, and did not leave it till after she had defeated her husband in his suit for a divorce.

† An enclosure wall separated this abbey from the convent of the Carmelites, and from that of the sisters of *Belle Chasse*.

set down upon the ground with great caution, and then seizing a bunch of keys which she took from a basket, turn upon its hinges a heavy door with brass trimmings, which, when opened, revealed to the view a species of phantom. This apparition moved about slowly, frequently stopping in front of one of the walls less elevated than the rest.

Scarcely could Josephine see her move ; but she heard some animated words ringing through the gloom. The religious dame again locked up her prisoner, whose features and stature it was impossible to ascertain.

Afterwards the woman visited her again through the same door, but how she got into the enclosure, Josephine could not discover. But she resolved to unravel this mystery, which, she presumed, concealed some work of iniquity. "Still another victim of conjugal despotism," said she, not doubting that this woman was confined by virtue of some imperative mandate. The next morning she went in person to make an examination, and found that this gloomy passage-way led to the burying-ground of the sisters of Belle Chasse. She communicated her discoveries to Mesdames de \*\*\* and de C\*\*\*, who were in the habit of coming and spending a few minutes with her every day. Both these ladies being related, by blood, to the lady superior of the sisters of \*\*\*, promised to use all their efforts to get from her this secret. They agreed to play a trick upon her, and pretend that they had had a strange dream, changing the locality and the description of the persons that were to figure in it. Having perfected their plan, they hastened to put it in execution.

While listening to the account they gave of their pretended dream, Sister *Rosaure* seemed overcome by emotion, and wiped the tears from her eyes. They could only express vague hints. But they could not doubt that the imprisonment of this hapless victim was entirely arbitrary, and consequently omitted nothing for the accomplishment of their object. They succeeded, and in the course of a few days, arrived at the most precise and extraordinary developments.



For four years an interesting novice had, so to speak, found herself forced to renounce the world. On the day of the august ceremony, Sister *Irene* mournfully ascended the steps of the altar. Scarcely had she pronounced her solemn vows, when a sudden darkness came over her eyes and she fell down senseless. Her body was immediately removed out of sight, and the next day the report was circulated that she was dead. Her funeral obsequies were performed in secret, and without any of the accustomed display. The body was not even exhibited in public.(15) This circumstance excited murmurs, but the lady abbess excused it for pretended reasons of a private nature, and henceforth the inmates avoided speaking of it; indeed, it was forbidden even to pronounce her name. It seemed, therefore, probable that the unfortunate creature was still in existence. But how to raise the curtain that concealed her fate, and rescue her from her living tomb, was the question. Alas! there was no apparent pathway to the place of her retreat. What hope was there of approaching her, and surprising her watchful guardian! The nuns of Belle Chasse used to assemble at night. While they were singing psalms, chanting, and thanking God for having taken them under the shadow of his wing, far from a stormy world, a young devotee, in the same sanctuary, and close by their side, was groaning amidst the horrors they had inflicted.

The victim of monkish fanaticism could only address sighs and groans to the God of mercy and peace. At dawn the solemn chants would cease, the lights were extinguished, the sounding vaults no longer echoed the melancholy accents which only impressed with deeper sadness the heart of the youthful sufferer. Madame Beauharnais seemed to see her kneeling on the cold marble before her rude altar, covered with a straw mat, time-worn, and rotten with humidity, with a worm-eaten desk before her, and a book of canticles ready to fall to pieces.

The darkness of the holy place, the monuments of the dead which covered the graves, and which would almost be taken for ghosts, all conspired to augment the terror which seized her

imagination. She seemed to hear the last stave which usually terminates the matin songs — “*dona eis pacem*” — repeated over her head.

Josephine and her companions awaited impatiently the return of the moon, resolved by its rays to find their way into the narrow inclosure where the sorrowing victim was confined. How slowly for them did time stretch his wings! How tumultuous were their thoughts! They yearned, though still afraid to witness the truth.

But now the hour of night insensibly drew near. Concealed behind a leafy hedge, they easily passed into the garden, and then by means of a ladder, which they had carefully provided, into the inner court.

Afraid and scarcely daring to breathe, for a moment they remained still in this gloomy place. They had been long accustomed to the lugubrious sights presented by the places consecrated to eternal retirement.

They pierced their way into an inclosure where everything bore an impress of gloom; where dark despair seemed to hold perpetual empire. . . . .

Suddenly groans, interrupted by sobs, roused their attention; the Marchioness of C\*\*\* was frightened, and screamed out, when an object presented itself before them, which at first they took for a spirit. . . . .

It was the unhappy prisoner. On seeing them, she attempted to fly, but her feeble knees failed her, and she sank prostrate on the ground. Though the rays of the moon fell directly upon her, its uncertain light scarcely enabled the beholders to determine whether it was really a human being.

They were also afraid lest her unpitied Argus-eyed guardian might present herself before they were able to discover her age, or the cause of her detention. After putting to her some questions, the fugitives from Panthemont resolved to leave, when, with difficulty raising herself up, the unhappy creature half uttered a few words, which showed how horror-stricken she was at their unexpected visit. They reassured her, and en-

tirely to dissipate her fears, the viscount's wife called herself by name. The nun then took confidence, and with a trembling and almost inaudible voice, addressed them as follows :—

“ I was destined to the cloister from my youth ; nothing could change the determination of my parents. Not being the arbiter of my own destiny, I had to cover my brow with the eternal veil, in this monastery. I am now twenty-two years old, and I pray the merciful God to put an end to my wretched existence. You see me a young and innocent victim—you see me prostrated at the foot of our Saviour's image. Ah ! how unjust, how cruel were my parents to me ! Religion alone has given me courage to abide their monstrous inhumanity. It is true, mesdames, (continued she,) I manifested so much disgust for the kind of life I had been forced to lead, that I completely alienated the affections of my new companions. A letter which was addressed to me, but which was unluckily intercepted, served as a pretext for erasing my name for ever from the list of the living. I had been promised from my cradle to the only son of the Count of \*\*\*. (16) Alas, alas ! at the age of twelve I lost my best friend. My father immediately contracted a second marriage, and three years after, a son was born to crown his desires, and hasten my misfortunes. I was henceforth devoted to religious retirement, because I had nothing to hope from my mother's fortune, whom my father had married dowerless, and from inclination. Her successor, who brought him considerable property, soon became the absolute mistress of his thoughts and actions. She was the chief, or rather sole cause of my ruin, in wringing from my father the fatal assent which banished me for ever from the bosom of society. This cruel woman pushed her insolence so far as to appear at the grate of the august temple the day I took my vows, in order the more completely to enjoy her triumph. The very sight of that barbarous step-mother produced such a dreadful impression on me that I was bereft of my reason.

“ When the pall was removed from me, I gave no sign of life. I had fallen into a kind of lethargy ; I could not open

my eyes to the light, although I heard all that passed around me. In this insensible state I was carried out of the church.

“In vain did the attendants lavish their cares upon me; I could not be recalled to a state of feeling. As bad luck would have it, the nuns, in stripping me of my monastic robes, found upon my person a protestation against the vows I had taken, written wholly with my own hand; they secured it, and the paper itself became a fearful instrument in the hands of my enemies.

“In the evening I recovered my reason; but they were correct in their opinion that I should make a nun without fervour, and that, sooner or later, I should seek to free myself from the austere yoke. Already the government entertained the purpose of suppressing certain monasteries. It was decided in the chapter that the answer to be returned at the grate, should be, that I had fallen a victim to mental alienation; my family were told so, and my worthy father deigned to accord me some tears. I was then thrown into this solitary building, separated from the rest of the house, where, each day, one of the sisters is charged to convey me my food. True, although in the bosom of bondage, my primary wants are supplied; I have the same clothing, the same food as the other nuns; my narrow abode contains the first objects necessary to existence—but I am forever deprived of all society with my fellows. Were I not supported by a sense of religious duty, I should long ago have sunk under the weight of my ills. Vainly do I combat the emotions of my heart—I find it impossible to conquer them. Wretched maiden that I am! the sacred earth on which I tread has become my only hope.” And, at these words, she fell down in a swoon, the forerunner of death, firmly laying hold of a stone crucifix which stood in her gloomy dwelling-place.

This scene recalled to Josephine’s mind the touching *La Valière*, who was found nearly in the same situation. The one sought to fly from a monarch whom she adored, and to bury herself in a nunnery; the other, in the spring-time of life, had felt her heart palpitate at the name of a mortal, who was once destined for her. The poor nun uttered an ardent prayer



again to join her mother. — “Tis this way,” said she, heaving a deep sigh, “ ’tis there that the road to eternity and salvation opens to my view ? Already I feel myself pierced by the arrows of death ; soon shall I bow my head, and fall to earth like the lily of the valley ; but celestial hope consoles me, and points me to heaven and to that blessed Saviour, who offers me the pardon and consolation which mortals deny me. My spirit, a captive in this body which wanders on the earth, yearns to be united to the Holy Spirit which created it. Oh ! how precious a gift of God is eternal night !”

Thus spoke the nun, while tears of anguish stream'd from her eyes. Who could paint her wild despair, the cruel pangs which rent her heart ? But soon a sweet and pious resignation took possession of her ; her lips pronounced no name but that of her Creator. Josephine and her friends mingled their prayers with hers ; they entreated Heaven to put an end to her miseries ; they encouraged her to hope for a happier lot in future : but being without any confidence, she again wept, and concluded in these words :—

“To me the most painful restraint is the being obliged to conceal my feelings in the presence of the lady superior. Pity is here a crime, and each moment thus becomes to me an intolerable punishment. My health, already impaired by protracted sufferings, is gradually failing. At the end of one year, you will perhaps find me dying. I shall carry into the grave a body as pure and stainless as it was in my infancy. Yet I cannot deposit my painful secrets in the bosom of any kind and compassionate friend. My desire is that my father, and also Madame the Countess of Montesson, may be informed that I am still alive.”

At the mention of the name of her illustrious protectress, Madame Beauharnais experienced a sensation difficult to describe ; her marble brow was resting prostrate on the cold and humid earth ; a sense of her own trials and misfortunes awoke ; it wrung her heart ; and her present situation, so different from what it had once been, now stared her mournfully in the face.

Still she hoped that a purer and brighter day might dawn upon her. Indeed, she had already begun to descry for herself a more happy future, while the hapless daughter of the Count de \*\*\* could see hers only in eternity. While their conversation continued, they discovered in the distance the pale flickering of a lantern slowly approaching them.

"Tis my guardian..." said the nun; "she is not unfeeling; she seeks to soften the rigorous service required of her in respect to me; she anticipates my wants; I should be no longer alive but for her humanity. Retire a little; I am unwilling her sensitive soul should learn that her noble devotion is known to you; she might, perhaps, suspect the secret of her conduct was divulged. 'Tis to her that I am indebted for the shadow of freedom I have thus far enjoyed; the community rely upon her prudence and discretion."

The cold and serious manner in which she pronounced these words lent them additional bitterness. She gave them not the least accent; they resembled neither a demand nor an exclamation, expressed neither curiosity nor surprise: her heart found no utterance in those monotonous tones. In a few moments her looks became as dull and vacant as ever. Josephine and her two friends could not resist the touching spectacle. They burst into tears, and, in compliance with her request, promised her to write the details of her sad history. Madame de Beauharnais undertook to bring her sufferings to a close. She contrived to hold a correspondence with her during the latter part of her stay at Panthemont.

She interested several influential persons in her behalf, and among them the Archbishop of Paris. When that prelate demanded the opening of the cloister doors of the convent of Belle Chasse, he was told that the sparks of life were nearly extinct in Mademoiselle St. Cl., and that she would probably soon breathe her last. "Happy will it be," said one of the elder sisters. "when we can say of that sister, '*she is now in the bosom of the Divinity!*'" At these words, a holy anger flashed from the eyes of the venerable archbishop. Too in-

dignant to pardon the authors of an outrage which he could not overlook, he exclaimed, casting on them an expressive glance, "alas! another victim sacrificed to error and ambition.

"She perhaps opposed some resistance to the sacrifice of herself, and that was enough to make her the object of your persecution.

"Unfeeling and cruel women," added he, "I have kept my mouth shut until to day. *I have been silent—but now I shall make myself heard.*"\* . . . .

Several months had passed since Madame de Beauharnais had lived entirely secluded from the world. The sad, heart-stricken Josephine knew no other joy than that of gazing upon her beloved daughter.

The young Hortense, sensible of the tender cares of her mother, returned with usury the caresses she received. Seeking to please and to love her tender parent, filial gratitude was the sole sentiment by which she was animated. This afflicted wife, now an interesting recluse, daily received the most gratifying news from her friends; she was about to revisit them, and to gain the suit which her husband had so unjustly instituted against her.(17) All her thoughts were centered upon her anticipated triumph.

While awaiting it, she consecrated a part of her time to the study of the history of nations, and the investigation of the leading causes of their grandeur. She noticed that circumstances the minutest in appearance, had often led to the destruction of empires and the elevation of kings. This fact struck her so forcibly that she resolved henceforth to direct every action of her life towards the accomplishment of her destiny.†

\* Afterwards, and some time before the Revolution, the question of secularizing this religious order was seriously discussed in the council of State, and even at the court of Rome.

† Woman has more wit, as well as sagacity, than man; a sedentary life affords her a continual opportunity for their display, and she sharpens her talents by bringing them in contact with his thoughts.

## CHAPTER VIII.

AT length Josephine meets her children, and is happy ! Drunk with bliss, she exclaimed, "O liberty ! I feel that thou art not a chimera, and that man, escaping from the darkness of a prison, can alone render thee fitting homage."

However natural were the feelings which then agitated her, she perceived that reflection was fast weakening the charm. After the first gust of enthusiastic exultation at seeing herself so strikingly avenged, had subsided, she began to reflect upon her forlorn situation. The decree of the Parliament of Paris was entirely favourable to her, and made her absolutely free ; but M. de Beauharnais was lost for her . . . . .

[Here end the events which I presume to be contained in the manuscripts which are wanting. I lay aside the pen, in order to place before the reader the memoirs forming the sequel to those which I have supplied.\*]

The advice I received from time to time from M. de Tascher was to return to Martinique. He wrote that the charms of tranquillity are never so highly relished as when one has been tossed by the storms of adversity. I received many visits from my friends, and hastened to return them. Some listened atten-

\* The remainder of the work, until near the close of her life, in 1814, appears to be the production of Josephine herself. In her dedication to the Emperor Alexander, our authoress assures us that "these secret memoirs were, in a great measure, prepared by the empress herself, and that was the reason which led her to place them under his special protection ;" and in her preface, she remarks that the illustrious subject of her pages, "during her leisure moments at Malmaison, used to narrate the different events of her life ; she preserved the most secret particulars of her husband's reign, and destined these precious manuscripts to posterity."—

TRANSLATOR.



tively to my most trifling remarks, and seemed to watch me, while others, indulging in indiscreet questions, pretended to congratulate me on what they called my triumph. I distinguished among them several who were my true friends, and passed some moments of real quietude in their society. And yet I felt that I had lost that peace of mind without which happiness is impossible. I no longer saw my husband, and an habitual gloom took possession of me.

Continued sorrow had wrought a change in my countenance and in my mental faculties; I regarded myself as an unfortunate woman, and, without the society of my children, who both aided me to support existence, I should infallibly have sunk under the weight of my melancholy. This state of mind made me love solitude; my friends addressed to me some obliging reproofs for thus sequestering myself from the world. "If," said they, "the study of the human heart is an affliction to him who pursues it, we are yet bound to interrogate its most hidden mysteries."

One day my friends had, so to speak, dragged me, against my will, to Versailles, where I appeared but rarely. I spent some hours in examining the two Trianons.\* The smaller attracted, particularly, throngs of the curious. The embellishments executed by the orders of the queen, lent an inexpressible charm

\* *Trianons*:—This is the name of two beautiful country seats near Versailles. Passing along the promenade of the garden of Versailles, you arrive at the "Grand Trianon." The celebrated *Mansard* constructed this chateau in the oriental style. The façade is but one story high, but the richness and variety of the marble composing it render it beautiful: the garden was planted by Lenôtre.

At the end of the park is situated the "Petit Trianon." Its picturesque garden, arranged in English style, and its magnificent pavilion, constructed in the Roman style, were the favourite resorts of Marie Antoinette. During the Reign of Terror, it was nearly demolished by the fury of the populace. A common public table was furnished in the same apartments where the descendant of Maria Theresa used to lay aside the burdens of royalty, and enjoy the charms of a country life. Napoleon reunited this elegant estate to the imperial domains. The princess Pauline Borghese, the emperor's sister, used to reside there. — TRANSLATOR.

to those enchanting spots. I felt a curiosity to see the delicious abode where the wife of Louis XVI. delighted to lay aside the severe etiquette of the palace. Here the daughter of the Cæsars used to repair, and resign herself to meditation, and taste in peace the sweets of an innocent liberty.

Marie Antoinette was then what she never ceased to be — good, compassionate, amiable. Quitting her high rank, and the pomp of the throne, she here seemed to descend and listen to the complaints of her people; and often did she pass out of this terrestrial paradise to gaze on the clear, pure country sky. Often was she seen wandering among those delicious groves, so dense that the light of day scarcely penetrated them; hiding herself from that throng of gilded insects that pullulated at her court, and giving herself up to the society of such persons as could participate in her simple and rustic tastes.

In thus throwing aside the state and splendour of royalty, Marie Antoinette only appeared the more beautiful — she might have been taken for the queen of the Graces.

How beautiful was she then, when all the feelings of an ardent heart were reflected from her august countenance?

The impression I experienced on entering, for the first time, the queen's apartments, it would be difficult to describe. A melancholy thought seized me, which I could neither repel nor explain, — a secret and undefined fear seemed to whisper me, that the sovereign of this charming retreat would soon cease to be such. Everything presaged, even now, the series of woes with which that celestial woman was to be overwhelmed, and the strokes of that execrable calumny of which she was to become the victim. The affair of Cardinal Rohan had already shown to what excess this sort of license could be carried, if unchecked at its birth.(18)

From that moment the sincere friends of the monarchy should have foreseen that the schemers would not pause in their career. A multitude of apocryphal pamphlets daily inundated Paris and Versailles, propagating the most absurd and false reports. The enemies of the wife of Louis XVI. represented

her as a second *Medicis*. In their rage they dared to make her the object of the most unjust and cruel charges. They even endeavoured to cast a stain upon her chastity. The public, greedy for news, never gave themselves the trouble to examine the source whence these stories proceeded. They always receive more readily tales of contempt and insult, than those which express the homage due to virtue, or the love and respect of the people for their legitimate princes. Besides, the French rarely take pains to reflect upon the impressions made upon them by envenomed writings or speeches; but suffer themselves to be seduced and blinded by the recital of unfaithful, piquant and scandalous anecdotes, especially where important personages are the object.

The royal majesty thus vilified, everything announced the approach of that tempest which was destined to overthrow the throne and the monarch. The queen was, perhaps, the only one who did not partake of that feeling of security to which the whole court surrendered itself. Incessantly a prey to gloomy forebodings, she found, in the retreats of the Trianons, a kind of solace for her woes.\* This princess, a worthy daughter of Maria Theresa, derived from the teachings of her illustrious mother, that courage, so superior to all vicissitudes, which enabled her to oppose a manly and truly heroic resistance to the plotters of the ruin and overthrow of states.

Such were my thoughts while wandering through those modern "gardens of Alcinous," where art seemed combined with nature to increase its charms. I contemplated with admiration every object that presented itself to my enchanted gaze. As I was infinitely fond of botany, I took pleasure in examining every description of plants I met with. I roved along the alleys

\* "Notre cour nous suit,  
Et tout nous suit;"

"I well know I am traduced," said the queen, often, to the unfortunate Louis XVI. "I see the courtiers' smile; it conceals perfidious falsehood; it is the moral stiletto. The cowards who use it inflict a wound, and then turn and fly. The cold looks of the most of them annoy and disgust me."

where the majestic trees, with polished bark, and evergreen foliage, sprang up, and seemed to pierce the skies. To rest ourselves, we entered one of the mansions which the company had been admiring. Our guide was engaged in giving us some interesting historical details (19) connected with it, when our attention was attracted by the confused cries of numerous voices which seemed to be approaching. Our surprise was increased on seeing the queen herself coming, surrounded by her whole court. She advanced towards us, and, without any appearance of surprise at seeing strangers in the place, saluted us with that grace which was so natural to her. I was encouraged by the sweet accents of her voice, and the language she deigned to address to me. Her majesty was pleased to say, with an air of condescension : “ Madame de Beauharnais, you are at liberty to view the two Trianons ; I am perfectly aware you know how to appreciate their beauties. I should be much pleased to learn what objects you think the most remarkable, and to hear your personal observations upon them. I shall always receive you with pleasure.”(20)

I answered these gracious words with a respectful salutation ; each one of them is graven on my memory, for my afflicted heart needed their sweet consolation. The queen passed on, leaving our whole company penetrated with a feeling of love and respect. The daughter of Maria Theresa was at that time far from imagining that *she to whom she had spoken in such obliging terms, would become the wife of a general who should one day place upon his head the crown of the kings of France.* —But let us not anticipate the events which are, in fact, to follow with too rapid a pace.

The inspector of the gardens conducted us to, and showed us every part of, the two royal mansions. I carefully observed every object I met with, and took a note of it in my tablets ; and, faithful to the promise I had made to her majesty, prepared to offer her the results of my reflections. Some days afterwards, I was admitted to a private audience, in which, with the sweetest accent, Marie Antoinette deigned to assure me of her august



protection. She conversed with me, with the greatest freedom, and the king, who came in during the interview, assured me, in an impressive manner, that M. de Beauharnais and his children should ever be entitled to the enlightened justice of the court. "Besides," added he, "I shall never forget the devotion of my subjects in America in sustaining the honour of the crown. My ancestors have received from that generous people considerable sums of money, and I have not, in regard to them, dispensed with the obligations of gratitude. Madame," continued he, smiling, "I must acquit myself of all arrearages towards you; you will receive them from the hands of the queen." I bowed respectfully; the queen then condescended to promise me a brevet for my son, and at the same time, untying an antique ornament of precious stones, which she wore about her neck, she passed it around my own. The portraits of L. L. and M. M. embellished the reverse of the medallion.

'Tis thus that monarchs ought ever to acknowledge important services rendered them by the people; but to the people it belongs to know and to appreciate such sovereigns.

Louis XVI. and his august spouse were never judged of impartially by their contemporaries. A terrible and prolonged revolution was needed, in order to make their real virtues manifest, to unveil the infamy of their calumniators and the villany of their executioners.

About this period I received news from my mother. She urged me by the most powerful motives to return to her, and pour out my griefs in her bosom. The poison of calumny had for a long time been distilling its venom upon me, an unhappy wife; and Madame de la Pagerie was anxious to repair, in some sort, what she called *her maternal errors*. I decided on quitting France, that France where such strange destinies still awaited me.

The thought of separating myself from my son cost me many and bitter pangs. I went and conjured M. de Beauharnais to intrust him to my care. He refused, in a very formal way. "What harshness!" cried I, while gazing despairingly upon one

of his friends, who came a few days before my departure to console me respecting that cruel denial. He listened to me, wept with me, and promised to interest himself in my behalf with my husband. The aid which a firm and generous friendship renders to innocence and misfortune is the prop of suffering virtue. I recommended to him my Eugene, and said to him—"I go to kiss the earth which saw me born, and to bedew it with my tears; for I perceive that I can no longer be happy in France.—Adieu, adieu—speak not of Hortense to M. de Beauharnais!—Can the daughter interest one to whom the mother is odious?—Alexander (continued I), you shall account to me for the exile I am compelled to undergo; your own peace is its sole object;—but at least forgive my tears". . . . A few days afterwards I went on board the frail bark which bore me away from my son and my husband.

Assisted by the tide and light breeze from the northeast, the shallop left the port. The air was calm, the sky clear, and the sea, smooth as glass, reflected the burning beams of the sun. The sailors raised their song, keeping time with their oars, which rose and fell in unison with their strains.

And now the sails are spread; the pilot holds the helm; the vessel bounds forward; it cleaves the billows, and begins to roll. It soon became the sport of the waves, which tossed it wildly about and drove it to and fro. It may be imagined what I must have suffered at seeing little Hortense, who was not at all habituated to this continual bounding, and found it impossible to keep her feet or to endure the ship's motion without sea sickness.

On the morning of the thirtieth day of our voyage, the captain on a sudden discovered a large craft bearing right down upon us. Whether he or his pilot was remiss in his duty is uncertain, though it is certain that the crew first informed him that the two vessels were running foul of each other, bow to bow. The captain grew pale; but uniting presence of mind with courage, quickly ordered all hands to the quarter-deck, and, by a strong effort bringing his vessel to the wind, changed her direction, and saved us at the moment the two bowsprits

were coming in contact. The stranger vessel, which bore the English flag, passed us alongside and veered off. Shouts of joy evinced the heart-felt gratitude of the crews for this narrow escape. The captain congratulated his passengers and me particularly on his having been able to rescue us from one of the most frightful perils of the sea. Squalls from the south, however, frequently threatened us with shipwreck on hidden rocks. Having become, by mental suffering, utterly heedless of the yawning gulfs beneath me, and leaning against a sail, I measured with curious eye the depths of the waters. I defied the green waves that rose mountains high around me, and seemed about to swallow up the frail bark and the crew it bore. At length, however, after a long and perilous passage, during which we twice ran the risk of a collision with other vessels, we terminated our voyage; and my feet again touched the beloved soil of my native land.

It seemed to me that I now became animated by a new existence—a firmness of mind, a feeling of disdain for every species of constraint. I was henceforth nothing but a woman, fully determined to maintain that personal dignity which nature had given her; for I had long ago appropriated to myself that beautiful thought of Plautus:—“*If we support adversity with courage, we shall have a keener relish for returning prosperity.*”\*

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## CHAPTER IX.

O! LET the man who has wandered far from the paternal roof, look within himself, and ask his heart for an explanation of that delicious melancholy which he feels on returning, after

\* Fortiter malum qui patitur, idem post patitur bonum.

long absence and many troubles, to the cradle of his infancy ! Then will he feel that nature, which does so much for her ungrateful children, in binding them to their native land by habit, friendship and youthful recollections, seems to have fixed an eternal boundary to that yearning after bliss which devours without ever satisfying.

But in vain does sad experience teach us this ; in vain does the flitting dove, wounded and palpitating, come and fall at our feet. The transitory impression she makes upon our hearts is quickly effaced by the rapid movements and tumultuous phantoms which our ever busy passions produce within us.

I again found myself in the bosom of my family. I began to enjoy that serenity of mind which I had hitherto seldom felt. The place which saw him born, affords, to every man of feeling, an almost indescribable pleasure. We love to retrace the scenes of our youth ; to revisit its interesting theatre, and to tread our natal soil. I would have freely forgotten the luxuries of Europe, to enjoy again in the colony, the precious boon of freedom. If, sometimes, I turned my eyes towards France, it was only to recall the fact that the father of my children dwelt in that cradle of taste, arts and industry.

Such, indeed, were the sentiments which I expressed to the Countess de Montesson, to whom I often wrote after my arrival at Martinique.

In my second letter to her, I said,—“ Nature, rich and sumptuous, has covered our fields with a carpeting which charms as well by the variety of its colours, as of its objects. She has strewn the banks of our rivers with flowers, and planted the freshest forests around our fertile borders. I cannot resist the temptation to breathe the pure, aromatic odours wafted on the zephyr’s wings ; I love to hide myself in the green woods that skirt our dwelling ; there I tread on flowers which exhale a perfume as rich as that of the orange grove, and more grateful to the senses. How many charms has this pleasant retreat for one in my situation ! When I want to weep, without any witness of my tears, over the loss of my husband and my son, I



retire to these sequestered spots ! their profound silence inspires me with a secret awe, and soothes my sadness. Every day do I seem to hear my Eugene's voice, to see his beautiful face, his pleasant smile ; I seem to press him to my bosom,—and find myself alone with Hortense ! The lovely little creature seems already to compassionate the ills her poor mother endures for her . . . . By degrees my reason triumphs over my weakness, and restores me to myself. I find myself in the midst of my relations, and the old friends who once loved, and still love me tenderly."

Nearly three years had passed away since my separation from my husband, when secret advices reached me from France, that M. de Beauharnais was prepared to treat me more kindly. "He would," I was told, "not only change his wrongful conduct, but was disposed to show me some particular favours." "My Eugene," said I to Madame de la Pagerie, "my Eugene will alone be the seal of our reconciliation ; for, but for the love I bear him, I should choose to end my days in my favourite island." This sole consolation, which remained to me in the midst of such multiplied sufferings—the double pleasure of receiving, as a wife, M. de Beauharnais's acknowledgment, that I had never ceased to deserve his confidence, and, as a mother, of pressing my beloved son again to my heart, healed my wounds, and made me forget whole years of sorrow and misfortune. I could quit my family and home, and bear a yoke which might perhaps still be an oppressive one.—I could do all this, for when the happiness of her offspring is concerned, a mother has stern duties to perform, and the evils which threaten them, appear to her more formidable than those which she herself may incur. But my friends opposed my return to the Continent. "You have your daughter," said they continually ; "her society will console you for her father's rigorous treatment." "But my son is far from me," was my reply ; "my satisfaction can never be complete while that is the case ; I am anxious to join him." I yielded for a moment to the importunities of my father ; for, of all the ties that bind us to life, those of kindred

are the strongest. But still my eyes were turned towards France. A few days before making my preparations to leave Martinique, I was witness of an event which particularly struck my attention.

While returning one morning from the "*Three Islets*," I noticed a considerable gathering of people in front of a meanly appearing dwelling, and hastened to inform myself of the cause which was exciting so much interest among the by-standers. A Creole woman told me, with tears in her eyes, that "*mother David*, otherwise *Euphemia*, had broken her leg, and that they had taken her to her house, where she had fainted. This woman," said she, "is universally beloved; all the settlers treat her well, and feel a deep interest in her. She has, moreover, great authority over the negroes, for nothing happens in the colony that she does not foresee. Nothing escapes her eagle eyes. The most secret projects of mankind are no mysteries to her."

I called to mind the fact that my own curiosity had once led me to consult this wise mulatto woman, and felt an irresistible desire to visit her a second time. I had been very far from tasting that happiness which she had promised me, and I could no longer cherish the dream with which she had once flattered my imagination. On this occasion, I found her confined to her bed by the wound she had received, and surrounded by the slaves who were so fond of her. From the vault of a spacious chamber hung a lamp resembling those which are used in tombs. Its lurid rays, mingled with the thick darkness, served only to render visible the gloominess of the place. Nevertheless, the old woman immediately recognised me. I informed her that her predictions were not only not realized, but that since the time I had, like others, yielded to a feeling of curiosity, I had experienced nothing but misfortune.

"Patience," said the aged sibyl, gazing at me, "patience!" She pronounced some almost unintelligible words, the sense of which was — *That my husband was about to rise in the world*

*by his own merit ; but that enemies would one day attempt to take his life, and that in the end he would lose his head.*

I ventured to put some other questions, but Euphemia refused absolutely to answer them ; she continually repeated,—  
*“ I still hold the same opinion ; and when you go away, there will appear, not the same prodigy as when you first left us, but cruel and perfidious enemies, who are only waiting for your departure, in order to carry fire and sword into the midst of us, and again lay waste the colony.”*(21)

I was struck by the perfect coolness of her manner, and the tone of calm assurance she employed. During the following month, I made my preparations to sail for the Continent. The passage was quite unpleasant.

The ship I embarked in twice took fire, which I regarded as a favourable augury ;(22) for such is the force of early impressions that they are seldom, if ever, effaced. The moment we came in sight of the coast of France, the captain ordered the sails to be furled.

My heart could not resist the emotions caused by recollections so dear to it ; and I endeavoured to persuade myself that the father of my children was perhaps the innocent cause of my troubles, which I presumed to be all the work of the deceitful Madame de V\*\*\*. It seemed to me impossible that I could have raised the storm which roared above my head.

Could I, who had never been drawn into the torrent of human follies, imagine that a proper sense of what honour and religion prescribe, would one day be imputed to me as a crime ? . . . .

But if anything could allay the unjust suspicions of which my enemy, Madame de V\*\*\*, had made me the object, it was the engagement which I had long since made with myself to banish from my mind the image of William de K\*\*\*.

His name, indeed, often escaped the lips of some of my acquaintances, who still took the liberty to recall him to my memory ; and many of them took real pleasure in carrying on constant intrigues with him, and showing me his letters.

Resolved to remain utterly indifferent, I adhered inviolably to the resolution I had formed at the time of my marriage, to return, without opening them, the numerous letters from that colonist; and whenever he came from Edinburgh, I carefully avoided seeing him. "It shall be even thus," said I (*love is feeble while it is timid*), "and I will prove to my husband that a rash judgment is often unjust; that too much severity savours of tyranny, and that among our equals we ought to respect ourselves." Thus did I seek to smother the memory of my past disgrace, and notwithstanding all my efforts, I remained for whole days inactive and listless. Whatever caused me to think, drove me to tears. Hortense\* was my only comfort; by her playfulness she forced me in a manner to forget the past—that past which had been so full of trials—and to look forward to the future which had in store for me such grand, such wonderful destinies.

At the end of a few days of security, I heard of the horrible revolution which had broken out in Martinique. I trembled for the precious lives of my family and friends.

The negroes had ceased to work. I seemed to see those slaves; powerful by their numbers; armed with flaming torches; thirsting for blood and carnage; ranging the country; carrying off flocks and herds; setting fire to houses; putting the whites to flight; taking them prisoners; or striking them down with the murderous poniard. If we consider the blacks in these moments of rebellion, they are not worthy to be called human beings, for they are more cruel than the tigers of the desert. They were

\* Hortense was presented to her father in the simple and charming dress of a young Creole. "Tis I," cried the viscount; "I recognise my features. I looked just so at the age of seven." He kissed his daughter repeatedly, and appeared enchanted by the little surprise which Josephine had practised upon him. He said, with a smile, to Madame Montmorin, who, in concert with the Marquis de Beauharnais, had brought about this interview, "*Verum putes haud ægrè, quod valdè expetas*"—"We easily believe what we ardently desire to be true."



in open revolt against their masters, and the oppressed colonists trembled under their victorious and ferocious weapons. . . .

Il est des mortels, dont le dur caractère,  
Insensible aux bienfaits, intractable, ombrageux,  
Exige un bras de fer toujours levé sur eux.

VOLTAIRE.

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## CHAPTER X.

A SECRET presentiment, much more than the continual assaults made upon me, inspired me with a blind courage—filled me with the most lively hope. Will that hope last?

I was, at length, united to M. de Beauharnais in sweet concord. Peace, daughter of the skies, signed the treaty of reconciliation;(23) oblivion of all past complaints was expressly stipulated: Eugene and Hortense were the guarantees. My days began to flow on happily, and the affection of my children smoothed their current. Several months were passed in the bosom of this pure felicity. I went but seldom into society, and avoided all company where wit shows itself only in sallies of satire. My visitors were from the ordinary circle. In order to please my husband, who began to be friendly to me, I banished from my drawing-room those idlers, those coquettish women whose conversation is so charming, but whose levity often produces such mischievous consequences.

I was often received at Madame the Countess of Montesson's. That lovely and intellectual lady enchanted me not only by her rare qualities, but by the style of her conversation. She attracted around her the most brilliant society, and numbered among her admirers men of the highest worth, and the most distinguished attainments. She deigned to honour me with par-

ticular attentions; and whenever she experienced anxieties, 'twas in my bosom that she sought to soothe them.

She had received into her circle of friends William de K\*\*\*, whose young wife had been presented to her. She would often say to me, "*My heart,\** I perceive that the companion of your childhood has only obeyed the law of necessity. By his marriage he has scattered all your husband's doubts; he has given him, in some sort, an assurance of perpetual safety; but his poor heart seems to me to be ill at ease."

He contrived to hide, under the mask of politeness, his indifference, and even his coldness. Besides the affectionate regard which he affected, he seemed to be penetrated with a kind of awe towards her.

Madame de K\*\*\* became the mother of a daughter, and refused to intrust the infant to the care of any third person; in this she acquitted herself with the tenderness of an excellent mother. William honoured his wife; admired her virtues, and lamented his inability to love her.

"Ah!" said he, "I should enjoy the highest bliss could I feel for her that with which another woman long since inspired me! But I must avoid this latter; her peace and mine equally demand it; and yet, she is the only object on earth that I love more than my own existence."

This young Creole, through the influence of the Duchess of Grammont,(24) was endeavouring to obtain from the French court, an order for the reimbursement of the moneys lent by the ancestor of Lord Lov\*\* to Louis XIV. during the wars of the succession. Compelled to go over to England to obtain certain important papers, he in the meantime confided his wife to our care. This mark of friendship touched Beauharnais. Madame de K\*\*\* became, so to speak, my best friend.

I endeavoured to alleviate her anxieties during her husband's absence. I knew how to sympathise with her, but I also knew how to hide myself under an impenetrable veil. The image

\* A name of endearment given by the countess to Josephine.

of the man whom I had known from my cradle, and whose child exhibited to me every day an exact resemblance to her father, did not cease to haunt me. I caressed the babe from a feeling of friendship towards him ; and the little Elinora (for that was her name), might well imagine that she had two mothers, who loved her with equal tenderness.

Devoted to the pleasures of friendship, to my dear children and my adopted daughter, I now enjoyed that bliss which peace of mind alone can give. Absence, and the past, feed the memory. Like painting, the heart's recollections restore to us the features, the image of the beings whom fate separates from us, whether that separation be caused by injustice or death. More powerful than art, and less severe than fate, it recalls to us their feelings, thoughts, manners, smiles and tears, and even the inflections of their voice. "Astonishing power of the past !" I exclaimed,—"while we, frail children of sorrow, have lost all power over it, and can be severed from it only by death !"

At length letters were received from William. He was at the Bath Springs ; he wrote that he should not return for some months ; that he had had a long sickness, and must take time to recover his health. He besought Beauharnais to continue to be the protector of his wife and child. In a second letter, which soon followed the first, he said —

"I am afraid I shall be forced to remain absent for a long time, for there seems to be a sort of ferment here, and many of the officers of the corps I command, solicit, as a special favour, to be sent into the country of *Tippo-Sæb*. Who knows but I shall be obliged to follow them ? In that event, I know not when I shall return. In view of this, I send you the papers which are necessary in regard to my claim."(25)

About this epoch the political horizon in France began to be darkened ; the minds of men were in a ferment ; the large cities resounded with the names of the deputies who sat in the *Constituent Assembly*. It was natural that a new constitution should lead to great changes, and the struggle between the people and the court produced a deep impression upon my

mind. I was alarmed at seeing Beauharnais obliged to figure in those tumultuous scenes. He could not, however, quit the post confided to him by his constituents; and yet, for his personal safety, I could have preferred to see him at Martinique in the midst of his countrymen, whose confidence and esteem he had once enjoyed.

As the wise men of the time had long foreseen, the provincial assemblies having separated without coming to any decision, matters became so embroiled, that the king\* felt it his duty to convoke the three estates of the kingdom. The result showed that the remedy was worse than the disease. The deputies from the nobility and the clergy refused to make any sacrifice in favour of the commons (*tiers état*); while the people, for the first time felt, that they could conquer by force. They were sustained in their claims by the famous Mirabeau.

At the time when the different orders seemed ready to come to an understanding, the evils of the government had become incurable.†

M. de Beauharnais was by no means a hot-head in the convention. He was distinguished for his moderation and his attachment to the principles of the monarchy, and often deplored the fatal divisions which were springing up. "The tribune," said he, "is an arena where the most eloquent voices should be heard; and yet it is a scene of mutual provocation and insult. One might suppose, on seeing certain orators, that they had just come out of a circus, and were running about in quest of new gladiators upon whom to try their strength, even in the presence of the fathers of the country."

I knew at that time nothing about politics, but I was forced,

\* The time was now approaching, when the language of Hume in reference to Charles I. might be applied to Louis XVI.—"He found himself in a situation where faults were irreparable; a situation inconsistent with feeble human nature."

† The true authors of the Revolution, we are told by a *celebrated man*, "were absolute power, despotic ministers, insolent nobles and greedy favourites!—(Napoleon?—TRANSLATOR.)



every day to listen to interminable discussions ; and to meet in society those senseless brawlers who were labouring, with all their might, to pull down the monarchy, whose fall must inevitably crush them. I was visited by the most influential men in the assembly. The imposing presence of the Abbé *Maury*, *Bergasse*, *Cazalès* and the popular *Mirabeau*, seemed to put me to silence. I listened to them with profound interest. That great and celebrated orator, who, perhaps, aspired to the *tiara*, and who, had he been the rival of *Sextus Quintus*, would have found the means of imposing laws upon Rome, appeared to me to be a profoundly ambitious man. He shrewdly covered himself with the mantle of Christian charity, and readily perceived that in defending the church, he was advancing his own interest.

He was desirous of being made a bishop, and clearly foresaw that the moment the church should be despoiled, its best situation would be of no advantage to him.

My opinion of the Abbé *Maury* was derived from himself, and when I heard of his being made a cardinal, I was not surprised. He had, for a long time, been paving the way to that eminent post, and had put everything in requisition for its attainment.\* As to *Mirabeau*, he marched straight forward to his object ; he had not been well treated at court, and he sought to annihilate those who had been his adversaries.

*Cazalès* was adroit, intellectual, and possessed talent at extempore speaking.† *M. de Beauharnais* often replied to him. Though with some shades of difference, their opinions were

\* When *Racine* had become devout, he appeared abashed in the presence of *Mademoiselle Champmélé* ; he blushed at his verses in the presence of the dauphiness. *Mademoiselle C.* remarked — “ Had you not written them, you would not have been here.”

† *Cazalès* and *Rewbel* had a violent altercation. The latter had the best of it. The celebrated orator, overwhelmed with confusion, shouted out — “ You have the advantage, *Jacobin* ! but I have succeeded in making myself heard by your wife.” The celebrated *Mirabeau*, who was present, looked at him with surprise, and coolly said, “ *Cazalès*, remember, that among gentlemen, this would be regarded only as a politeness, while a

the same, the former wishing to become a great man, while the latter looked only at the good of France. They agreed, however, that Louis XVI. did not possess the firmness necessary to check the progress of the Revolution.

Bergasse was an enlightened and profound politician; he deplored the errors of the court, and coolly calculated the effects of a change in the political system. "The explosion," said he, "will be terrible—there is not one of us who will not fall before it."

His counsels were sage; he pointed out the remedy, but his voice was lost as in a desert. The assembly would have it that he belonged to the society of the *illuminati*. But this deputy was a man of great energy of character, and not afraid to strip from his brethren the mask of hypocrisy with which they sought to shroud themselves. Sometimes he thundered like Cicero; he attacked those modern Catilines face to face; but being too feeble, alone and single-handed, to cope with an immense majority, he at length contented himself with communicating his opinions by his writings, which are indeed master-pieces, filled with the maxims of an enlightened senator and profound statesman.

When, by the votes of all, Beauharnais was elected President of the National Assembly, I could not help calling to mind the famous horoscope of the prophetess of Martinique. The prediction began to be fulfilled; for my husband had begun to act a most important part.(26) Whenever he appeared at court, it was with profound anxiety: he loved Louis XVI. and

petty burgher would regard it as a serious insult." Mirabeau's *sang-froid* really petrified poor Rewbel.

Rewbel was anxious to avoid a quarrel with his antagonist, and begged his honourable colleague to give him his opinion upon this important business. Mirabeau brought about a reconciliation, and whispered in the ear of the offended husband:—

"Tout homme prudent doit se garder toujours  
De donner trop crédit à de mauvais discours."

appreciated his virtues. Yet he could have wished him to make some sacrifices which circumstances now rendered necessary, but which, at the commencement of the Revolution, he himself had opposed. He earnestly recommended them in 1791. What was called the *Orleans faction*, had kept up its agitations for half a century. It was now in its full vigour; one step further, and the\* *Duke of Orleans* would have been able to seize the supreme power. But Philip,(27) as some thought, was wanting in native courage, while, according to others, he was afraid to assume the diadem which was offered him by certain partisans. More than once did Beauharnais raise his voice in defence of Louis XVI. He saw this unhappy prince exposed to the attacks of the Jacobins, who were labouring to destroy him in the estimation of the people. Seductive proposals were made to him, but he well knew how to resist the charms of popular favour, and in reality belonged to no party. Though the romance of liberty had turned his head, yet his purposes were as straightforward and pure as his heart was upright; and although as an orator he occupied only a second rank in the two assemblies, his reputation as an honest man was universally admitted. He did not seek after place; but, possessing fine military talents, the career of arms was the only one to which he aspired. The moment the war was declared against the northern powers, he laid aside the senatorial mantle and resumed the sword.

He asked for and obtained the command of the army of the Alps, where he acquired great reputation. His fidelity to his king was more than once put to the proof; and, like Bayard, he replied to some noblemen who urged him to emigrate, "Go, join your princes; for my part, my place is in France, and my duty as a soldier is to fight the enemies of the state. *Never will I bear arms against my country!* I pity those, who, to gratify an offended pride, propose, as you say, to sacrifice their lives for the best of kings, but who go off into foreign lands, and leave him alone. It is not by abandoning him to the

\* The father of Louis Philippe, late King of the French.—TRANSLATOR.

mercy of faction that you will prove to Europe your perfect devotion to the interests of the monarchy. On the contrary, you are destroying the throne, and sapping its very foundations. By remaining at home, the emigrant nobility might have held the balance of power, and decided the choice of the National Assembly and the Convention. They might have prevented a factious minority from declaring war upon the best of Frenchmen, the intrepid friends of the monarchy; they might have restrained the men who produced the bloody scenes of the fifth and sixth of October, the fourteenth of July, &c., (28) by resisting the evil at its beginning, by making to the nation the sacrifices demanded by the dilapidated state of the finances; by doing homage to the people in giving them some share in the public honours. The most of the emigrants would better have served the cause of Louis XVI. by throwing around him a rampart of their bodies, than by running off and begging the service of other nations. Doubtless those Frenchmen imagined they were born to be the defenders of the throne, and that, like true knights, they were bound to wage a crusade in order to deliver their unhappy monarch from the prison of his own palace. Their courage was truly heroic, and they armed themselves in the noblest of causes. But have those who sought to attach to their banner the powers of Europe, shown all the energy which they ought to display in such circumstances? Why have the most of them accepted the perfidious aid of the ancient enemy of France? Shades of Duguesclin and Clisson! where are you? You would be ashamed to come out of your tombs; your manes would shudder at the outrage which has tarnished the name of your descendants. It was in the breach, Frenchmen! that you should have defended yourselves; 'twas in sacrificing a portion of your fortunes, in order to supply that enormous *deficit* which threatened the downfall of the throne, that the nobility should have shown themselves worthy of the age of Henry IV., and that the virtuous Louis XVI. would have been enabled to reign over a people so worthy of him!" Such was M. de Beauharnais!



The French Revolution took a character at once the most terrible within and the most formidable without. The royal family were about to experience the most frightful catastrophe. "Paris," said a celebrated woman (*Madame de Staël*), "presented nothing but a picture of crime and weakness, while the army displayed one of devotion and glory."

The best generals, however, became the sport of perfidious denunciations. M. de Beauharnais was secretly warned of the menacing storm. By his political conduct he sought to impart confidence to the true friends of the country ; but, unfortunately, there were but few who deserved that honourable title. An open warfare was waged among the different parties, and our modern Catos presented no resemblance to that *Roman senate* who sincerely aimed at the good of the republic, and whose members flew to the defence of their country. The Romans, as magistrates and warriors, cemented their government in a twofold way.

The Fabricii, the Cincinnati, after having subdued the enemies of Rome, returned to spend the period of peace in the bosom of their families.\* Those proud warriors suspended their lances on the walls of the temple of Ammon; they laid aside the buckler, and with their victorious hands turned the furrows in their peaceful fields.

Yes, those masters of the world quitted *their* occupation only when called by their country to humble the pride of the confederated nations which sought to subject them to their dominion.†

How far were our modern legislators from imitating those whom they affected to take as their models! The words

\* Fabricius died so poor that the senate was obliged to charge the republic with the expense of his daughter's marriage.

M. Baldus adds, that after the death of Epaminondas, the whole of the moveable property found in his possession, consisted of a *spit* and a *kettle*.

† Said the Athenians, after the ravages of the Persians in Greece, "We still have the soil ; that is enough for a victorious people."

"*liberty and country*," were continually in their mouths. But the numerous Luculluses by their pomp outdid the famous Sybarite, and towards the close of the legislative assembly, they were seen armed against each other. Every day the most courageous deputies were compelled to abandon the orator's tribune to the factionists. "*Wargus esto!*"\* was continually repeated. "Say, rather," answered Beauharnais, "say, rather, '*Death to France!*' if she is to be governed thus." The ancient riding school [*manège*], where the people's representatives sat, resembled a real circus, where gladiators came to display their prowess, and engage in perpetual combats. Louis was but the phantom of a king; the sword of faction already menaced his head. The dreadful events of the 20th of June, and the 10th of August, lifted the veil from the approaching destinies of France. It was under the same frightful auspices that, on the 22d of September, the republic, *one and indivisible*, was proclaimed.

The monarch, already declared dethroned by a guilty minority,† perceived, but too late, that his weakness had but emboldened audacity, and forged the manacles with which his own hands and those of his family were to be loaded.

An inexplicable fear paralyzed the guilty areopagus; they saw that they themselves could not try the king. It was for the Convention to show to Europe the example of possessing itself of the supreme power. Champfort, Vergniaux, Guadet, Valaze, eloquent apostles in the cause of liberty, all served it with talent, and some of them with good faith and courage. But the brilliant genius of the Gironde party appeared only as a star in the midst of thick darkness; it glittered but to mislead those who gazed upon it. Louis had already let fall from his feeble grasp the sceptre won for him by Henry IV.; he had become the pity of some, and the scorn of others. The friends of the monarch contented themselves with mourning over his

\* "*Death to the opposing party!*"

† Crowns are lost only by timidity. Had the unhappy Louis XVI. been convinced of this truth, how many evils would it have saved France!

fate, without opposing any barrier to the dark projects of the assassins.\* And thus it was, that the heir of an ancient monarchy was detained as a prisoner in his own estates, whence he was not to escape but on the wings of immortality.† The legislative assembly seized the royal authority; but it was reserved for the Convention to conduct the king to the scaffold.

Il est donc, en naissant, des races condamnées,  
Par un triste ascendant vers les crimes poussées,  
Que formèrent des dieux les décrets éternels  
Pour être en épouvante aux malheureux mortels.

VOLTAIRE.

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## CHAPTER XI.

UNHAPPY people! shun, or approach with sacred awe that tower of the temple, whose walls imprison your hapless sovereign! The chamber where Louis XVI. retired to prepare for death is a sanctuary whose portals open to heaven. Here the torch of truth burns with a cloudless ray; here the mask of hypocrisy falls; here the heart appears in all its nakedness. Here the virtuous monarch appeared as he really was; for it is on the brink of the grave that virtue shows itself in its true light. God himself rends away the veil and shows his own. However imposing the exterior which pride lends to the heroes of a vain glory, their borrowed grandeur here gives itself the lie.

\* "The whole history of Louis XVI. is but a series of bungling refusals and imprudent concessions. The whole Revolution was but audacity on the one side and fear on the other." — *Madame de Staël*.

† "Adieu, lovely and generous France! adieu, thou who didst desire liberty, and who mightst have obtained it. Now am I doomed to sketch first thy faults, next thy crimes, and lastly thy woes!" — *Madame de Staël*.

Virtue alone retains its majesty in the arms of death; in the grasp of that tyrant, the true hero alone can triumph. *O, Louis!* with what rigour did he treat thee!

Twice was the king dragged before the National Convention, which had erected itself into a court, for the purpose of trying him. He refused to acknowledge the crimes imputed to him.

Why did he not follow the example of Charles I., and deny the authority of his judges!\*(29) In that case, perhaps he might have been saved, for the French really loved their sovereign. But under the pretext of sustaining justice and the laws, a few obscure, ignorant and ambitious men, presumed, in the face of the astonished world, to condemn to an ignominious death their master and their king.

Day of mourning! fatal 21st of January, 1793! who can efface the memory of its gloomy tragedy? Shameful epoch in our history, what an abyss did it create in France! An age will not suffice to sound its depths. The blood of the just was shed; it bedewed a land covered with crimes, and instead of invigorating the pretended tree of liberty, the parricidal offering only served to engender the most unbridled license. This regicide act, which covered the name of the sovereign people with shame, was, nevertheless, the work of a minority. It astonished all Europe. The death of Louis XVI. was an infamous violation of every principle—an assault upon the people themselves, and a terrible blow at all sovereigns.(30)

M. de Beauharnais raised his voice against that execrable crime. He foresaw the dangers which menaced the kingdom, and though he could have wished to abandon the theatre of horror—yet the state of things prevented. War was breaking out on all sides, and it was necessary to make a decided stand

\* It seems clear that such a plea would have availed him nothing; his death was but a part of the revolutionary system, and was as necessary as the "10th of August." The law decreed his personal inviolability, and his counsel (M. Deseze) made that a point in his defence. But to what purpose? His time had come—the monarchy was to be extinguished. — TRANSLATOR.



in the face of Europe. His arms had not arrested the murder of the king; his troops had not been able to subdue a people whom it was supposed easy to enslave.

Fear roused the energy of the nation, and the love of glory wrought prodigies.

Our soldiers showed themselves the equals and even the superiors of their predecessors, in the military career. By a spontaneous movement, all France rushed to arms. The war-cry rang from one extremity of the kingdom to the other—*“the invader must be expelled!”*

But the French always transcend the limits they prescribe to themselves, and the love of great and generous actions feeds the flame that animates them. Alas, woe to the men who know not how to take advantage of their sublime impulses!

The august chief of the nation should, at the very dawn of the Revolution, have placed himself at their head. Had this been done, France, sustained by the valour of her soldiers, and protected by her tutelary laws, would have witnessed the triumph of those noble, sublime, and philanthropic ideas, which constitute the glory of a great nation.

But the political horizon was covered with dark clouds. The revolutionary tribunal took the place of that of the 10th of August, and daily sent numbers of unfortunate persons to the scaffold. Every man trembled for his own safety; for, whatever his rank, he could not elude the blood-thirsty vigilance of the times. The noble and the plebeian were confined together, and sat upon the same criminal's bench. The most devoted generals became martyrs to their own fidelity, and even the firmest supporters of the new government perished before that hideous idol, popular license, whose thirst could only be slaked by rivers of gore. The hired informers denounced even their own families, and hurled their insults at the Deity. The temples of worship were subjected to their sacrilegious assaults; they despoiled the sanctuary, and broke in pieces the consecrated vessels, the more easily to steal them. The saturnalia(31) of antiquity seemed renewed. The slaves became the masters,

and the *Goddess of Reason* stood beneath the sacred arch in the temple of religion. The ministers of this new worship were also the pillars of the Jacobin club. 'Twas that impure cavern which belched forth the famous revolutionary committees, those representatives of *Fouquier de Thinville*, and the ringleaders of the popular societies, who got up the fabricated conspiracies in which multitudes of persons, unknown to each other, found themselves implicated. Every one looked upon himself with a shudder; the father trembled for the son; the son for the father; and the husband for his wife. People fled from the capital as from another Nineveh. The troubles at Lyons, in Le Comtat Venaissin, the taking of Toulon by the English and its recapture by the French, who there exercised unheard-of vengeance, struck all France with affright. La Vendée seemed to rise from its ashes. The decree which ordered all the rebel cities to be burnt, drove the principal inhabitants from them. It was there that the snare was laid, in which the new cannibals proposed to catch all those ministers of the Gospel who had refused to take the civic oath; they hoped to overwhelm, with the same proscription, all those who had uttered murmurs against the new order of things. The greater part of the inhabitants abandoned their labour; some sank under the pressure of misfortune, while others fled before the proconsuls, who carried terror and death in their train. The major part of the proscribed were ignorant people, not attached to their village lords, and displeased with the priests, who had taken the civic oath, and who came to occupy the places of their old curates. Many of these new pastors fanned the flames of discord, and took the lead in the popular disturbances in the towns; while others held it to be their duty not to treat with their consciences.

Hence, schisms arose and became a source of the greatest calamities. The flight of General Lafayette, and the desertion of General Dumourier, soon followed.

The Convention daily summoned to its bar the most distinguished military officers. The aged Luckner was one of the

first to fall beneath its strokes, and General Custine soon took the seat of the accused person before the revolutionary tribunal. He learned, too late, the folly of having served such a cause. Nor was the Duke de Biron slow to appear before the same tribunal; and while our armies were covering themselves with glory the powers at Paris were, like cowards, cutting the throats of the generals who had led the troops to battle, and who with them had every where reaped the laurels of victory — whether in their efforts to expel the foreign forces who had dared to invade France in 1792, or in crowning their numerous exploits by the subjugation of Belgium, the ever memorable victory of Jemmapes, or the not less glorious victory of Fleurus.

I began to be really alarmed for the safety of my husband. It was he alone who could dissipate my anxiety; his political and military conduct was worthy of all praise; he had made every kind of sacrifice during the Revolution. He showed himself the firm friend of the wisest measures, though he had sworn eternal hatred against the factions which tore France asunder. He used to say to the principal leaders: “The true spirit of patriotism, that which in days gone by produced so many miracles and so many heroes, is a wise and rational love of country, an enlightened confidence in her strength and resources; and not that weak and jealous scorn, by means of which some people seek to supply the place of that vigorous national hatred, which is inspired in every honest bosom by the violation of the principles of justice, the ravages of ambition, or the efforts of tyranny. Rome did not fall a prey to the Gauls and her other foes until she had become so blinded as to recognize only rude barbarians in the simple but warlike nations which overthrew her empire.”

Such were the noble thoughts of a citizen, zealous for his country's good. But this was enough to place his name on the lists of proscription. He shared with other victims honourable chains, and the palace built by the Medicis opened its doors and served them as a prison.(32)

There all ranks and sexes were confounded together; men

of all nations were seen there ; there the heir of a lordly house shared his bread, and often his amusements, with the son of an honest artisan ; and he who still remembered the proud position he had once occupied in society, here sought by kindly acts alone to make himself better known to the unfortunates by whom he was surrounded. M. de Beauharnais soon distinguished himself by acts of generosity. He not only alleviated the wants of his companions in misfortune, but, by his example, endeavoured to inspire them with fortitude, which seemed to forsake them. Military men, who had braved death twenty times in battle, were seen to tremble at the approach of their trial, and fainted at receiving the formal act of their accusation.

These examples show that the certainty of death humbles the courage ; while, on the field of battle, the really brave man forgets the danger in the hope of victory.

If reached by the deadly steel or lead, he falls with brows entwined with the laurels he has won ; or, at least, he has not felt the certainty of approaching destruction. What matters it to him, provided he dies with arms in his hands ? The sons of Mars ask for no other apotheosis.

Numbers of those warriors whom the scythe of time had spared, fell beneath the revolutionary axe. The general of the army of the Alps shared the fate of those illustrious unfortunates, and his last moments were those of a man who knew how to unite greatness of soul to philosophy. He gazed upon the road to immortality with the calmness of a sage. Less fortunate than Cato, he could not follow the example of that virtuous Roman, and fall by his own sword ; but he ascended the scaffold with perfect firmness, and the letter which he sent to his disconsolate widow, the true interpreter of his last thoughts, astonished his executioners. Even Thinvillle, the ferocious Thinvillle, was overwhelmed by it.\*

\* "I condemn you," (wrote M. de Beauharnais to the successors of *Jeffreys*,) "to read every day, the predictions of *Vergniaud*. He said truly, when he told you that, in a short time, you should reign over corpses and heaps of bones ; over the ashes of the dead, scattered to the four corners



“Et ce monstre, après lui traînant tous ses forlants,  
Va, dans des flots de sang, se battre à jamais.”

I was, at this epoch, detained in a solitary prison, where Time, seated side by side with Sorrow, drooped his wings; where the innocent and the guilty drained, drop by drop, the cup of adversity.

It was written that in this place of horror I should receive the last will of my husband;—alas! it recalled bitter and cruel recollections.(33)

The dawn of each day announced to us that new victims had been carried away during the night. Those who remained spent the morning in agonizing reflections. In the afternoon, I joined my fellow-prisoners, and hastily ran over the journals, which were then but the archives of death.(34) Judge of my surprise—depict my anguish, on seeing, among the number of the executed, the name of my husband! I fell down senseless. “Let me die!” I cried, in the delirium of agony—“peace is only in the grave. My hapless children will perish in this struggle of virtue against crime!” Such were my exclamations. On the morrow of this gloomy day, they presented to me the act of my own accusation. Stupified with horror, I was unable to read it. A mournful silence, the calmness of hopeless woe, were the only sentiments manifested towards me. Other victims were soon removed from our prison. I was called in my turn. I tore myself from the arms of Madame d’Orm\*\*\*, and Madame R\*\*\*, who strove in vain to hold me. Rushing, with eyes full of tears, to the keeper of the prison, not knowing but I might be included in the fatal list, I sought, for the last time, to press to my bosom the sad fruits of an unhappy marriage. The agents of tyranny maintained a disdainful silence, and directed me to go away. One of them manifested some surprise on recognising me,(35) and so great was the number

of your republic. Pause! stand upon the graves you have filled; look each other in the face, and read in each other’s eyes the maledictions of Nature herself!”

of the condemned, that, it would seem, from that circumstance alone, my name had been erased from the fatal list.—What do I say? The ascendant of my star directed my course far away from the impending danger, but only to expose me in future to the caprices of inconstant fortune.

As if they had determined that we should suffer a thousand deaths before inflicting the one they were preparing for us, they suffered us, contrary to the custom adopted by those Cerberuses, to whose surveillance we were subjected, to linger for twelve long hours in the corridors, which had, in some sort, become the head-quarters of the prisoners. Here, they questioned and answered one another in a loud tone of voice;—suspense, affright and terror froze our senses. Each one imagined the moment of his death was come. For several weeks it had been rumoured abroad, that deep pits had been dug under the different houses used for prisons in the capital, in which the wretched prisoners were to be buried. The *generale* was beat; the tocsin sounded on every side; my companions could not dissemble their fear, and the dreadful scenes of the 2d and 3d of September\* presented themselves vividly to their affrighted imaginations. Terror was painted on every countenance; every mouth uttered the accents of despair. The long expectation of that death which these ferocious men hurled around them at hazard, seemed more terrible than even the stroke which awaited us on the scaffold. Those who clearly saw their end approaching, soon became resigned to their fate, though they could not banish from their minds that sentiment of dread, which is the inevitable companion of the end of human life.

For some hours, the unfortunate females who were with me uttered loud lamentations. A young dog belonging to one of them, set up a mournful howling.(36) This spread a universal panic. But even in the midst of so much gloom, some of them

\* 1792.—The allusion is to the lawless and bloody butcheries in the prisons of Paris, from the 2d to the 7th of that month, during which time, it is said, 1005 persons were put to death in the prisons; among them, the Princess Lamballe met a tragical end.—TRANSLATOR.

sought to lull themselves with the illusions of hope. The Duchess of K\*\*\* seemed suddenly inspired — “We need fear nothing,” said she; “the *future Queen of France is among us*. It was foretold to her that she should occupy the throne; it is utterly impossible that the prediction should be fulfilled in this horrible place; it must be verified elsewhere. I venture to express the prediction, that we shall all escape from the destruction which now threatens us.” Will it be believed? These words produced such an effect upon those who heard them, that they thronged around that weeping widow, who was then far, very far from supposing that in *two lustrums* afterwards, she should have occasion to call to mind, in behalf of themselves and their families, the obliging promises which, to amuse them, she then made to those women. One of the keepers of the prison, whose rough manners had always inspired us with dread, now came among us in apparent trepidation, and setting down the vessels which contained our scanty meal, seemed to preserve a mournful silence. What were we to infer from this? Some conceived a feeble hope, which the rest regarded as a vain chimera.

This state of uncertainty and anxiety lasted till ten o'clock at night.

A person who took an interest in our sufferings, found the means of sending us the following note:

“Robespierre and his accomplices are marked for accusation; —be quiet — you are saved.”\*

Our first emotion found vent in thanking that kind Providence who had deigned to save us. Never did we address to Heaven more heartfelt thanks. Yet I alone, after recovering from the overwhelming effects of this deliverance, I alone pre-

\* What citizen was there, in those tragical times, who did not mourn the loss of a relation, a friend confined in chains, or expiring under the murderous axe which the sacrilegious knaves presumed to call the “axe of Justice?” — as if justice reigned only in the midst of terror, over ruins and coffins! Alas! mourning and lamentation filled all hearts; stupor and affright were depicted on every countenance, and the tyrant and his minions made it a crime even to appear to lament the loss of friends.

sumed to murmur against the laws of that Providence who had seen fit to take from me the most worthy of husbands! Five days later, and M. de Beauharnais would have escaped the rage of his persecutors, who had charged themselves with purveying to that man-devouring tribunal;—and the phenomenon of my astonishing elevation would not have surprised the two worlds!

Many days thus passed away in waiting for the desired moment of our deliverance. More happy than my companions, I had recovered my liberty the night before the fall of the blood-thirsty\* Robespierre.(37) At length Bourdon de l'Oise and Legendre entered the houses of arrest, to set at liberty the victims of a frightful tyranny. They were received with universal blessings; from the impulses of pity they liberated many whom they did not at first intend to release.

The former acted from a motive of fear; the latter from an honest conviction of his past political errors.

Who would then have supposed that Legendre to be the same man who had proposed, in the National Convention, to divide the body of Louis XVI., and send a portion of it to each of the several departments; and that the same hand which now opened the prison-doors, had signed the death-warrant of his king! Just God! thou whom the hypocrisy of those men of blood so often offended, look upon them with pity! How have they suffered under thy avenging hand!

“Le cruel repentir est le premier bourreau,  
Qui dans un sein coupable enfonce le couteau.”

RACINE.

What did those new Cromwells gain by their blood-thirsty ambition? Riches, honours, power? Power! alas, time will show them they paid for it dearly! They will find themselves abased from their grandeur, banished, miserable, a prey to fierce remorse. What will then remain to them? Can the universe afford any cure for their ills? Alas, no, no!

“A man guilty of crime, is pursued through life by the fear

\* A LIFE OF ROBESPIERRE BY G. H. LEWES has recently been published, giving the best record of that celebrated character.



of a punishment, proportionate to his offence, and this fear is its first expiation."

"Melius in vitâ pœnarum pro malefactis  
Est insignibus insignis scelerisque luela."

LUCRET.

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## CHAPTER XII.

I CAST my eyes around me. I saw men actuated by no other sentiments than hatred, pride, and mutual distrust. But there was one among them whose soul was susceptible of friendship, who inspired confidence, and who did not stand in fear of others. He enjoyed not only the happiness of having wrenched their bloody sceptre from the hands of the Decemvirs, but was looked up to as being able to do much good in future by extending a helping hand to those illustrious families, whose names, whose wealth, and whose talents had excited the envy, and fed the cupidity of the successors of Sylla. These families he should have covered with a protecting *Ægis*.(38)

Rescued from the sword of my executioners, and restored to my children, I pressed them both to my bosom, and covered them with my tears. Eugene had become an *Emile*,(39) and my beloved daughter had undergone extreme suffering. My industry was now their only support.

I swore, in the face of Heaven, an eternal hatred to the assassins of their father.—But who would have thought that, in the course of a few years, I should actually have it in my power to avenge(40) myself? The property of M. de Beauharnais had become the booty of the plunderers of France, and I was left in a state of destitution. While away from my family, the greater part of my friends were scattered; those who remained, though they well knew my wants, were in a situation no better

than my own. While waiting for the National Convention to allow my just claims, I united my feeble resources to theirs. We had a mutual understanding, and furnished each other information.(41) Some one, who was really interested in my welfare, advised me to cultivate seriously the acquaintance of the Deputy Tallien, in order to accelerate the liberation of my personal property from the sequestration to which it had become subject. That personage had become all-powerful. I saw him but seldom; but, from a feeling of confidence in him, having by his means so narrowly escaped being one of the victims of the Reign of Terror, I presented myself among the circle of friends surrounding that celebrated man, who, on the 9th *Thermidor*, had displayed so much energy, and inspired other representatives with his courage.

I expressed to him, in the most glowing terms, my acknowledgments for the political miracles he had wrought, not forgetting to suggest to him that much yet remained for him to do, and that it especially appertained to his dignity to effect a restitution of their estates to the children of the condemned. I insisted strongly on this point, and flattered myself with the expectation of soon seeing my own taking possession of their patrimony. But even this was not enough for me: I pleaded the cause of all those who had been the victims of the different factions—factions ever divided among themselves, and who, since 1793, seemed never to be united, except for inflicting death.

The deputy seemed deeply impressed with the nature of my claim. He told me the step I had taken was a courageous one, and one which, in his eyes, did me infinite honour. For the rest, he advised me to arm myself with patience, and frankly told me that time alone could bring about that great act of justice, which I had come to solicit at his hands.

The tone and manner of the representative produced a very deep impression on my mind. His approaching marriage with Madame Fontenay was the theme of every tongue.(42) Everybody told anecdotes about it, some of which were quite curious, and furnish plausible excuses for that extraordinary union.

Some censured her and accused her of selfishness and precipitation, while others, more wise and clear-sighted, congratulated her on obeying the impulses of her heart.

The men were moved with envy at the good fortune of the modern *Anthony*, when they saw him espouse a young woman whose beauty rivalled that of Cleopatra. To the resources of a superior mind, Madame Fontenay united the noblest moral sentiments, which presented a strong contrast between her and the ancient Queen of Egypt. The latter, devoured by ambition, greedy for absolute power, would have attached to her car either Lepidus or Octavius; while the interesting daughter of Cabarrus, prompted by a sentiment of friendship, and obeying the dictates of her own heart, contracted this second alliance. She afterwards refused to listen to the insinuations of another and a powerful man,(43) who often proposed to her to rupture the chains of Hymen, and attach herself to the fortunes of Cæsar.

Eugene soon began to display that noble character, which he was destined one day fully to develop. His lively and ardent imagination led him to seize with transport upon whatever related to his illustrious father. When listening to the story of our victories, he would say with a sigh, "I certainly should have witnessed this new triumph if my father had lived. What glory would he have acquired for himself and us!"\* My son was fond of the history of the French Revolution, and though still young, investigated its primary causes; he sometimes astonished his teachers. He said one day, "*I want to become a great captain*; I will crush into their original nothingness the oppressors of my country, and as for my mamma, I would, should I reach the rank of general, surround her with the greatest dignity." I warned him of the dangers of passing the bounds of a just ambition, and, for his instruction, cited some celebrated examples. "My boy," said I, "an honest fortune is

\* Eugene was in the campaign of 1792 with his father, though not twelve years old.

preferable to the highest distinctions. I should be unwilling to quit the sphere in which fortune has placed me, in order to move in one more extended." I did not fail to make known to him the unmerited persecutions which the queen and Madame Elizabeth had undergone. Would it not have been better for those princesses to have been born in a hovel, than in the palace of kings?(44) This tender-hearted boy would sometimes picture to me my future grandeur, and recall to my mind the predictions made at Martinique, and more recently at Paris. I admit that I had the weakness to place some confidence in them, and suffered myself to be led by the example of Monsieur and Madame R\*\*\*, to visit and consult a young woman who had dared to utter some cutting truths in the faces of the ferocious decemvirs.(45) But I have since attributed to chance what perhaps is only the fruit of long and serious reflections.

Eugene flattered himself with the hope of being, one day, the sole author of my happiness. Excellent prince! when you shall peruse the memoirs of thy mother's life, you will remember with emotion, that in your infancy you dreamed of projects which you intended one day to execute; but, alas! it belonged to another mortal to change my peaceful existence, to conduct me upon a vast theatre, and to present me to the gaze of posterity.

Hortense had become my only companion, and I took pleasure in cultivating her mind. She was captivated by the love of the fine arts; her pencil was ever in her hand, sketching my own features or those of her brother. She could already draw tolerably well.

I often visited Tallien; he had become my protector, and I was in the habit of daily taking my son and daughter to him. Through his intervention I had succeeded in obtaining some small indemnity from the managers of the public property, but my principal claim still remained unanswered. It was necessary to provide for the wants and the education of my children, in which my friends, knowing my situation, kindly came to my aid.



They furnished me with employment, which enabled me, for the time being, to re-establish my affairs, and to support, at least with greater fortitude, the ills which had befallen me, and which were the more cruel, because they were not merited.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

At length the Directory took the place of that monstrous government, the Convention. The supreme power was exercised by five individuals. An assembly far more pacific, and animated by better intentions, put an end to the anarchy which, since 1792, had desolated France. Serenity began to be enjoyed; the citizen saw religious and political toleration succeed to the reign of terror;\* Frenchmen who had hitherto been fugitives, began to re-appear; society was re-established, and the meetings of friends and acquaintances began to be interesting; the nobility again animated the saloons; jokes and pleasantries were constantly directed against the new dictators of France (46).

Our governors were content to laugh at them, and one of them remarked good-naturedly to his colleagues—"What of all this? We must let them talk about politics, as they please; while they do nothing but make songs, *bouts-rimés*, charades and riddles, we may well accord to them this sort of indemnity for the property of which they have been despoiled. Don't let us trouble their sports; let them appease their wrath with fêtes and balls *à la victime*. (47) This will afford them recreation and some sort of recompense for the numberless ills they have

\* Rome was drenched with blood, at the time of the triumph of Lepidus for the victories in Spain, and with unexampled folly he ordered every one to join in it on pain of proscription.

felt. We ought to be more liberal than the Convention ; they undertook to enchain the thoughts of men ; but it is the duty of the Directory to give the mind scope. It is, perhaps, the surest means of ascertaining public opinion, and of remedying those evils into which an abuse of power may betray us."

Thus reasoned one of our new sovereigns. The people in general detested them, but the more wise and considerate awaited in silence the results of the late Revolution.

*Letourneur de la Manche* was an insignificant character, of a frigid temperament, and, in good faith, a republican ; one of those men of whom little good can be said, and who are not so criminal as to justify us in imputing much evil to them. (48)

*Rewbel's* look was rather sour ; his aspect, at first blush, seemed repulsive, but on further acquaintance became more agreeable. Having no great experience in the field of politics, he obeyed, voluntarily, the impulses of a majority of his colleagues, and yielded readily to his fears. (49)

*La Reveillière l'Epeaux* was a true philanthropist. Like the successor of Mohammed, he thought to legalize his ridiculous scheme of religious worship, and his errors ; but he possessed none of the qualities fitting him for a prophet. His very shape testified against his senseless pretensions, and everything about him proved that he was but a fourth-rate actor on the great theatre of the Revolution. He, however, played his part before the sovereign people, exciting only laughter and pity, but not the least admiration. (50)

*Carnôt* was truly an enlightened man ; an austere republican, he became lost in the thorny path which he commenced to travel as a philosopher. He was one of the judges of the unfortunate Louis XVI. His opinion was probably against his vote. He certainly did not love kings ; and yet, had he been a courtier, no one would have appreciated better the noble qualities of the monarch. Carnôt would doubtless in the end have done them homage. His understanding, and the fruits of his profound studies, would have served him as a torch in discovering the

virtues of Louis XVI. . . . . This member of the Directory ever gave the wisest advice, and was absolutely a stranger to the most of the decrees issued by his colleagues. He signed them for mere form's sake ; and appeared indifferent to the new dignity with which he was invested. He often forgot the hours of the public sessions of the Directory, and took no pride in wearing the directorial purple ; he appeared constrained and embarrassed under the official toga,\* and though possessing a knowledge of almost everything, seemed to experience embarrassment in receiving even a petition, and, at times, great difficulty in answering it verbally.(51)

I come, lastly, to *Barras*, that man whose reputation is not even yet fixed by public opinion. He was the hope of all parties, but espoused none. He severely censured the men of the Revolution, and cast contempt on our fierce demagogues. He had just cause of complaint against many of them ; and yet, for his own advantage, he caressed them all. He wore the livery of no faction. The new system and the new state of things had brought him forward. Though allied to the principal agents of the two former executive committees, he shared neither the extravagance of their opinions nor their crimes, but on the contrary was accused by many of moderatism. His youth having been boisterous and very irregular, he was despised by the nobility, and this circumstance probably inflamed his zeal in favour of the revolutionary principles. He was a member of the tribunal that sat in judgment on the king. He tendered his resignation—it was not accepted, and the proposition was answered by frightful menaces. The Brutuses of the assembly denounced him as a recusant, and fear alone dictated the vote he gave on that dreadful occasion. Very different from Cromwell, who coolly signed the death-warrant of Charles I., and *covered the face of one of his fellow judges*

\* It is well known that *Turenne*, who certainly possessed the qualities of a great general, had great difficulty in learning how to pass the salute at the head of his army.

*with ink in passing him the pen.* Barras grew pale, and spoke not a word while depositing the black ball in the urn of those new infernal judges. Personally, he wished no ill to the king, but was drawn along by the force of circumstances. His object was to save the king, but to destroy royalty, in attempting which he suffered himself to be subdued by the culpable example of others. Penetrated by a sense of the crime, he invoked an appeal to the people; but it was too late,—the homicidal axe awaited the august victims.(52)

While a representative of the people, Barras had been sent on a mission into the southern departments. 'Twas there that he became acquainted with *Bonaparte*, (53) He had the tact to discover the talents of that man who has exercised so powerful an influence over my existence as well as his own. It is not for me to relate the events which took place at Toulon. History has charged herself with their publication, and that is enough for me . . . . my duty is to be silent.

After the rising of the National Guard against the Convention, Barras had held the post of general of the troops of the division of Paris. Not feeling within himself the courage to repel force by force, he authorized Bonaparte to reap those sterile laurels. He gave up the command that had been confided to him to the young Corsican, whose enterprising character from henceforth began to be known. The pupil and rival of the famous Paoli now considered himself on the road to fortune and to glory; he was anxious to attract attention, to inspire confidence; and soon the 13th Vendémiaire enabled him to display both his intelligence and his audacity. His success opened to him a new prospect for the future, but the unfortunate city (the second cradle of his military reputation) presented to the eyes of affrighted Frenchmen a spectacle the most sorrowful and deplorable.

This act was enough, however, for those two men, impelled by a thirst for celebrity, and proud of having made the capital tremble. The moderation of the one and the foresight of the other had made the Frenchmen who were most resolute in



opposing the acts of a power as feeble as it was arbitrary, lay down their arms.

The several parties became calm, lamented their rashness, and came to an understanding with each other; and the victors themselves, astounded at the sad results of their bloody success, could have wished an eternal veil to be drawn over so many political errors. But Frenchmen will never pardon the National Convention for giving orders to fire upon the people; and the general himself incurred blame for having followed too promptly the barbarous orders transmitted to him by their authority.

The victorious party had reduced to order the so-called rebels, and rejoiced at it. The carnage would have been much greater but for the harmony which subsisted between the two functionaries of power. The ambition of the first was satisfied; the other sought occasion for the still further development of his courage. Unhappily those two politicians agreed in their views, and people began to conceive that a young man thus ardent was capable of overthrowing nations; he became the protégé of the Directors, and soon obtained a promise of promotion. But it was Barras, and Barras only, who showed any anxiety to fulfil the promise.(54)

Before this gloomy epoch the Terrorists of the "Mountain" had used all their efforts to regain the sceptre which the deputy Tallien had so valiantly broken in pieces; they had secretly conspired for the purpose of preserving their strength.

"We must," said they, "foment discord among the sections, and rouse them to an insurrection, and then induce the most spirited party to blockade the Convention." Alas! Paris will long remember the fruits of that sad day's work, whose chances were all calculated with as much coolness as mystery! It appears that one of the most famous generals who figured among the opponents of the government was pretty thoroughly initiated into the secrets of the revolt; but who, at the moment of executing the plot, hesitated to commence a civil war, and gave up the command to another. This honest man afterwards reaped the sad wages of his rare moderation.(55) The

capital began to assume a less sombre aspect. Yet a terrible scarcity prevailed which added something to the existing discontents. Nevertheless the people remained quiet. In the provinces there was more agitation, and the war in La Vendée, never yet wholly extinguished, seemed now to assume new vigour. It was resolved to pacify this province, if possible, and General Hoche was deputed to undertake that famous negotiation. He was well known; his modesty was universally praised.

A decided republican, his manners were agreeable, and although at times his duty compelled him to issue stern orders, he endeavoured to modify their execution. He was shocked at the violence, the burnings and proscriptions in the western departments, and could foresee no end to them; and yet he was ever ready to do justice to the courage and talent of the rebel chiefs. He pitied the unhappy peasantry, who were merely led on by the more designing;—towards the masses, he felt a merciful disposition. He sometimes even saved the lives of rebel officers taken with arms in their hands. He offered protection to the old men, women and children.

Often did he seek to resign the command of this army, but could not prevail on the government to grant him his dismissal. He wept over the barbarities committed by his soldiers, whose rage he found it impossible to restrain, and through whose violence he had often seen, in the heat of combat, the blood of innocent prisoners spilt. His authority could not restrain these terrible executions. His instructions were decided and formal—*“War to the castle—peace to the cottage.”\**

This unhappy country presented nothing but a scene of devastation; death stared every one in the face, and almost every town exhibited to the eye of the spectator nothing but smoking

\* It is well known that the deputy Tallien suggested to General Hoche to solicit of the government the pardon of the emigrants who were made prisoners at Quiberon. The general immediately proceeded by post to Paris, but the pardon which he demanded for the sufferers was pitilessly refused.

ruins. For five years in this afflicted region had crime succeeded to crime, and disaster to disaster. Hoche sought to heal these evils, to re-establish tranquillity, industry, and confidence; but the thing was impossible. He aimed, by means of a pacification with the principal chiefs, to rescue those provinces from the desolations which had prevailed there ever since the commencement of the civil wars. It became the honour of the French name to treat with good faith the principal officers of the Vendean army. The young hero exhibited towards them the frankness and candour of a good man, not that republican haughtiness and austerity which were then so much in fashion; and his mission was crowned with signal success.

For a long time the royalists had demanded the recall of the son of Louis XVI., but in vain; they had offered to lay down their arms as the price of his restoration, and it is pretended that such a clause was introduced among the secret articles of the treaty; but as the deputy *Sevestre* had publicly announced the death of the young king to the National Convention, the Vendéans could not insist upon his being transferred to the head-quarters of their army. All, therefore, which could now be done by the parties was a promise of mutual oblivion of the past, a simple exchange of prisoners, and the complete submission of the insurgent departments to the laws of the Republic. And thus did those Frenchmen at length return to their homes and firesides who had so long been fighting against their brethren. Fanaticism undoubtedly had armed and impelled many of them in that bloody strife, and tended to prolong that terrible conflagration which had raged for such a length of time, in spite of the profound experience of the general-in-chief, who used all his efforts to check its progress. But Hoche, by continued exertions, finally succeeded in extinguishing a volcano which menaced France with constantly recurring eruptions.

I often received news from the *Mentor* of my son.\* I was

\* Hoche bore a singular affection for the son of Madame de Beauharnais. It was in the school of that general that young Eugene acquired the

related to persons whom he loved, and who delighted to witness the growing reputation of the pacificator of La Vendée. After the conclusion of the treaty of peace, he hastened to communicate to us some very interesting details respecting the famous *Charrette*. Hoche praised his courage, and admired his modesty. In one of the interviews which took place between them, after the usual compliments and some reciprocal felicitations upon their exploits, Charrette said to him:—"General, you conduct a treaty in good faith, while your government makes a merit of having none; you seek to establish peace in La Vendée, while the *Committee of Public Safety* is not animated by the same sentiments; imposture and knavery compose the policy of its members; frankness and straightforwardness characterize yours. General, lend me your ear. We are both Frenchmen, serving, it is true, under different banners, but not the less men of honour. Mark me! France will see us both fall in this struggle; I shall perish for having trusted to your promises, and you, young warrior! you will die a victim to that glory with which you have covered yourself by signing this capitulation."(56)

These last words made a singular impression upon the mind of General Hoche; (57) he inferred from them, that the civil war would be renewed. Before this, he could not believe in the dissimulation of those whom he was serving; but now, the idea that he was but the principal agent of a mere party, who was using him for their own selfish purposes, humbled his pride and shocked his sensibility. He regarded as inviolable the terms to which La Vendée had subscribed, and could not support the thought that, in spite of himself, he was to become a perjurer; and this apprehension troubled him. In vain did he seek to banish it from his mind—it constantly returned upon him, and with augmented force. And soon did this modern Bayard perceive the sad reality, that he was but a chief without

first rudiments of the military art which, in after life, he greatly adorned as well by his bravery as by his mild and generous conduct.



power, invested only with an honourable title, that his mission had had no other effect than to create divisions among the higher officers of the royalist army; that the most solemn promises were not fulfilled; that fire and sword must still continue their ravages, and that, ere long, the scourge of war must annihilate his last hope of a reconciliation.

Hoche himself could not be faithless to his word; yet his solemn promise was violated, not by him, but by men who prided themselves in the title of republicans. This was sufficient to inspire him with the courage to utter his complaints to the Directory. He presented his claims to that famous tribunal with the pride of a Roman, without weakness and without shame—with the firmness of a Frenchman, without fear and without reproach. As a recompense for the great services he had rendered, he died, it is said, the death of Socrates.(58)

I deeply felt his loss; I had conceived for the brave warrior such a particular esteem that many of my friends conjectured that my marriage with him was near at hand.

I did, indeed, look upon the general with a feeling of kindness; but how could he inspire me with the sentiment of love? I was well aware of his attachment for Madame de Pont-Bellan, . . . \*; the modest "*Lazaro*"† had saved her in La Vendée.

Had he been free to dispose of his heart, I presume I might have made an easy conquest of it, but I limited myself merely to being his friend, his confidante; and I may possibly have had the good luck to influence some of the generous actions with which his military career abounded, and to which his unhappy end has imparted an unextinguishable brilliancy.

For the wife of the representative Tallien, I entertained a real esteem, and our friendship soon became inseparable. I shared all her griefs and all her pleasures; Madame de Cabarrus then shone in the midst of the most select circles. Paris was proud of a woman who then constituted the principal charm of

\* She afterwards married an aid-de-camp of General Hoche.

† Madame de Beauharnais used to call him thus in private.

society. Luxury began to reappear; the republican costume was eclipsed by the splendour and frivolity of the new fashions. Assemblies were better composed, and our modern Luculluses undertook to establish the *ton* of good company, by improving their toilette and purifying their language. Nevertheless, their common and borrowed manners only showed that they were yielding to the force of circumstances.(59)

Tallien, however, did not sympathize with their sombre authority; he had frankly renounced his first principles, and, ashamed of the name of *Jacobin*, served under the colours of no party.\* He wished to maintain the republic, but was opposed to making new sacrifices to consolidate it. He had a sensitive soul; he was susceptible of pity, and daily struck from the lists of proscription, victims who had been condemned by the revolutionary laws.† These acts of mercy were often the work of his wife; she never applied to him in vain. Every unfortunate family well knew, that to effect an erasure from those lists, or a restoration of their goods, it was sufficient to obtain the recommendation of that beautiful Spaniard.

Many flattered her with vain promises of rewards for her friendship, but her soul was too generous to think of making a fortune in so base a way. When, afterwards, she found herself surrounded by the many when she had obliged, and who were just and wealthy enough to testify their acknowledgments for her favours, she employed the evidences of their gratitude in relieving the widow and the orphan whom she found without support. Such was that woman whom calumny has not failed to pursue, and whose most generous actions it has sought to poison. What do I say? If Tallien had not been smitten

\* It must not be forgotten that it is perhaps more praiseworthy to rise nobly from a fall, than to have been constantly irreproachable; and that it is difficult not to lose one's course, when the only way to the open sea is shrouded by storms and tempests.

† He was of that small number who do good in secret, and blush to be known.

by her charms, I affirm that the memorable 9th Thermidor would not have broken the iron sceptre of the modern Marius.\*

Without that movement in favour of liberty, millions of heads would have fallen beneath the revolutionary axe; and who can tell where, or how the torrent could have been checked, when once it should have burst its banks? The generations which are to come after us, will owe their existence to the good understanding which then reigned between Madame de Cabarrus† and the representative Tallien. God formed that union in order to put an end to the excesses of those monsters, who had drenched France with blood; if, afterwards, the influence of that happy and beneficent pair became great with the Directory, it was but one of the miracles which Providence saw fit to work. Unable, without the aid of others, to combat the hydra of the Revolution, they at least did something towards taming the monster. Barras seconded them with all his power. The wise are of opinion, that this director had to reproach himself with but slight faults, while occupying the eminent post which chance had given him. Ah, who cares for the absurd stories, which at that epoch were in circulation about him? The duty of a writer is to despise the popular weapons of ridicule, and to employ himself about the facts which he is to narrate. Without the intimate union and co-operation of those three persons, who moved together towards the same object, the termination of our woes, our Revolution, the living image of *Saturn*, would have ended by devouring all her children.

“ ’Tis not merely the zeal of friendship which actuates me; I have been an eye-witness of the facts I am retracing; I have

\* Tallien would doubtless have accomplished the same result soon, from his mere opposition and hatred to the decemvirs; but, on being made acquainted with the danger which threatened Madame de Fontenay, he brought on the crisis sooner by several days than he otherwise would.

† “ If,” said Josephine, “ I wished to speak of a lady peculiarly dear to my heart—one of those friends, who, as Cicero says make prosperity brighter and adversity more tolerable—I should name Madame Tallien, at present Princess of *Chimène*.”

a personal knowledge of many others, which I ought not now to bring to light ; they are, it is true, present to my memory, but 'tis not time to draw aside the veil of mystery which hides them. . . . . Tallien and you, Madame Cabarrus,(60) worked for yourselves and posterity, and you can expect nothing from your contemporaries, but indifference and ingratitude. . . .

“ Qui sert son pays, sert souvent un ingrat.”

Too happy still, if they would but cease to persecute you for the future ! Yes, they are the men who owe their lives to you, and who will probably pursue you with the utmost hatred, and prove your most implacable foes.

Je connais trop les grands ; dans le malheur amis,  
Ingrats dans la fortune, et bientôt ennemis,  
Nous sommes de leur gloire un instrument servile,  
Rejeté par dédain dès qu'il est inutile,  
Et brisé sans pitié s'il devient dangereux.

My time was thus spent in the bosom of friendship ; I delighted to recur, in memory, to the different scenes of my life. “ Too fortunate moment,” said I to myself, “ did you but furnish me an occasion to perform some acts of beneficence ! I then would show to the unfortunate, that the ancient virtues of the French are not yet wholly banished from all hearts !” In the midst of the terrible revolutionary whirlwind, there were some souls that knew how to guard themselves against breathing the deadly vapour of that horrible contagion, which threatened from time to time to consume Paris and the departments. Since the death of the best of kings, France was governed in turn by the different factions, which succeeded each other with rapidity ;\* and well might the good man, in the bitterness of his

\* How did men conduct themselves in this revolution ? After having obtained all that was to be expected from a modification of the monarchical power, and when the revolution seemed settled upon a solid basis — when, in short, they had a compass to steer by, across an ocean covered with so



soul, exclaim with the preacher, "O Josiah! Happy lived we under the shadow of thy name; to us thou wast like the rose, the beauty of spring, like the lily which showeth its queenly whiteness besides the pure running waters, like the incense of Arabia beneath the summer's sun. How hath the strong man fallen who saved the people of Judah? Let us weep for the Lord's anointed, who hath been taken from us by reason of our iniquities."

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## CHAPTER XIV.

I COME now to the time when my destiny was to change. Since the death of my husband, my heart had dwelt upon the recollection of those dreadful events which had decimated France, and plunged so many families into mourning and oblivion. The image of my lost happiness, revealing itself to me as I reflected that M. de Beauharnais had intended again to unite himself to me, seemed, even in the midst of my misfortunes, to betoken a more happy future. I avoided all display, and thus found my situation supportable. Happy to be free, I felt a repugnance to contract another marriage. But my destiny did not so will it. It was my habit to look for a more favourable change, and this expectation seemed justified by my fortunes. Besides, I had, on the ashes of my husband, vowed never to give my hand to a man unworthy of him, or of the rank I had held in society. I closed my ears to the proposals which a certain republican minister made me; and yet, it was written in heaven, that I should be united to a man who was one day

many shipwrecks, certain ambitious ones got possession of power, turned the strength of the people against themselves, and committed scenes the most shocking and deplorable, which were, whatever the pretext, nothing but execrable crimes.

to enchain Europe to his victorious car, and that, like Esther, I should prostrate myself at the feet of another Ahasuerus, and aid him to escape from the blind counsels of those who would have persuaded him to exterminate wholly the men who remained faithful to their legitimate kings.(61)

Being, one day, on a visit at Madame Chat\*\*\*\* Ren\*\*\*\*'s, while sitting by a window, I was looking at some violets, of which my friend took the greatest care, when, suddenly, the famous *Bonaparte* was announced. Why, I was unable to tell, but that name made me tremble; a violent shudder seized me on seeing him approach. I dared, however, to catch the attention of the man who had achieved so easy a victory over the Parisians. The rest of the company looked at him in silence.

I was the first to speak to him. "It seems to me, citizen general," said I, "that it is only with regret that you have spread consternation through the capital. Should you reflect, for a moment, upon the frightful service you have performed, you would shudder at its consequences." "'Tis quite possible," said he; "but what is your idea, madame? The military are but automata, to which the government gives such motions as it pleases; they know nothing but to obey. The sections are quite happy—I have managed them. The most of my guns were charged only with powder. I only aimed to give the Parisians a small lesson; 'tis, besides, my seal that I have set upon France."\* The calm tone, the imperturbable sang-froid with which Bonaparte recounted the massacre of so many of the unhappy citizens of Paris, roused my indignation. "These light skirmishes," said he, "are but the first coruscations of my glory."

\* At another period, Bonaparte, speaking of the affair of the 13th Vendémiaire, expressed himself very nearly in the same manner; and, in the midst of a recital he gave of that event, he let fall these remarkable words:—"I took care to let the insurrectionary troops have the streets which best enabled them to save themselves, and gain the Boulevards."

“Ah,” said I, “if you are to acquire glory at such a price, I would much rather count you among the victims.” *Pichegru* was present at this conversation. It soon passed to another subject, and the thoughtful and reserved manner of the latter general sufficiently showed that he did not applaud the terrible hopes which this ambitious young man entertained. Each one of the company then expressed himself freely, and the news of the day was discussed without reserve. “Have you heard,” said a deputy, “the news from the faubourg St. Germain? a general of division has been appointed to the command of the army of the Rhine. A., a superior officer, is to replace S\*\*\*, and it is rumoured that a new army will soon be directed towards Italy.” —Bonaparte showed some surprise; he was then ignorant that he was to be called by the Directory to fill the last important post.

“It is a vast field to cultivate,” exclaimed the child of victory; “happy the man who shall undertake it!” —but immediately recovering himself, as if he had committed an indiscretion, he said in a tone full of politeness: “Ladies, I do not think my stay in France will be much prolonged; I want to undertake a pilgrimage to our *Lady of Loretto*,” and added with a smile, “my purpose shall be to make you stare at my wonders.” He hardly knew how to get out of such a strange dilemma; the rest of the company joked him about his projects, and the time passed off rapidly and agreeably.

At the moment of leaving, however, he repeated, “I am a stranger to all the crimes of the French Revolution; pray, regard me as merely a soldier of the 13th of Vendémaire.(62) I planned and executed a wise and complicated manœuvre, but I was forced to employ a little artifice; it was not a war of tactics, but of extermination; some victims were required; I could only diminish their number. Besides, the great men who signalize themselves in revolutions, must never abandon their work until it is finished and consolidated, for there will always be found enough who are secretly ambitious to overthrow the

moral edifice which good men erect. I have from my youth adopted the maxim, '*that he who is afraid of being deceived, can never be sufficiently on his guard; for he is often the most so when he is entrapped.*' "

Party spirit never discovers any obstacles, and prejudice adopts at once whatever flatters it, without calculation, and without reflection.\*

Such was the line of conduct which Bonaparte appeared to prescribe to himself. Time alone could show whether this young lover of glory would have the good luck, and above all, the power to chain it to his car.

I was of the number of privileged persons who composed the society of the Directors; I always had some favour to ask for unfortunate emigrants; I went daily to plead their cause at the palace of the Luxembourg.

Among them Barras was the most easy of approach. The next day after my first and too famous meeting with Bonaparte, this director said to me: "I am about to propose to you, madame, something to your advantage. For a long time you have thought only of the business of others; it is time you should be occupied about your own.—I want to make you to marry the *little Bonaparte*, whom I have just got appointed general-in-chief, and to whom I have given the business of conquering Italy." I was surprised at the proposal; it by no means met my approbation. "Do you really think of that?" said I to the director; "your project is inconceivable."—"Pray, reflect upon it," replied Barras; "I give him a new country to conquer! Bonaparte will easily and in a short time, make his fortune there; he has the Italian character, and is of course ambitious;

\* When the political machine has got out of order, it takes ages so to refit and arrange its parts as to make it move on with order and regularity. Thousands of men must perish before any one will be found adroit enough, powerful enough, or politic enough, to give to everything a regular movement. 'Tis only when men become tired of cutting each others throats that they acknowledge their past opinions were but chimeras and their vehemence a scourge.



he burns to acquire a great military reputation. In marrying you, he will gain a name in society, and on your part you will find in him a support. Don't doubt it, madame, this young Corsican will rise high, especially if he shall be so fortunate as to associate himself with so good and so amiable a woman as you. I know that this man has all the public and private qualities to render him worthy of you; he has not a single fault which can give rise to a reasonable objection;—good humour, manners, talents, character, reputation—he possesses all that the heart of a woman can desire.”—“All that the heart of a woman should fear,” I replied.—“*Fear*, and why?” said Barras, and the director pointed out a thousand subjects of brilliant hope. But, as yet, the warrior who could accomplish them, had not produced the least favourable impression on my mind.

I discovered in him a tone of assurance and exaggerated pretension, which injured him greatly in my estimation. The more I studied his character, the more I discovered the oddities for which I was at a loss to account; and at length he inspired me with so much aversion, that I ceased to frequent the house of Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\*, where he spent his evenings. We met several times at Tallien's; the more I sought to avoid his presence, the more he seemed to multiply himself in my way. I mentioned it confidentially to Madame Tallien, and what was my surprise to hear her say: “Josephine! listen to my secret. I myself chose a husband from gratitude, but his kind attentions to me, and the ascendancy which I have been able to exert over him, would make me unworthy of myself, should I listen to the voice of ambition. I shall not mention the source of the ambitious schemes which have been spread before me, so foreign to my principle; suffice it to inform you, that the persons who appear to interest themselves in my welfare advise me to quit the man who has bound me to his fortunes, and to attach myself to those of the modern *Chevert*. (63) I am so devoted to you, that I must urge you to accept the offer you have received. One of two things you may be assured of; you will be sincerely attached to the general recommended by Barras, which

will certainly be a piece of personal good luck ; or your attachment to him will not be sincere, in which case your children and yourself will at least partake of the advantages which the brilliant career he is destined to run must secure ; and thus a sense of gratitude on your part will supply that of friendship." . . . .

Such advice as this, though I was far from expecting it from the woman I so much respected, necessarily led to serious reflections. The idea of marrying a man whose enterprising character was already so manifest, made me fearful for the future ; and yet, when I thought of the benefits which might result to my children, every personal consideration vanished. An agreeable dream would sometimes bring to my ears the voice of my Eugene, calling for a protector. So long had I lived alone, and in widowhood, deprived of every hope, that in entering into a new union, I fondly imagined that adulation, homage, and pleasures, would attend my path. This illusion rendered me for a moment happy indeed :—Last awhile, fond dream ! Why canst thou not endure always !!

But I still argued against Madame Tallien's project, though so feeble were the objections I opposed to her solid reasonings, that Bonaparte's assiduities began to be less displeasing to me. I began even to discover a kind of charm in his conversation ; by degrees my heart yielded, and I consented, at length, to marry the hero who was one day to conquer so many nations.

Under a placid exterior I concealed a soul full of life and devotion to a loved object, but I felt a sort of pride in fully assuring myself of the reality of the attachment of a man who evinced nothing but the tenderest regard for me ; and thus I carefully concealed my purpose from all my friends, even from Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\*. Often did that amiable and witty\*

\* I never saw a face more calm, or one which so perfectly realized the idea of an angelic being. She was seldom merry, but a pleasant smile was ever on her lips, and gave to her mouth a most graceful charm. Certainly, a woman might be prettier, but not handsomer. It would be

woman hazard to my face many adroit and searching questions, the real object of which was to penetrate my thoughts; but for the present, I merely manifested satisfaction at meeting Bonaparte. I was then in the habit of visiting the most distinguished families of the nobility. The most of them, although despoiled of their titles, seemed not to have fallen from the rank they had once occupied.

They still rigorously observed the rules of etiquette in the *salons*. I hesitated to let them know, that I had promised to unite my lot with that of the vanquisher of the sections; such a disclosure would have deeply wounded my self-love, and subjected me to their reproaches, and so well did I dissemble the fact, that I escaped that humiliation.

I myself sent to Bonaparte the letter from the Directory, offering him the command of the army of Italy.(64) The title of general-in-chief flattered his vanity; he saw himself at once invested with full power to direct all the military operations of that army, and already believed himself, like Gengis Khan, called by his star to establish a universal monarchy.\*

He had but a few days to make his preparations for crossing the Alps; and two days before his departure, he received the title of my husband. "Yes, madame," said he, "I swear to you, that I will be a second father to your children, and you shall never repent of the choice you have deigned to make. I devote to the execration of posterity, the one of us who shall be first to sunder the bands which unite us, woven not only by esteem and friendship, but by love." And, as if he wished to prove he was not ignorant that he owed to me his appoint-

difficult, indeed, to unite in the same person a greater number of those qualities which captivate the heart, without disturbing the senses. She was a combination of ingenuousness, sharpened by wit and good humour; —a calm tenderness, a secret spell impossible to be resisted, breathed through all she said or did.—*Portrait of Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\*, by Josephine's own hand.*

\* "Promote him," said a certain general to the Directory, "or he will promote himself without you!"

ment to the command of the army of Italy, he said, on taking leave, "Josephine, I owe you much, but I will either lose my head, or the world shall one day see me greater than it now expects." I then received his vows, which strengthened my own, and for a moment believed myself the happiest of woman-kind.

This marriage produced a lively sensation in Paris. Many persons disapproved of it, and my own family expressed some murmurs and complaints, and indeed my only consolation was that which Tallien and his lady lavished upon me.

Bonaparte left me an honourable title and a delicious abode at his residence,(65) where I saw constantly the best company. I was visited by deputies and generals, but politics were banished from that circle, in which there reigned a prudent circumspection, which excluded from among us all that could give umbrage to authority.

The victories of Bonaparte were themes of conversation, each courier that arrived confirmed them ;(66) already had he conquered at *Montenotte*, *Millesimo*, *Dego*, and *Mondovi*. The ramparts of Milan were already in sight of his army, and thousands of brave men were ready to mount and pass them. Bonaparte became master of *Milan*. The bulletins came so rapidly, that nothing was talked of but the general of the army of Italy.\* He wrote me often, and in his letters entreated me to come and grace his triumphs. I felt impatient to see him — our meeting would be so welcome.

Three months had scarcely passed since my union with this extraordinary man, and he had already surpassed all his rivals in glory.

On receiving the news of the brilliant action at the bridge of *Lodi*, where the French troops covered themselves with glory, orders were given to hasten my departure.

In imagination, I was sketching that beautiful Italy which I

\* The army of Italy was insignificant when Bonaparte received the command of it from the Directory. — *Note by Josephine.*



was about to visit ; it was a series of enchantments ; I wanted to make a drawing of every landscape I saw, such was my admiration of the beauty of natural scenery. In passing the long chain of mountains uniting the Alps, my heart beat with violence ; the sight of objects so new to me, the purity of the atmosphere, the richness and variety of the scenery, elevated my soul, and awakened all my enthusiasm.

At length I saluted that land whose charms afterwards cost my son so many tears. I espied the Borromean Islands.\* The dome of Milan appeared to me the finest and most magnificent temple in the universe. I addressed a fervent prayer to the God of my fathers for the prosperity of my husband and my children.

My reception by the victorious general was enthusiastic. He had excited so much admiration throughout Lombardy, that his wife could not fail to awaken a lively curiosity among the Milanese, of whom he was the idol.(67)

The conqueror was quietly enjoying his triumphs, and the invincible army forgot, in this new *Capua*, the dangers and fatigues of the war. For my own part, I received my share of the public homage, but I remarked, at the time, that so strong was the preference among men of influence in favour of a *Republic*,† that it was almost impossible to make them adopt any other form of government. Bonaparte constantly flattered them with a promise of a constitution, and a decree of the Directory uniting them to the “great nation.”

The project was adopted, but it was easy to see that they would endeavour to shake off the yoke which the conqueror

\* A cluster of small islands in Lago Maggiore, continental Sardinia.

† The Italian patriots had composed a republican hymn, in imitation of the Marseillaise, which was sung at their theatres, in the camp and in the clubs, the refrain of which was

Del despotico portere  
Ite al favio ivi qui editti ;  
Son del nomo primi dritti,  
Tonalianza e liberta.

sought to impose upon them; for it was perfectly clear that the Italians would prefer to govern themselves. Had the general known how to avail himself of this happy disposition of the Italians, he might have worn the iron crown of the Lombards, long before he did. All the neighbouring states seemed to rise simultaneously at his voice. The name of the chief who had conquered Leghorn, was a talisman of marvelous power.

In less than two months this new Hannibal was at the gates of the capital of the estates of the church; they would have been opened to the French had Bonaparte willed it; for Rome but awaited him like another Numa, and was ready to submit humbly to his authority. I enjoyed and exercised a great influence over the mind of the general; I called his attention to the enormous difference that existed between the Romans of the 17th and 18th centuries, and the Latins who founded the queen of cities, and became the masters of the world. The standard of the cross had taken the place of that of the great Pompey; the tranquillity of the pontifical government had, for nearly two thousand years, depressed the courage of the descendants of Romulus. Pope Pius VI. was, of course, frightened at the progress of the French troops towards his territory. He saw them already besieging the Vatican, and the prince of the church had reason to fear being shut up within the ramparts of St. Angelo.

Had Bonaparte followed his original plan, he would have been constrained to exercise this cruel law of war. Nevertheless, he would not flatter a prince whose throne he had come to overthrow. His instructions were positive. The head of the Catholic faith was liable, at any moment, to receive fetters from the hands of the victor. Perhaps, from a sort of shame, the French government might have granted him the right of being the spiritual head of a church rent by schisms; but it was absolutely determined that he should ratify the civil constitution of the clergy, renounce all his temporal rights, and confine himself exclusively to the duties prescribed by the ritual. Then, by way of compensation, the Directory, might, perhaps, con-

cede to him the modest title of the "*first bishop of the French Republic.*"

Such were the secret instructions from which the general of a victorious army was not to depart, from the day he should, like another Alaric, enter the Roman states.\*

My husband endeavoured to soften the rigour of his instructions towards the pope, and I am certain that I contributed much to that act of generosity. "I cannot," wrote Bonaparte to the pope, "hold any kind of negotiation with you, unless you consent on the spot to the most enormous sacrifices. I wish to show the French government, that it is more profitable for them to draw contributions from Italy, than to afflict it with despair and death."(68)

The Romans of the present time are naturally superstitious; the persecutions of Pius VI. alarmed the Catholics; and the French general, instead of treating with him, was in fact preparing for him great resources for the future; for he proved to the world, that an enemy who humbles himself before the French, finds them ever ready to lend him a helping hand.

No sooner had the land of the Tarquins submitted to our arms, than civil dissensions broke out in the bosom of Romagna. The numerous insurrections extended to Lugo, a considerable town in the legation of Ferrara. The chief Italian cities trembled at our successes; many of them leagued together, and called upon Marshal Wurmser to defend them. The old general, sure of the support of those warlike people, presented himself before the French lines, and immediately the attack was commenced at all points. Wurmser attached a sort of glory to being the vanquisher of Bonaparte.

Their first engagement was a bloody one, and the Austrian

\* In order to obtain an armistice (it was signed at Milan), the pope consented to cede to France the legations of Bologna and Ferrara. He gave up the town and citadel of Ancona, submitted to pay twenty millions, delivered up a hundred objects of art selected in the museums of Rome, and more than six hundred manuscripts from the library of the Vatican, besides a costly cabinet of medals.

general remained master of the field of battle. My husband promised to be avenged ; but, in the interim, it was necessary to provide for the retreat of the French army, a large part of whom had fled in disorder, and were hotly pursued by the Germans.

A moment sufficed to show the great man his true situation, and to enable him to comprehend it. One false step might have destroyed him for ever. He took one which seemed extraordinary, that of immediately raising the siege of Mantua, and ordering several of his generals to join him at Brescia.

He could not forgive Marshal Wurmser for having beaten him. Said he to his troops ; — “ This old captain, now more than eighty years old, gives us too much annoyance ; it belongs to you, my braves, to make him repose eternally upon his laurels.”

My husband multiplied himself, so to speak, at every point. At Lonadano, where he went to superintend in person an attack upon an Austrian division which menaced him, his exertions succeeded beyond all expectation. His presence of mind was wonderful. At length, a stroke of boldness and genius saved the French army. The battle of Castiglione was one of the most splendid feats of arms that adorn the pages of history.

This new triumph astonished Italy, and threw into the shade the principal part of Bonaparte's enemies. The first successes of the Austrians had awakened hopes at Cremona, Castel-Maggiore, and Ferrara ; the agitators made an appeal to the people, and talked about reconquering their liberty ; and while thinking about avenging themselves on their oppressors, they dared insult the French commissioners in the gardens of the Medicis. A civil war was on the point of breaking out. On all sides men were rushing to arms ; — “ We must,” said they, “ oppose the carrying away of the master-works of genius, the primary source of our riches and our glory !” Such was the general cry of the agitators. They trampled under foot the emblems of liberty and, equality, and, while Italy was losing her protecting divinities, the effervescence of the populace was carried to its



utmost height. The people shed tears, and were touched with veneration for the antique statues which the victorious hands of the French were taking from their natal soil, to enrich our museums at home.\*

Fame had spread the news of these successes of Bonaparte throughout Lombardy.(69)

The malcontents became quiet, and were afraid to provoke the vengeance of the conqueror. The most moderate and prudent party, those who were the friends of a constitutional liberty and of organic laws, such as could alone insure the tranquillity of a state, united their efforts to obtain political power, and the Cisalpine republic was spontaneously proclaimed as the means of putting an end to the reign of anarchy.

I was at Milan during the memorable campaign, in which Bonaparte triumphed so completely over Wurmser. "I have," wrote he to me, "beaten him well; but I assure you the old marshal was not well served by his officers, and the gold which I managed to distribute to certain favourites did him more hurt than the republican bayonets."

After the battle of Roveredo, balls and concerts multiplied to infinity at Milan, whither Bonaparte came for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of the foundation of the republic. One can hardly form any idea of the pomp and costly luxury of that triumphant ceremony. He had, in some sort, ordered it for the purpose of trying the strength of the Directory, and at the same time making a show of his own power. All the pretty Milanese women were on tiptoe for the honour of being presented to him. He noticed in the great box or *loge*, of the *Casino de recriazione*, a pretty Bolognaise, dressed in the colours that then

\* Posterity will hardly believe, that in a single campaign all Italy was conquered; three armies successively destroyed; more than fifty colours captured; 40,000 Austrians forced to lay down their arms; and that all these wonders were achieved by a general only twenty-seven years old, at the head of a French army of only 30,000 men. — *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire*.

constituted the universal charm. As she happened to be at my side, I perceived that he made a sign indicating his respect for the young stranger ; and to please my husband, I even outdid him in eulogies upon that interesting woman. Her husband had fallen a victim in the late events that had taken place at Modena. He was a member of the regency, and was now in prison for his political offences ; she had come to me to intercede with Bonaparte for his liberation. She finally obtained it, but upon a condition. Her father was all powerful at Bologna ; Bonaparte exacted that the tri-colour flag should be immediately raised upon the citadel of that town, and that a republic like that of Milan should be instituted without delay.

He was full of gayety for several days. He received with marks of respect, several Milanese girls, who came to present him with an elegant basket, the devices and emblems on which rendered it a beautiful ornament. I was charged with the duty of making his acknowledgments for this homage. At the same time, he forbade the admission to his presence of a certain terrestrial divinity who had rode through the city elevated on a car, in the midst of shouts of *viva la repubblica francese*. “ Ladies,” said he, with an air of good nature, on returning to the palace, “ to-day is the day for making calls among the Milanese. Liberty should not go out of her temple, and consequently the Goddess of Reason will remain veiled in the midst of these laughing children of Momus.”

The French general was in the habit of thus charming away his leisure moments ; but he soon became tired of what he called his inaction, and returned to his camp in the midst of his soldiers. His presence electrified and aroused them to confront new perils.\* Meanwhile seditious movements took place at Ferrara, Bologna and Modena. The inhabitants of the last

\* Cæsar, observing that all the pikes of his soldiers emitted sparks, did not stop to inquire the cause of the phenomenon, but immediately exclaimed, “ Forward, heaven promises us the victory !” Thus does a man of genius make every circumstance contribute to the end he has in view. — *Esprit de Madame Necker*.

mentioned city made a hasty attempt to rebuild their feeble ramparts. Bonaparte appeared in their midst like a thunder-bolt ; overthrew its ancient government, and established another, and ordered that all the principal places should unite together by a firm league. Proclamations were then circulated throughout Italy, in which Bonaparte openly censured the agents of civil discord. "My honour," said he, "will be tarnished in the eyes of the French nation, should I not put a stop to the disorders which subsist among you. I am the enemy of villains and the robbers who lead them. I will shoot those who attempt to overthrow social order, and are born only to be the opprobrium and curse of society. Whatever may be your opinions, no one shall be judged but by due process of law ; but property must be everywhere respected."

Bonaparte, it will be seen, endeavoured to overthrow those popular despots who had taken the place of the regencies. . . . But unhappily the Revolution had, as a certain distinguished democrat once said, already begun to *make the tour of the world*.

It had introduced into Europe a new order of things, and sundered all the bands which had united civilized nations. The people had got tired of so many divergences from the old way, and quietly waited for the result of the deliberations of their new Cortes. In many respects, Bonaparte vigorously seconded the projects of the Directory, and his heart was filled with vengeance from the time of the taking of Leghorn. In opening communications with the country of his birth, he gratified ancient resentments ; he determined to prevent Paoli from assuming the title of Viceroy of Corsica.—"It belongs to me and me only," said he, "to be the arbiter of the destiny of my own country," and immediately ordered General Gentili to assist the insurgents, and put the strangers to flight.

He affected to pity Paoli : (70)—"He is a great man," said he : "I owe him a debt of gratitude ; but that generalissimo might have immortalized himself. How came he to trust to the *sincerity of the English* ?"

In seeking protection at the hands of those lucky Islanders, he despaired of his country's safety, and imposed on her a new *Theodore*.(71) "This is enough;—I now feel myself released from all obligation towards him. I mean to force him, in accelerating the fall of Elliott, to demand a second time, an asylum among the enemies of the continent. This man shall live as an outlaw, who for a time affected to live as a sovereign." Such was his language to the Directory, announcing to them the fact that the tricolour flag had taken the place of the British ensign.

The general, incessantly employed in sustaining the glory of the French name, pushed with vigour the siege of Mantua, where Wurmser was shut up. Not that he feared the field-marshal Alvinzi, who had the command of the Austrian army; but he had lost ground, and feared that the enemy, by concentrating his forces, might attack him and gain some advantage. He consulted Augereau. The two heroes of Lodi met, and the interview aroused the courage of the soldiers. Though fortune then seemed inconstant, the exhortations of the chiefs awakened the courage of the troops; they rushed to their standards, and marched against the enemy. In vain did the new recruits falter before the enemy's batteries, that vomited death amidst their ranks; in vain did they seek to fly and get out of their line—they were carried on in spite of themselves, and forced to reap the laurels of Arcola.

In that action even the bravest lost courage, and seemed to despair; but Augereau, the intrepid Augereau, rushed forward, and planted the rallying sign at the extremity of the bridge; the enemy's batteries redoubled their fire, and now the cries of the wounded and dying rang in the ears of Bonaparte. Consulting only his courage, anxious to imitate the noble example of Augereau, he exclaimed: "Soldiers! are you not the conquerors of Lodi?—The enemy is but two steps off,—rush through this trifling space, and victory is ours!" And with the word he advanced—he rushed forward, and, for the moment, seemed to overawe the enemy, who had just made a sortie. The tri-



colour flag met their eyes ; but alas, our best generals were already among the dead or wounded : death had mown down the *élite* of the brave ; it had visited every rank, and the field of battle resounded with the groans of Frenchmen crushed by the bolt.

My husband was touched by the situation of the division under his immediate command, which was most exposed to the enemy's fire, and when he saw General Lannes\* fall, who was his intimate friend, anguish was depicted in his every feature ; —in a moment, he himself, carried back by the retiring ranks of the French, was thrown into a ditch, and, but for the rare devotedness of a common soldier, who came to his aid, and rescued him from a heap of wounded who lay wedged together around him, there would have been an end of the new destinies which he was preparing for Europe.

His reputation was naturally augmented by this famous action. He might have spared the blood of his troops, had he been so disposed ; and his friends even advised him to turn the Austrian position, persuaded that he would thus be able to obtain an advantage. But, unhappily, this thunderbolt of war was fond of shining deeds ; he well knew the impetuosity of the French youth. “ With such legions,” said he, “ I shall easily carry by force whatever position I will :” and the slight check experienced at Rivoli was soon retrieved.

My husband sent me a courier from Bergamo : he seemed uninformed of the complaints daily made against him by the Directory. They accused him of disregarding their authority by treating with sovereigns, without consulting them — as if such a pusillanimous government could not be easily eluded. “ Whenever I wish,” said he to me, “ I shall have a majority of the French people against them. A principality has been offered me ; the house of Austria is anxious to put an end to the tribute I have imposed upon Lombardy : she stands in need of such a

\* Lannes was wounded at Rivoli, and killed at the battle of Aspern, in 1809.—TRANSLATOR.

man as I am ; but I have still loftier views, and I cannot govern in Italy."

His mind was intent on pursuing his destinies. "I must" (he wrote me) "have the fortress of Mantua ; I must have it, madame, and then the happy Bonaparte, crowned with honours and conquests, will hasten to forget, at your side, the dangers he has encountered."

This despatch was from Verona, and a few days afterwards the news of the victory of Rivoli quieted my anxiety, and re-animated my hopes. — This is what he told me : "I am going to triumph over General Alvinzi ; I shall be master of all Italy, and feel certain of extending my conquests to the last boulevard remaining to the Austrians. Still, I have some fears. But, *Dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirat ?*"\*

This letter was sent me at the moment I had received news from France, revealing to my mind the certainty of my husband's approaching ruin. By means of a faithful agent, I enabled him to foresee it, and urged him to attempt a bold stroke. He instantly put an end to the armistice, laid a snare for the field-marshal, and compelled him, in some sort, to go and defend his humbled honour before his natural judges. He was accused of treason, but was only unlucky. Bonaparte having gained over one of his counsellors, he was drawn into that state of false security, which left the French general a few moments of time to adjust his affairs. This was enough to produce his accusation. The Emperor showed himself more just than his enemies, and made him Commander-in-chief of the army of Hungary.

The Nestor of the Austrian army was shut up in Mantua, where, for eight months, he had kept in check a large part of the French army.

The numerous sorties had cost each side thousands of men. Bonaparte saw himself compelled to pause for a time before this obstacle ; but, from the succinct accounts furnished him by

\* "In fighting an enemy who cares whether it be by courage or fraud?"

his secret agents in the town, respecting its situation, he found out that a horrible famine and a pestilential disease were daily making the most horrible ravages, and that the maréchal must, from motives of mere humanity, soon capitulate. On this occasion the Conqueror showed himself generous. The conditions he imposed were honourable to the illustrious warrior, who had forced his way through the Caudine Forks. Bonaparte knew that numbers of French emigrants were shut up in the city. He wanted to save them, but was at a loss for the means. I counselled him as follows:—"Give General Wurmser, if necessary, a hundred or two chariots, and give the formal order that they shall not be visited. By this ingenious expedient you will save the lives of the unhappy outlaws, who will one day thank you for it, and see in you a liberator. Endeavour to impose upon the Directory as to your real intentions; and rely upon it, posterity, more just than they, more just than your advisers, will applaud your moderation."

An aid-de-camp was immediately sent as a courier, by whom this confidential despatch was delivered to the Austrian general, at the moment he had assembled his council of war, to deliberate upon the best means of obtaining an honourable capitulation.

Having become master of the superb Mantua, Bonaparte found there immense wealth; the spoils of the vanquished became the prey of the victors, who divided them amongst themselves. The Directory received the better part of them; the captured colours were all sent home, and were the occasion of brilliant and continual festivities at Paris.

The Duputies strove with each other to contrive the honours to be decreed to Bonaparte. One of them proposed to give him the surname of *Italicus*. The public joy was at its height, and the French people again believed themselves saved.

Bonaparte then came and passed a few days with me. I was happy in his attachment and confidence. During his absence I had been alternately at Pavia, Cremona, and Plasia,

&c., and conversed with his friends on subjects relating to him. I had contributed not a little to stimulate their zeal in repelling the Tyrolese, who had had the audacity to present themselves at the gates of Milan. Much agitation prevailed in that city, but such was my ascendancy over the Italians, that neither the clergy nor nobility dared receive them, and the people themselves, whom I had taken care to conciliate by presents, remained tranquil, and kept about their usual labours. Bonaparte thanked me for the manner in which I had watched over his interests. "At another time, madame," said he, "I shall be able, without any fear, to intrust you with the government of a state; make a vow that your husband shall arrive at supreme power; then, Josephine," added he with a smile, "I will let you have a deliberative voice in my councils;—but as for the key to my treasures, you shall never have that."

I had scattered the evidences of my good will with some profusion, and my customary expenses had increased; at this he seemed surprised, but I soon convinced him that in our present situation his wife ought, in some sort, to eclipse the courts of the sovereigns who were at war with the French Republic.

He appreciated my observations, but did not the less chide me for what he called my prodigalities.

He then showed me the orders he had received from the Directory, by which he was required to treat the pope as a common enemy of the French nation, and to overthrow the pontifical power; and while I was endeavouring to make known to him my ideas on that subject, he said, "It costs me much thus to disturb Pius VI.; I by no means desire to carry off from the ancient capitol the statues of the murderers of Cæsar, and yet I must, if possible, obey and execute a part of my instructions." . . . .

General Victor was already on the march towards the Roman states, and Bonaparte followed after him. "We are," said the latter, "about to take possession of Faenza, Forli, and Ceseno, one after the other. Will you be of the party, Jose-



phine? or are you still afraid of the sound of cannon?(72) 'Tis music to a good soldier, and the wife of a French general owes it to his example never to tremble before the enemy's fire." Such was his language to me; and we started off post haste for Imola, which he entered at the head of his army, surrounded by a brilliant staff.

On seeing Cardinal Chiaramonti (at present Pius VII.), I could not repress a feeling of respect. That venerable prelate prostrated himself at Bonaparte's feet. The general raised him with perfect politeness, and surrounded him with his guard. The worthy archbishop supplicated him to spare the town, and offered him his palace. "Everything is your own," said the pontiff to the general; "a servant of God must consent to give up his worldly wealth whenever it can purchase life or liberty for his beloved brethren in Jesus Christ." I besought Bonaparte to show himself generous, and was delighted to observe that he relented.

He promised to protect the town, and took away only the plate, jewels, and diamonds which were found in the bishop's palace. "'Tis the law of war," said he, on seeing me afflicted by the incident, "'Tis the law of war—woe wait upon it!—but be quiet, Josephine; I have only taken away some superfluities which he may well spare; I have reduced him to the simplicity of the apostles, and the good cardinal will one day thank me for it;—besides, I am only seeking the good of his soul in all this, and, by way of revenge, the martyrology of Rome will one day rank him, for his noble disinterestedness, among the number of Holy Confessors." (73)

Marmont sent to Bonaparte the "*Madonna*" which he had taken from Loretto, (74) and the general sent it to the Directory, but retained some other valuable relics.\*

\* Among these relics was a piece of old watered-camlet, which was represented to him as having been the robe of the Virgin Mary. He gave it to Josephine, who had it enclosed in a medallion. Without attaching much importance to it, she regarded it as a monument of antiquity.

He jokingly offered to make me a present of one of the three broken porringers which had formed part of the household stuff of the Virgin, which I refused. Always filled with respect for religion, I would not countenance the larcenies which were committed in her temples, and I often succeeded in persuading my husband to restore to the Italian churches the sacred vessels which had been carried off.

Sustained by the valour of his troops, Bonaparte soon made himself master of Romagna, of the duchy of Urbin and the marche of Ancona: Nothing could stay the tide of his conquests. Garlands of oak and civic crowns waited to adorn his triumph. Rome was filled with consternation; everybody trembled at the approach of the invincible legions, and fled in dismay; the shadows of night favoured the escape of the fugitives. The Pope's household abandoned him, and Pius VI. remained surrounded by a few servants only, who continued faithful to his person. Most of the Cardinals fled to Naples, and of this number was the celebrated *Maurv*. In such an extremity, what should the head of an afflicted church do?—await the terms which the conqueror might impose on him? Should he have made an open resistance? Ought he even to have launched against him the thunders of the Vatican? No! the venerable chief of the Catholic religion will take the wisest course. He wished to save the people of whom Providence had made him the sovereign. As to himself, he shunned no sacrifice; he made himself an offering; he threw himself upon the generosity of the conqueror. Cardinals Mattei (75) and Gallopi, the Duke of Braschi and the Marquis of Massino, hastened to the general's head-quarters with a secret despatch from the Holy Father. Bonaparte pretended that he could not depart from his instructions, and even increased his pretensions.

His army was not more than three days' march from Rome; but, faithful to the plan I had persuaded him to adopt, he consented to slacken his march. His answer to the Holy Father was full of modesty and magnanimity. (76) He seemed touched by the fate of the conquered monarch, and the propositions made

on each side were soon reciprocally accepted with apparent sincerity. No one could then have anticipated that this noble conduct of my husband would have exposed him to the most bitter reproaches from the Directory.

Our ever victorious legions did not enter the city of the Cæsars,(77) but contented themselves with receiving its submission. Nothing was then wanting to the glory of their chief. He was adored by his soldiers, and the Roman clergy entertained for him a kind of religious veneration. They regarded him as a protecting angel, and from that time forth he began to lay the foundations of his immense power, and to conciliate the favour of the head of the church. By cementing an alliance with the anti-republican faction, he took a step entirely opposite to that which had been before adopted by the generals who had commanded the French armies.

If he plundered the *Madonna*,(78) and some relics consecrated by religion and their antiquity, he did so to hide from the view of the too inquisitive, his real designs upon Italy and the Roman provinces.\*

Our sojourn in the cities of Mantua and the Tyrol, was constantly marked by some new triumph, in which I should sincerely have taken part, but for my utter disrelish of the incense of adulation, for which no woman ever felt greater disgust. Bonaparte was intoxicated with it.† “I am resolved,” said he

\* Bonaparte used to say to his principal officers, “During my campaign in Italy, the Directory kept up a great clamour against me. They tried remonstrances; I sent them Madonnas of massive silver; they became silent, and my army pushed ahead. After my victories, the different factions that agitated France, came and knocked at my door. I turned them a deaf ear, for it was not at all to my taste to be the instrument of a party.” — *Pensées de Bonaparte*.

† The great merit of Bonaparte did not consist in his having gained battles, but in having placed himself above other men, in commanding them, attaching them to his fortunes, and interesting them in his successes. Nobody ever knew better than he how to imitate that celebrated Greek who taught his birds to repeat continually, “*Psaphon is a God*.” — *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de France*.

to me, "to be the great regulator of the destinies of Europe, or the first citizen on the globe. I feel myself capable of overturning all, even to the New World; and then the universe will receive the law from my hands.—Then will I make the cowards tremble who would force me to quit my country." Thus reasoned the French general after having triumphed three times over the Germans, put an end to that bloody war by the treaty of Leoben, and caused to be acknowledged the independence of a republic in Lombardy.

I was the depositary of his confidence; but he observed with attention my slightest movements, and penetrated my most secret thoughts. On all occasions, I took care that my opinion should appear to be the result of his own. Our feelings, tastes, inclinations, were the same; the same soul seemed to animate our beings, and so well did we seem fitted for each other, that, from the moment of our marriage, our union seemed cemented with all the force and firmness possible to be derived from our different sentiments. I esteemed myself happy to repay his attachment by the tenderest return. I begged him to repose upon my sincere devotion, and to feign ignorance of what I might one day undertake for his elevation. Justice requires me to say of Bonaparte that his nature was not violent, and that, on those occasions when he could yield to the impulses of his heart, he took pleasure in making himself loved for his good deeds; but ambition and jealousy, those two dangerous passions, are capable of destroying the best natural instincts, and of urging those who are subject to their sway, to the most frightful lengths.

It was at Milan that my feelings received the first wound from his suspicions.

My reply was—"Unreserved confidence, my friend, is the only bond of true friendship: believe me, it is as indispensable to friendship as to love."(79)

We remained some time at Bologna;(80) but I wanted, also, to pass the Apennines, and go to Florence. I was not deceived in the picture I had formed of that city, where the front of the Strozzi's place represents the entire history of the Guelphs



and Ghibellines. The ease and politeness of the inhabitants, the smiling aspect of the scenery, the freshness of the promenades along the banks of the Arno, the trees crowned with vines; happy indexes of the fertility of that delicious plain surrounded by gentle declivities—everything conspired to keep me in that country of the gods. “The time will come,” said Bonaparte, “when I shall make of this country a brilliant appendage. I intend that one of my own sisters shall yet command the ramparts where the Medicis reigned.”(81)

I explored the valley of Valombrosa. That charming solitude lies hidden in the midst of a forest of fir trees. My husband granted some small favours to the monks of the hospice,(82) who are truly useful personages, beacon lights in the midst of a stormy sea, where the wayfarer from every land is received and treated with kindness. It was pleasing to see that they had not degenerated from their primitive character. Their kind offices do much to reconcile one to monastic orders, which, for more than a century past, have found little favour among mankind. The torch of philosophy has never penetrated the Italian cloisters. Its light is intercepted by their convent walls, and habit and prejudice are the sentinels that keep a perpetual watch. Those two enemies of reason are more productive of darkness than their rival is of light.

Bonaparte was received with acclamations by a grateful people. He was everywhere hailed as the saviour of Lombardy. I was with him enjoying his glory, without pride of feeling, and aiding him, so far as I could, to sustain an imposing exterior.

My husband had become apprised that troubles were brewing in the upper provinces. He suddenly left Florence in order to prevent or appease them; and meanwhile I returned to Milan, where I held my court. The *œil de bœuf* of Versailles, so to speak, was upon me in my palace.

Politics were the constant theme of conversation. Many censured the government of Bonaparte; some pitied—some

conspired against him, and some were friendly to him. Virtues and vices became alike greater than ordinary.

The Frenchmen could never satisfy themselves in gazing at the charms of the beautiful Milanese. Who can calculate the effects of a deterioration of manners? The most paltry means, the most despicable intrigues were constantly employed to obtain even a look of kindness. I became habituated to this kind of political traffic! I was acquainted with the great—*they are everywhere the same*. The most of them easily obtained permission to remain in the city, and the ablest secretaries speculated upon the last ducat to befriend them. I tried to remedy this abuse, but found it almost impossible, in the present state of things, to reduce the price of passports.\* I used all my efforts to conciliate opinion, and the Italian nobility found in my husband and myself protection and safety.

Nothing was wanting to my comfort; but the frequent absences of Bonaparte imposed upon me the necessity of keeping up a perpetual display, and my spirits in constant exercise; the Milanese, moreover, needed an idol to whom they might offer their incense. The people are, generally speaking, kind, but jealous of their liberties, as are also the great of their prerogatives. By seeming to protect the former, and to make some concessions to the latter, I managed to maintain all in tranquillity. By promising them much, they were persuaded to hope for everything. They ascribed to me the greatest influence over Bonaparte, and necessarily became attached to me.(83)

I also protected the clergy, a great part of whom were received with marked respect by the new female sovereign, who reigned in that region. In short, the part I acted at Milan enabled me to make many persons happy, and to be so myself. At least, I was happy in appearance, though in my heart I regarded the honours that surrounded me as so many breakers,

\* They brought more than 3,000,000 into the treasury of the General-in-chief.

from which I should have been quite glad to make my escape.

I was happy, indeed, when I could find an opportunity to divest myself of all fatiguing external pomp, and make an excursion through the charming country lying betwixt Milan and Lodi, and visit the islands in Lago Maggiore.\* But the triumphs of the French army constantly demanded new programmes of fêtes and ceremonies. I did the honours on such occasions, and gave the most brilliant balls and concerts. My evenings were regularly spent at play, and on days of public festivity I visited the theatre.

Couriers arrived every forty-eight hours, sometimes preceded by an express. I was of course made acquainted with all the movements of the army, and the principal officers received the

\* The Borromean Islands are, without dispute, the most singular things in Italy. You would suppose they had been formed and embellished according to the descriptions of Tasso and Ariosto, or that they furnished the models for those descriptions.

At the head of a gulf formed by the lake, are three Islands, called St. Charles Islands. The largest is occupied by gardens and terraces, covered with orange trees, citrons, and myrtles. The houses in the midst of the ornamented grounds are spacious, having their interiors embellished in the most costly manner. On one side you see the Alps, forming three ranges of mountains, the first in a state of cultivation, the second covered with woods, and the third with snow and ice.

In the opposite direction the eye surveys an immense expanse of country planted with vines, sprinkled with villages, towns, and cities. The Lake itself presents a prospect not less enchanting. The waters are as clear as crystal, and upon them you see great numbers of sail boats, keeping up a constant communication with Switzerland. The road which conducts you hither, vies in beauty with the finest in France. Madame Bonaparte's admiration was excited by the remarkable copper statue at Arona, 60 feet high, representing St. Charles Borromeus. The head alone was capacious enough to contain several persons, and the spouse of the general of the army of Italy rested for several minutes on the last step of the stairs, which led up, and terminated exactly in the *nose* of the holy archbishop who is so much adored in Italy.

bulletins from my hands. I carefully concealed the defeats. It would have been impolitic to acknowledge defeats which were so soon retrieved, and I, moreover, had a firm belief that everything must yield to Bonaparte—that the most invincible difficulties must vanish beneath the steps of a hero who so devoutly idolized glory. My son seemed to be following in his footsteps, and had already distinguished himself in several engagements. As to Hortense, her rapid progress in all the useful and agreeable arts relieved me of much of the pain of being separated from her.

I had intrusted her to the care of Madame Campan, who had charge of a household of young pupils at *St. Germain en Laye*, whose parents had followed my husband's fortunes.

My daughter soon attracted the attention of her instructress and companions, by her amiability and rare qualities.(84) I was about to set out on a visit to her, and only awaited orders from Bonaparte, who had flattered me with that agreeable idea; but he now wrote me that, in order to terminate his exploits in Italy, he wanted to subdue the Venetian states, an enterprise already commenced.

I well knew that the *Five* had determined on my husband's removal, and that they were nevertheless much troubled at the idea of his returning to France. "Where," I exclaimed, on first reading M. Batat's\* letter, "where will they find *sicaires* (assassins) bold enough and rash enough to come and announce such a resolution in his camp or at the head of his army? The soldiers call him their father, and regard him as an extraordinary being. He might, were he so disposed, throw that directorial minority into the shade; but the project must have time to ripen; he must merely feign an approval of the plan I intend to submit to him, of the projected elimination of the Directory and the two councils." Such were my secret

\* Barras' secretary. Bonaparte was long jealous of him, and Josephine took good care to dissemble the fact that it was by his means she became acquainted with all that took place in the Directory.



reasonings, known only to myself. It was, however, plain enough that that shadow of a government must soon vanish.

Already was the manifesto against Venice known at Milan. Among other complaints, the Directory reproached the most serene republic with having given refuge to a brother of Louis XVI., and numerous French emigrants in his suite. Soon was the doge forced to come and humble himself at the feet of the famous conqueror, whose invincible arms threatened to shake all the thrones in Europe. The least sign from the angry Jove was a decree of death to all governments.

The different proclamations issued by Bonaparte were a kind of *amphibologies*; but their real objects were concealed in the cabinet of the Luxembourg, and that mercenary authority teased him continually to accelerate the ruin of Italy, and share the spoils with them. The directors probably hoped, that, in the heat of combat, the deadly lead or the arm of some *Séide* might disembarass them of the warrior they feared. While awaiting their triumph, which they regarded as certain, by means of a prolongation of the war, our *Five* were enjoying, in anticipation, the fruits they had expected to reap from the events of the famous 18th Fructidor.(85)

The Venetian states were not slow in making their submission. Verona found favour in the eyes of her conqueror,\* and the tri-colour flag waved over the doge's palace. Bonaparte

\* The city of Verona would have been given up to pillage at this time, but for the powerful intervention of Madame Bonaparte. She despatched several couriers to her husband, beseeching him to respect the sanctuary where an unfortunate outlaw had reposed. "The pretender to the throne of France," she wrote him, "found in that city an asylum and protection;—*you understand me, general.*" She succeeded in her request; the inhabitants were released by paying a heavy contribution of 3,600,000 francs. Sundry articles of personal property, deposited by the most indigent at *Mont-de-Piété*, were restored to them. Josephine made many, but vain efforts, in favour of honourable victims who were destined to perish; of this number was Count Emili. She interceded in vain; Bonaparte was inflexible. "I am sorry," wrote he to his wife, "but I was

occupied it. "Come, madame," he wrote me, "come and enjoy the enthusiasm, of which I am the object. Come and partake of the good fortune of a Frenchman, who is the first, since *Pepin*, to raise his flag upon the monuments of the first of republics." It was impossible that the liberators of Italy should not stain their trophies with blood; the presence of Bonaparte necessarily restored order, but I could not help sighing over the evils which were always inseparable from his numerous successes.

From Padua I came to Venice, by the canal of the Brenta, which communicates with the lagoons, a kind of ponds or lakes separated from each other by sand banks, forming pretty islands.

Here stands that unique city, the strongest unfortified town known, impenetrable without any defence, and which has given the law to so many of the vanquished, without having ever yet fallen into the hands of a victor. My husband was now its conqueror, and I hastened to present him with the laurel, the symbol of his new glory.\* My presence seemed quite pleasing to the people of Venice. Those grave, illustrious senators, whose fathers, if we are to believe an ancient tradition, descended in the direct line from the *Adriatic Sea*, daily came and gave brilliancy to my court. Here, as at Milan, fête succeeded fête, and the thunders of Mars did not prevent the opening of

compelled for my own safety and that of the army, to punish him. He is regretted, and friends and enemies alike mourn his loss. Such an example is always a painful one to him who directs it; but in such a case, the good of the whole must prevail over the interest of an individual."

\* The beauty, the variety, the picturesque views, the delicious gardens along the banks of the Brenta, enchanted me. In this country nature everywhere presents a perpetual spring. The most magnificent palaces attest the wealth and luxury of their owners; the feathered inhabitants of this promised land, with their harmonious concerts, welcome the stranger who comes to breathe the rich perfumes, exhaled from vast fields, almost without cultivation—for along the road leading from Padua and Venice, the air is really embalmed: during my travels in Italy, I did not find one more agreeable.—*Note by Josephine.*

the temples of Momus. All the authorities of the Cispadane and Transpadane Republics, hastened to Venice(86) to obtain a look at the French *Washington*.

I spoke Italian passably, enough, at least, to be able to reply to the compliments made me, and sometimes to the very wearisome speeches with which they honoured the first *Citoyenne*\* of the French Republic. 'Twas thus they called me. I was in the midst of every kind of diversion, and for some time the carnival furnished new vanities to our Venetian belles.(87) I did my best to prolong the deceitful illusion. . . . Bonaparte took advantage of it to prepare, as he said, a diplomatic ball which he was going to give to the Genoese.

Genoa the Proud(88) was then on the point of enjoying, in its turn, a popular sovereignty. That city possessed too much wealth to escape the rapacity of the soldiery. Already had the winds which forebode the tempest been blowing; the General-in-chief seemed to direct them towards the quarter where he meant to commence the attack. One of his aides-de-camp sent his despatches to the doge. It was necessary for him to subscribe to the conditions imposed on him. The Senate wished to discuss them. There was no time. "I must," said Bonaparte to the Genoese nobles, "*republicanize* your country, according to the Italian fashion, and that will save it. You are not worthy to enjoy, any longer, that liberty which the famous Andrew Doria planted among you. No, you are not worthy of it; you have dared to overthrow the statue of that great man, and you are now ready to relapse into that state of anarchy from which he rescued you. I wish to remain a simple spectator of your civil struggles; but you must have a government. It belongs to you to choose it; I give you that right; but I shall not quit you till it is established."

It was certainly necessary to employ menaces, and an imposing exterior, in order to get the *Ligurian Republic* recognised.

\* A female citizen.—TRANSLATOR.

Bonaparte, a cunning dissembler, affected to mourn over the fate of this beautiful country, and the misfortunes of those who, no longer finding an asylum or safety among their countrymen, were forced to become wanderers in foreign lands.

He wished to cure the fever which pervaded the Genoese patriots. That demagogical gangrene must have ended in the gradual destruction of the best citizens. Bonaparte, at this epoch, occupied himself sincerely in laying the foundations of a continental peace, and contributed everything in his power to accelerate that result; and the treaty of Campo Formio was wholly his own work. But to have been thus far a great captain was by no means enough to satisfy his ambition; there remained another task for him to fulfil, that of proving himself a good politician and legislator. Such was the art with which he had changed the entire aspect of the countries he had conquered, that Milan, the ancient cradle of monarchy, became, at the will of one man, the seat of a kingly republic; and Venice, the inheritance of liberty, was on the point of passing under the dominion of haughty Germany. Europe was supposed to be pacified; people had bowed before the fasces of the French authority, a name which was everywhere respected, although the revolutionary crater was about to burst forth anew.

Bonaparte, master of the destinies of Italy, was about this time informed, by his brother Lucien, that the Directory, jealous of his successes, and persuaded that the brilliancy of his triumphs would make an impression upon the statesmen of Europe, had judged it conducive to their interests to appoint him their first plenipotentiary to the congress about to assemble at Rastadt, to endeavour, according to the protocol, to establish the happiness of nations.

The general well knew how to gild the chains which he had imposed, with so much good-nature and address, upon those he called his good friends, the Italians. From his first campaigns, he never ceased to labour for "*glory, and for ambition.*" Such was the motto he adopted, and which he often repeated.

Some days before our departure for Germany, the city of Mi-



lan struck a medal in his honour, and decreed him the title of *Italicus*. "Thou seest, my friend," said he to me, presenting it to me; "thou seest this honourable testimonial; it is given to me by the public favour. Public favour, public favour," he repeated, continually, "thou art as light as the zephyr, as inconstant as the seasons—thou wilt pass away like them, and when the north wind blows, thou wilt cease to be seen. As to my deeds," continued he, "it is for the chisel of History to transmit them to our descendants.—I, perhaps, shall have lived in an age when, for all these high achievements, I shall reap nothing but silence and oblivion!" This said, he sunk into the most gloomy and melancholy reflections. The broken sentences of his soliloquy made me the more sad, for the reason that, a few days before, one of the most influential persons at Milan, the Duke de Lit\*\*\*, towards whom Bonaparte had shown a rare condescension, had expressed himself very freely in regard to him. He had said, in a privileged *Casino*—"When shall we see this meteor leaving our walls, who, of himself, is able to set all Europe in a flame, and to scatter the sparks of his revolutionary fire to the ends of the earth?" He left; he quitted that Lombardy which had been the first theatre of his glory, and which was now the witness of his regrets. In vain did he flatter himself with the idea that he had created several republics, which he supposed invincible. Everything demonstrated that the levity and inconstancy of the people would overthrow his work.

Wherever he went, rejoicings attended his footsteps. But Bonaparte seemed a stranger to the public joy which his presence inspired at Rastadt. The ministers of the different powers were presented to him. They considered it both a pleasure and a duty to grace our soirées. No female sovereign ever bore so fine a part as mine then was.\* I was the centre of fashion,

\* Madame Bonaparte was a long time in Italy, where she lived like a sovereign; receiving homage from cities, and presents from the vanquished. She was everywhere the object of public honours; even Venice, invaded and plundered, gave her magnificent fêtes.—*Mémoires pour servir l'histoire*.

the queen of the diplomatic circle. I loved, indeed, to converse with the *royal and imperial bees*; but used with caution the confidence they saw fit to repose in me. I was far from mingling in politics, but left that task to him to whom it belonged, and kept myself strictly within the sphere assigned me.

Count de Fersen was presented to me; he was no longer the fine Swede whom I had once seen gracing the court of Versailles. I found in him but a feeble diplomatist. He even wanted the presence of mind to answer Bonaparte, when the latter, in a severe tone, asked him who was the ambassador of his own nation in Paris. On the Count's replying, that he "would consult his court on that subject," the French plenipotentiary added, "tell your master that if he does not change the framework of an old worn-out policy, I will one day send him a good *Gascon*\* diplomatist who will understand how to simplify the machine, and make it work well. King Gustavus will perhaps learn, too late and to his cost, that *the reins of government require a firm hand, and that, while with one hand he grasps them, the other must be ready to use the sword, whenever the times demand it.*"

Thus did my husband permit himself to give lessons to the sovereigns whom he seemed to menace, and preserved towards the ministers of the foreign powers an unbending haughtiness of resolution, which he was in the habit of calling "*definitive.*"

This energy showed to the different monarchs of Europe, that the new *Gengis* already regarded himself as superior to the most of those mortal gods.—"Besides," said he to the delegates of the surrounding nations, "do not force me again to enter the lists; the struggle will not be an equal one between a people who have conquered their liberty, and the masters who seek to wrest it from them, If you reject to-day the means of reconciliation which I offer you, to-morrow I will make other conditions—but woe to the one among you who

\* General Bernadotte, afterwards King of Sweden, was a *Gascon*.—  
TRANSLATOR.

shall refuse my mediation. I will overthrow the whole scaffolding of a false political system, and the throne that rests upon a foundation so feeble, will soon be shaken down. I tell you this with the frankness of a soldier, and the allowable pride of a victorious general." Thus he expressed himself in the presence of the assembled plenipotentiaries. He reappeared in France at the moment when all eyes and all hopes centered upon him.

The Directory had reaped poor wages for the proscription they had exercised towards two of their members—two most worthy citizens. The revolution of Fructidor, which had exiled new Ciceros from their country, had like to have aroused all parties, and really threw the republic upon the brink of ruin. France, that admirable France, needed an extraordinary genius to heal her wounds. Bonaparte presented himself to the French people with brows bound with laurels, and hand bearing the olive branch of peace. He seemed animated by a love of the public good; his warmest partisans believed him in heart and in principle attached to the new doctrines which breathed the most ultra democracy. I alone divined his real feelings; before his friend his mask fell; he was already tired of the part he was playing. When we again met in Paris, whither I had preceded him by several days, from Rastadt, he uttered this remarkable sentiment:—

"Remember, madame, that the lucky Bonaparte will never be satisfied until he shall with you inhabit a mansion corresponding to his fame. This little house (in the rue de Chantereine) is no longer suitable to the hero of the army of Italy. He must have a *palace*, and adorn it with the flags taken from the enemies of France.\* 'Tis to you, Josephine, to you alone, I leave the task of designing one, worthy to be offered to me by the nation I have immortalized, and, at the same time, of the wife whose excellent qualities cannot but adorn it."

\* Bonaparte was called the first decorator of France, in allusion to the *bon-mot* of the great Condé, who said of the *maréchal* of Luxembourg, that he was the "upholsterer of Notre Dame."

Crowned by the hands of victory, he laid upon the altar of his country, already prepared to receive them, a portion of the palms he had won. In vain did the feeble Directory, which both admired and feared him, which sought to dissemble its real feelings towards him, but could not conceal him from the eyes of the French people—in vain did the five seek to eclipse the sun, and to intercept a portion of his rays. Useless efforts! nothing could cloud him, and that pitiable government saw itself forced humbly to receive from his hands the treaty of Campo Formio; nay, more, to proclaim him the saviour of the country, although they had secretly sworn his destruction.

Among the just causes of inquietude in France, the wise tactics of the *Quintumvirate* consisted in artfully spreading bad news. Certain journalists in their pay understood each other perfectly in this matter. At one time, they caused it to be placarded in Verona, that General Bonaparte was about to cause himself to be proclaimed Dictator; at other times, in some article from the frontiers of such or such a country, it would be announced that the whole of Lombardy was on the point of openly revolting; that the Italians detested the tyranny of the Conqueror, and were about to recall their old dukes to govern them; and a letter from Turin stated that a vast conspiracy was about to break out at Paris, having for its object the overthrow of the Directory, and the establishment of a military government, with Bonaparte at its head. The news was spread throughout the departments, that the instigators of this plot had been taken, and brought before military commissions, and that even the Conqueror of Italy had judged it prudent to betake himself to flight, to avoid being arrested.

Such were the means resorted to in order to bring my husband into disfavour. It was useless for him to descend into the arena to justify himself; his lofty deeds spoke in his behalf. The Directory had, in fact, put an end to the crimes of the Jacobins, but it had established another system of despotism which only tended to increase its conquests without any regard to the good of the people who submitted to its sway. To maintain its nume-



rous armies, demanded immense resources, and, to obtain them, the Directory set about forming a crusade; and this again directed all eyes to Bonaparte as its conductor. It was proposed to attempt a descent upon the *Three Kingdoms*, and to put an end to the haughty, colossal power of proud Carthage. The interior of France was in a state of great agitation. Every day revealed the weakness of the one side and the audacity of the other. Bonaparte alone seemed to remain an utter stranger to all those movements. He lived quite retired, but the concourse of his admirers was immense, and kept his house constantly filled.

During this interval of quiet, numerous plans of campaign were presented him. He feigned to accept, but adopted none of them, and used to laugh at the difficulties which their execution must encounter. He had a relish for English politics, and greatly praised the national spirit which directed them; but he wanted to study them at the cabinet of St. James, which had already, on several occasions, striven to abase the honour of the French name. But he looked upon the present projects of the government as gigantic, and did not dissemble his belief that to realize them was impossible. Meanwhile he made preparations to visit the coast. Some days before his departure, we had a sharp altercation, which, but for the prudent intervention of friends, might have produced consequences injurious to us both.(89) By degrees, however, he gave up the prejudices which others had created in his mind, and seemed entirely reconciled to me—but I found it impossible to prevail on him to let me accompany him to Brest.(90)

He left Paris with a numerous suite, and was received in the departments through which he passed, as a sovereign on a visit to his estates. The throngs who waited upon him during his journey, presented but an unbroken series of benedictions. The people saw in him the protector of their liberty. Already had numerous corps from the different armies assembled on the coasts of France, and the *Three Kingdoms* might for a moment reasonably have stood in fear of the success of an

expedition commanded by an audacious man, whom nothing could compel to take a retrograde step when he had once sworn to undertake and execute an enterprise.

The French army burned to measure its strength against the English. The signal for combat was sounded; and had the least provocation been given, the fight would have begun at once. The hostile legions were almost in presence of each other, but Bonaparte could not bring on an encounter; for how were his troops to pass over the space that separated them from their neighbours? Where were the ships to convey them to the shores of Albion? And, notwithstanding the immense preparations the Directory had made to humble the pride of Britain, General Bonaparte knew perfectly well that the project of invading her was only a cunning feint to conceal his designs upon Egypt. The generals who were to take part in that conquest were already selected, and all persons who were to be connected with the labours of the expedition, had received secret orders to repair to Toulon, where the squadrons from Genoa, Civita-Vecchia and Bastia were to be united to the principal fleet. More than 50,000 men, the *élite* of the bravest legions, awaited the signal to sail without knowing whither the wind from the Luxembourg would direct their course. Bonaparte had returned to Paris, where new divisions threatened to break out betwixt himself and the Directory. A new revolution had broken out at Rome.(91)

My husband was by no means ignorant that General Provera, whom he had fought and conquered in Italy, had contrived to collect partisans in the ancient country of Regulus. The French ambassador near the holy see, kept his brother perfectly informed of whatever passed at the Vatican, and received from the latter instructions when to accelerate, and when to retard, the fall of the papal government. Joseph Bonaparte was ordered by the Directory to declare to the sovereign pontiff, that hostilities would commence against him, in case he did not enjoin it upon the officer who had given umbrage to my husband, to quit his territories immediately. Pius VI., fearing

another invasion, signed, but greatly against his inclination, the order for the expulsion of the Austrian officer. But it was written that the successor of the apostles should again humble himself before the French, and that Jacobin missionaries from all nations should infest the abode of Christianity with their incendiary publications, dictate from the capital new laws to the Roman people, and force them to exhume the statues of Brutus and Cassius. The Jacobins constructed a kind of *palladium* for the eyes of the crazed multitude, whom they forced, in a manner, to imitate the example of the murderers of Cæsar, in case they should fall before they had reconquered the rights which they believed imprescriptible.

Had Bonaparte wished it, he might, at this moment, have turned to his advantage this insurrection, intentionally fomented, of which he held all the threads, and moved it as he pleased. His destiny had placed him in circumstances so extraordinary, that he might risk everything. At a splendid dinner given at Paris by the ambassador\* of the Cis-Alpine Republic, he gave, as a toast, "the future destinies of the Roman Republic." It would have been in vain for the pope to think of escaping this third war; he could not avert it, and was compelled to witness in silence the approach of that explosion which threatened his estates. He particularly recommended to his faithful subjects, to consider the French as their brethren, afford them every hospitality, and treat them with kindness. The unhappy pontiff had received an order from Berthier to evacuate the Chateau of St. Angelo. The French general declined to receive any of the deputations sent him by his holiness, and contented himself with signifying to St. Peter that he might remain in the palace of the Vatican, under the special protection of the eldest sons of the *Church Militant*.(92)

Bonaparte appeared to me to be pleased that another than himself had been charged with that "diabolical mission."† He

\* M. de Visconti.

† The exact words of the general of the army of Italy.

wished to make astonished Europe believe he was a stranger to the different schemes in preparation to legitimate that incredible usurpation ; for to him it would have been really a painful task to overthrow the helpless successor of the apostles. "I know not how it is," said he to me in confidence, "but that prelate inspires me with so much respect that I would not treat with him directly—he would have ended by making me a *neophyte*. Virtue should be all-powerful over men's hearts. I freely confess, that I was as repugnant to the expulsion of that old man from his hearth, as I should have been exultant in subduing one-half of the world to my sway. I very willingly left that service to others. The manœuvres of some intriguers hastened it on, but the glory of it will for ever remain to the brave sons of Gaul, who alone were worthy to found a new republic upon the ruins of the ancient, and to rebuild the altars of Roman liberty, by appealing to the ashes of Cato, Pompey, Cicero, and Hortensius."\*

Everything seemed favourable to the cause of Bonaparte. He continued to be the centre of political attraction at Paris. He was informed of the events that had recently transpired at Vienna, and foresaw their consequences. "Our interests there," said he, "are in the hands of a wise man. His native magnanimity(93) is a sufficient guaranty. Bernadotte will understand perfectly how to take advantage of the slightest circumstance. In all this, the Directory must find themselves embarrassed ; they are afraid of me, and are certainly afraid to give me the command of a new army in Europe ; they will adjourn their projects, and so shall I mine. They will assuredly wish to preserve peace between the two powers. Who knows but it is reserved to me one day to dictate severe terms to Germany ? There is one condition which will fix the seal to my

\* Bonaparte learnt by heart the speech pronounced by General Berthier from the Capitol at Rome, and used to cite fragments from it, when in point, to illustrate an idea.



reputation, and raise the pretensions of the House of Austria.”\* Thus spoke this valiant captain—the man who, a little later, was to crush so many nations, and finally to be himself crushed under the weight of his glory and his ambition. He wanted to make his rivals pronounce his name with a feeling of concern. The eyes of France were on him alone, and he knew it, and if the five Directors feigned to confer on him extensive powers,† it was in order to open to him the way to the Tarpeian rock. The general made them believe that Italy was ready for another insurrection, that the Tyrol only awaited a chief, and that it was perhaps more advantageous to the French Republic to subdue those people, than uselessly to expose a hundred thousand Frenchmen amidst the burning deserts of Arabia, where the most of them must fall victims to their zeal and generous devotion. This was just what the government expected; they were sensible of the dangers that surrounded them, unless they hastened the departure of the modern Coriolanus. But Bonaparte was by no means their dupe. Inferring their want of skill from their want of courage, he displayed in their presence a degree of energy, and made them hear, this time, the language of an irritated master. To have witnessed their anxiety to remove him entirely from public affairs, one would have said they really feared the ascendancy of his genius. But the apprehension that he would assume too much authority, yielded to that of present danger; for never did that feeble government

\* Bonaparte already foresaw that he should become the supreme arbiter of the destinies of the House of Austria, and able to impose upon it those two species of tribute, which seemed most proper to satisfy the two ruling passions of his soul—the love of dominion, and the gratitude of posterity.

† The Directory were curious to see in what manner Bonaparte expressed himself, in reference to themselves, in his correspondence with Count Cobentzel. A secret agent was sent to Vienna, and one of the despatches was intercepted. The general of the army of Italy gave the Austrian minister to understand, that a political change appeared to him to be inevitable, and that he, Bonaparte, held that the conditions of the treaty of Campo Formio should be religiously observed.

provide for anything ; they were constantly asleep in the bosom of a foolish self-confidence, without reflecting what might take place the next morning. In one of the last conferences which took place betwixt them, Bonaparte, the irascible, the fierce Bonaparte, in a lofty tone, dictated to them his wishes.

That wonderful man foresaw, already, that he was called to overthrow the *Quintumvirate*, although he well knew that this political party could not resist him long. Some members of the Directory dared to raise suspicions respecting him, and manifested them so clearly, that he seriously threatened to resign his commission. "Sign your resignation, then," said Rewbel coldly, presenting him the pen. The hero of Italy hesitated a moment. Happily, he remembered the information that had been given him, that they only sought a plausible pretext to put him in accusation. Then resuming his native character, he addressed them in a firm and heroic tone, as follows :—"Citizen directors, I have in my lifetime made a vow, never to lay aside my arms until it can be said, 'The French Republic has conquered its enemies, internal and external.' Thus far you may dispose of me. From your patriotism, and your zeal for the public good, I expect an immediate order to join my colours. To conquer or die for his country, is the motto of every brave man ; *it is my own!*" Thus freely did Bonaparte express himself in the presence of that directorial Areopagus ; but he secretly resolved to shake off the yoke the government pretended to impose upon him.

All that remained to do, was to seize upon the right occasion. The directors, who foresaw his intentions, unanimously resolved to send him to immortalize himself in Africa,(94) where a crusade of a new kind was soon to astonish Europe, and to carry the honour of the French name even beyond the Bosphorus.

## CHAPTER XV.

GOVERNMENTS, which have arisen from great revolutions, must, whatever the regularity sought to be impressed upon them, long feel the agitations to which they owe their existence. Such was the Directory ; it multiplied fault upon fault, and injustice upon injustice, creating discontent among some, and among others that kind of indifference to political affairs which precedes a dissolution of the body politic.

Among his colleagues, Barras was the first to announce to Bonaparte, that he was called by his star to achieve new triumphs under the skies of Egypt.

The general hazarded many criticisms upon the enterprise, and denominated it as rash and gigantic ; but it was necessary to obey. Very little time was allowed him to prepare for this great expedition into the east. His first care was to call around him men of the highest talent.

The most distinguished *savans* begged the privilege of treading among the ruins of Thebes and Memphis. I also wished to accompany him, but he refused me ; and at the moment the fleet, which was quietly lying off the enchanted coast of Provence, weighed anchor, the sound of martial music and warlike songs drowned his voice. Consulting only his political interests, to which he was willing to sacrifice his dearest affections, he made me promise, as I loved him, to remain in France.

On this interesting occasion, he repeated with emotion the words addressed by Maréchal Villars to Louis XIV., on taking leave of him at Versailles :—"Josephine," said he, "my enemies are neither in Asia nor Africa ; they are in France. I leave you in their midst, to keep watch of them, and, should it become necessary, to prepare the way for their overthrow."(95)

That extraordinary man knew me well ; he knew that where

his interests were concerned, my heart was wholly devoted to him. I engaged to use every means for his speedy return, but without being able to guess when it would be, or the consequence of it. I was seriously affected by his departure, because I was fully persuaded of the evil intentions of the Directory in regard to him, and that they were conspiring his ruin. Two chances seemed to present themselves to those who wished to destroy him. Bonaparte would assuredly achieve the conquest of Egypt, in which case he would be almost certain to abuse his authority, and undertake to set himself up as king of the Mamelukes, and would, of course, by this culpable act, make himself a decided enemy of the republic; in which event his fall would be certain. On the other hand, it was not unlikely he might be overwhelmed by the Beys, and the efforts of his own army prove abortive(96)—in which case, he would be accused of improvidence, want of skill, of having squandered the treasures which had been intrusted to his care, of treason, perhaps, and be put upon his trial, and made to account for his conduct. And thus, upon every hypothesis, the general would hardly be able to escape the shafts directed at him on every side. In view of all this, I entertained just apprehensions for his safety; but fortunately for him, I acted as a prudent and vigilant sentinel.

By degrees, I saw myself deserted by those who had been loudest in their praises of Bonaparte's military exploits. I withdrew from all noisy company, devoted myself to the interests of my daughter, and confined myself within the circle of a few devoted, though unfortunate friends.

Three months had nearly elapsed, when a report was circulated that he was defeated. The taking of the islands of Gozzo and Malta, was soon followed by the most distressing news respecting him.

But he still retained some partisans, to paralyze whose generous efforts in his behalf, the faction opposed to him gave out that he was assassinated during the rash expedition against St. Jean d'Acre. The news of his death was credited; and al-



though momentarily affected by it, I doubted it, and was the only one who seemed unconcerned in the midst of the general alarm. Indeed, I should have banished from my mind all belief of his death, but for a hint thrown out by Le Tour. One day while I was on a visit at the house of Barras, Le Tour remarked to one of his colleagues of the Directory, "That is the wife of that scoundrel Bonaparte; if he is not dead for Europe, he is at least, for France."

This remark gave me the most poignant grief, to which I remained a prey for some time, without hope, entirely abandoned to my own sad reflections. But all my friends did not change with this apparent change of fortune, and Madame Tallien was still of the number.\* That admirable woman, not hesitating to aid me in supporting the load of ingratitude, rendered me the most signal services. I had but little to do with Barras. The patron had quarrelled with his protégé at the time the latter sailed. It was my duty, without showing a want of gratitude to Barras, to defend the cause of the man I loved. I reproached him for banishing my husband, a thing he might have prevented had he raised his voice against it. And yet I must, in justice to that member of the Directory, say, that he immediately forgot those slight dissensions, when his colleagues ordered the seizure of several boxes of plate which belonged to the general. Fortunately, friendship watched over this deposit, and saved from spoliation the precious effects which had been given to the conqueror of Lodi and Arcola, by the most distinguished personages of Lombardy and the Roman states.

During my husband's absence, I retired to Malmaison.(79) This place recalled to my mind the most touching reminiscences; here was I visited by those whom I loved; here I lived without display. Like most Creoles, I had nothing which I regarded as my own, and used not much discernment in bestowing fa-

\* The deputy Tallien had followed Bonaparte to Egypt. He volunteered to join the expedition, but did not reap all the advantages from it which he might and ought to have done.

vours ; they fell without distinction upon all who asked—my heart could never say “no.”

*(Kind and excellent Josephine, you were skilful in solacing others' woes, and knew how to lavish consolation !)*

I was fond of the country—and for whom has it not charms, when adorned with all its treasures? Who has not felt his pangs alleviated, his agitations calmed at the sight of flowery meadows, or harvest fields crowned with the rich presents of Ceres and Bacchus? Never did I contemplate the season of spring, without experiencing a delicious sensation. In yielding myself to the agreeable impression produced by the objects which Nature presents, I saw that it was easy to be happy ; I felt that the bounties which she lavishes, and almost always awards to labour, might satisfy even me. And why, said I to myself, why seek for superfluities, which, though they may add to our enjoyments, often mar our felicity ?

One winter had passed ; another had begun, since I had, so to speak, been exiled in my own domains. Yet I continued my favourite walks. “The snows of winter,” said I, “will again shroud the valleys ; its veil, glittering with pure white, will envelop all ; the trees, despoiled of their foliage, will present nothing but skeletons to the eye of the beholder ;—and all these changes must take place before I shall again see the man who is to open to me my new destinies.” Such were my reflections at the time the Directory was exulting in its supposed triumph over my husband, and repeating for the thousandth time, the rumour that the future king of Jerusalem and Cyprus had, at length, fallen beneath the strokes of some fierce Omar and his ferocious warriors.

All around me was sad and gloomy. I alone felt a kind of security, the natural effect of the confidence I reposed in the person who had predicted (98) that “*I was about to see again the man who was to be the most astonishing man of his age.*”

We love to believe that which pleases us, and my hopes now became more and more strengthened ; soon they became realities, and at the moment when all France believed him lost, he

arrived in Corsica from the port of Aboukir, and landed at Frejus.\*

It appeared that he had heard, in an extraordinary way,(99) of the successes of the allied troops against France; the embarrassments of the Directory in the midst of the struggles of all parties, and the cessation of all dispute as to the best means of saving France. On his arrival in Paris, he found matters much more favourable than he had imagined. But, however that might be, one thing was certain—the government must be changed.

Different factions disputed with each other the honour of giving it the first blow. Bonaparte could not, therefore, have arrived more opportunely. He appeared as a saviour in the midst of the astonished French. All eyes were upon him, and all parties trembled at the sight of him.

Italy, which he had left free, had again submitted to its ancient masters. The Directory and the two councils, divided both by interest and opinion, contended with each other for the wrecks of a power which was fast slipping from their grasp;† civil war infested the southern departments; all Europe was in arms against France.

Such was the frightful picture which I unfolded to Bonaparte, who, from the moment of his arrival, could not but perceive

\* Madame Bonaparte had received some of his letters from Rhamante and Cheibeisse, and some from the great Pyramid of Cheops, in which he repeated, in detail, his conference with the Mufti Suleiman, and the Imans Ibrahim and Muhaméd. His last letter was written from Mount Tabor, after the battle of Aboukir, in which Admiral *Brueyes* had had the honour to present himself before Nelson, and lost his squadron. Their correspondence had ceased, however, for several months.

† Much has been said, as to what a politician is. 'Tis he who best confounds prejudices and principles, duty and affection; who, under the name of public interest, promotes his own; who is most obstinate in his own opinions, and contemptuous of those of his neighbours.

Women usually take part in political discussions, always consulting their passions rather than their reason, and indulging in boundless exaggeration. And after all the forms of concealed malevolence and polished hatred are exhausted, open reproach and insult follow.—*Pensées de Balzac.*

that the greater part of the deputies divined his most secret intentions.

Yet he affected to be tranquil, and this shielded him from reproaches. Nevertheless, his political plans were everywhere going forward through the active instrumentality of his friends. Such was his situation, that, without leaving his house, he could tell with certainty all that took place in the Directory. Nothing, indeed, which was projected at their palace of the Luxembourg, escaped his vigilant eye. He was kept advised of the slightest details which could be of advantage to him. A conversation which he had had with Barras, had convinced him that Barras and Sieyès were labouring to restore the monarchy. This revelation showed him what plan of conduct it became him to adopt. So perfectly had he arranged matters, that at his first step he met with unexpected success. Every measure taken by the Directory to prevent or retard their fall, was paralyzed; and the resolution was immediately adopted to convoke the two councils out of the city of Paris. Everything seemed to conspire to forward the work for which he had so carefully and vigorously laboured. He ceased to see the men of 1793, towards whom he manifested, on all occasions, the utmost coldness, affecting to condemn and combat their maxims, — a circumstance which did not escape the general notice. He took upon himself a burden which he would have been unable to bear, had I not come opportunely to his aid. On that great occasion, I did not fail to make him feel how necessary it is, for a man who undertakes to govern, to divide his cares with some one upon whom he may rely for solace and encouragement, and who cannot, at the same time, eclipse his own glory. His enemies spread a rumour that he had lost his influence over the soldiery, but good care was taken not to acquaint him with it; though it was impossible long to conceal from him the injurious reports which were circulated abroad respecting his intentions.

I hinted to him, that he would do well to conciliate the several members of the councils who detested this oligarchy, and



directed the movements of the malcontents; and they soon united in a plan to annihilate this weak and miserable government. All dissimulation soon ceased, and people talked seriously of the necessity of giving to France more able rulers. General Moreau, in consequence of his intimacy with the conspirators, was at first destined to act the principal part in this revolution.

Had that great man but possessed ambition, it would have been far easier for him to grasp the supreme power than for Bonaparte.\* His merits and his profound knowledge had won for him a degree of consideration with the Directory, of which he had never availed himself with a view to make himself necessary to them. With all the qualities which make the man an Alexander amidst the tumult of arms, and a Cincinnatus in peace, he never devoted himself to public duties, unless the occasion imperiously demanded such a sacrifice of his leisure. Those who were unacquainted with his modesty and habitual distrust of himself, attributed his conduct to the principles of his philosophy—a philosophy which taught him to subject his ambition to the maxims he had gathered from a long study of the great art of Vauban. This idea agreed well with his known inclination to science and letters.

The power of the directorial government was insensibly sinking. The sceptre of power was about to drop from the feeble hands of an executive, devoid of justice and without force. And yet the approach of danger, for a brief moment, roused its activity, and inspired it with a degree of courage; but the most of those who composed it were far from following that wise maxim of Rousseau, too much neglected, perhaps, even to this day, that “if you would found a republic, you must not commence by filling it with malcontents.”

\* “The country is saved,” said Sieyès, on receiving the news that Bonaparte had landed at Frejus. This exclamation ought to have opened the eyes of Barras; but he did not seem to understand it in its true sense. Moreau confined himself merely to saying:—“*You have no more need of me, there is the man whom you need for the present—address yourself to him.*”

Although Bonaparte did not merit that servile admiration of which he now became the object, he nevertheless possessed qualities which were not the lot of every man. His power increased in proportion as he became bound to the ship of state. Happily, he persuaded himself that the empire I exercised over him, and my zeal to serve him, left him nothing to fear; and that was the point I wished to arrive at, in order to reap all the fruits which I expected from my secret attempts.\* To me it was a pleasure, as well as a duty, to labour for his fortunes, and almost without acquainting him with my efforts.

I flattered myself, that he would have a better relish for the benefits I conferred upon him, by having them heaped upon him at a moment when he least expected them, and I always looked out for some favourable opportunity to make him realize the fruits of my exertions, without perceiving that his success was due to me. I did not hope to triumph at once, over any obstacle; but, after sowing the seeds of suspicion in his mind, I endeavoured to make him feel how indecent it was for a general to permit his old army to look upon him as the sport of the Directory. He seemed sensible of such a reproach—and I next endeavoured to convince him, by the clearest proofs, that the soldiers held the same opinion. Chance unexpectedly came to my aid, and fully justified the opinion I had formed of my husband; for, a few days afterwards, the government refused to confirm the favours which he had granted to certain of his officers in the army of Italy.

Confounded at finding such resistance to what he called his authority, he did not disdain to employ reasoning, to prove the correctness of his conduct in that matter. I did not leave him in this delicate crisis of his fortunes. I asked him whether it would be glorious for him to submit to an affront which demanded a prompt reparation. Human weakness does not always permit

\* In fact, Josephine found means to treat, adroitly, with certain men of great influence, and even to have an understanding with the army of the Rhine.

one to escape the snares of error. In showing him the different steps by which he was to reach the height of glory and fortune, I argued to him, that the people imagine that greatness is ever accompanied by desert or virtue, and that even faults ought to be covered with a veil, in order that they may obtain a name which shall turn them to advantage. "You must readily perceive," said I, "that the Directory, in showing their jealousy of you, in so striking but impolitic a manner, have determined to abase you in the eyes of the French nation."

This observation produced a powerful impression upon him. He admitted that faults might be committed in the administration of a republic, but that, if they were to be made known to anybody, it should be to those who were not less interested to conceal than to repair them.

I cited the example of many kings who resolved to share with their queens the cares of government; and forced him to admit, that there is nothing but the bond of matrimony and love, that can tempt two hearts to sacrifice for each other their repose, and keep them true to each other in the pursuit of glory. He appeared so struck by this kind of argument, that he was ready to consummate the fall of the Directory on the spot. I showed him that this resolution must be the work of a moment, but that it was necessary to proceed slowly in laying the plan, which was to elevate the conqueror of Italy to the place occupied by this phantom of a government. This demanded discretion, skill and care. I wanted to conduct the scheme with so much address, that France would, with an unanimous voice, applaud his own elevation, and the overthrow of the five directors.

To Bonaparte there remained no means but dissimulation, and he consented to employ it. The Directory, on its part, made vain efforts to preserve its authority, which a government never loses with impunity. It inspired confidence no longer in any one. If it had made itself master of the different parties, it was only by compelling one to act as a restraint upon the

other, and this narrow and hollow system of politics was from day to day dragging it to its ruin. And yet, it must be admitted that, in the midst of the incessant occupation which conspiracies within, war without, the poverty of the treasury, and more than all other causes, the hatred of the people, gave them, these modern Cromwells had wrought wonders.

But the situation of my husband would no longer allow him to temporize. I had, in concert with him, secured the favour of a number of generals. The most of those veterans stipulated in the treaty, which they hastened to make, that places and dignities should be the price of their concessions. They were all prepared to second him, though Augereau, for a long time, remained inflexible. His republicanism made him distrustful and gloomy. He hated the nobility, and Bonaparte was tainted with this original sin, and took a sort of pride in it. Augereau had long been afraid of his ambition. "Be quiet," said the hero of Italy to me; "this Fructidorian, whom you fear to-day, will be with us to-morrow — he must have perceived since my return from Egypt, that *the pear is ripe*."\* This was uttering a biting sarcasm upon the conduct which this ex-deputy of the Council of Five Hundred had exhibited towards him at another period.(100)

Thus was commenced that new edifice of a power whose progress and strength were soon to astonish Europe, to dictate law to it, and render it tributary to the French nation.

The cowardice of some members of the Council of Ancients, would, perhaps, have defeated the enterprise, had I not spoken to some of the chiefs of the conjuration, and affected to be alarmed for the safety of the being dear to my heart, and for that of the Republic.

I assured myself of the assistance of the principal men of influence; I did more — I gave a splendid dinner at Malmaison, which was attended by different personages from every class of society. Murat and Lucien Bonaparte were of the number of

\* Bonaparte's own words.



guests. During and after the repast, the conversation was stormy, especially among those who, jealous of the glory the general was about to acquire, could not bear the rays of a sun which was soon to rise, and to shine on none but himself. I employed to them the language of policy and reason, in turn, and strove to captivate them by magnificent promises. The most of them, tired of the inefficiency of the government, promised to unite their efforts to mine, and I engaged others to do the same. All swore with alacrity to overturn this feeble government.

But nobody was willing to expose himself to dangers without advantage, and each one took good care to refer to his personal interests, as stipulated in the impromptu treaty of which I have spoken.

In setting in motion all the machinery employed in the execution of this vast project, what fears, what anxieties beset me ! I admitted the most famous statesmen and generals to visit Bonaparte continually. Almost all of them admitted the imperious necessity of a change in public affairs. Sieyès proposed an admirable plan,\* and the Directory seemed of a sudden smitten with vertigo and inertness. The law of hostages carried despair into the bosom of innumerable families. Every day the revolutionary rage sent multitudes of emigrants to death, to whom the privilege had been granted to return to their own country. It was time that a courageous hand should seize the helm of state, for France was fast sinking under the combined efforts of her enemies at home and abroad.

\* It was easy to see that a change was preparing in the form of government at Paris, when Sieyès was seen to mount on horseback. It was easy to judge, from the language held by members of the two councils who were in the secret, that a revolution was meditated.

## CHAPTER XVI.

SKILFUL in sounding the human heart, I sometimes discovered men's inmost thoughts. I saw Bonaparte animated by a desire to free France from the cruel yoke that pressed upon her, and I remarked in the vigilant captain an ambition which aspired after greatness. "The enterprise I am about to attempt," said he, "cannot fail of success, since I advance under your auspices. The insults offered to the Republic will soon be avenged; at least, madame, you shall not see me again, unless crowned with the laurels of victory." Thus he spoke, and immediately everything was put in readiness for striking the final blow. On the eve of that memorable day which was to change the destinies of France,\* I saw a general of known courage arrive in haste at Malmaison, who united in himself all the qualities fitting him for the greatest enterprises. Although of a mind at once turbulent, supple, and artful, bold in his language, prompt in action, intrepid in danger, he exhibited, as I thought, some alarm. He passed by me with a rapid step, and hastened to Bonaparte. A second soon followed; terror was likewise depicted on his features. Seized with the same fright, I had scarcely strength to advance towards him. My husband, till

\* Forty-eight hours before the removal of the councils to St. Cloud, Dubois Crancé, the minister of war, applied to the Directory for an order of arrest against *Bonaparte, Murat, Talleyrand, Fouché, Barras* and others. *Gohier*, the President of the Directory, and *Moulins*, one of its members, were in favour of granting the order; but *Lagarde*, the secretary, declared that he would not sign it, because, to justify his signature, it was necessary to have a majority of the Directory. "But," said *Gohier*, "there can be no Revolution, for I hold the seals." And when, on the 18th Brumaire, *Moulins* was informed of what had taken place at St. Cloud, he replied—"Why, that cannot be; *Bonaparte* promised to dine with me to-day."

now perfectly unshaken, rushed out, exclaiming, "What? what is the matter?" The surprise was at its height. I had not courage to ask him what those brief words meant. He was in his room, and no one had noticed that he was present; silence reigned around him, and the consternation became general.

Recovering, in some degree, from my surprise, I was anxious to learn the cause of all this alarm. Lucien informed me that his brother was in imminent danger, and that all his projects were discovered. "The Directory," said he, "have penetrated his designs. He cannot escape from their toils; his movements are all brought to light, and after getting hold of the thread of his plots, they intend to invoke an extraordinary session, at which Bonaparte will be compelled to be present. They will there address him personally, and overwhelm him by a disclosure of everything. Perhaps even now the order is given to apprehend him."

Then I took counsel of myself. It seemed to me as if a protecting God was at my side, giving me supernatural strength and courage. Every one around me was thunderstruck—stunned by fear and stupor; and without listening to any voice but that of my heart, I started immediately for Paris. I expected to be arrested on the way, but succeeded in reaching Pont Royal, where I met General Massena, and gave him a sign which he understood. We proceeded on the instant to the house of a common friend, where we concerted the means of saving Bonaparte. We both agreed upon sending a faithful guard, capable, by its imposing attitude, of paralyzing the projects of his enemies. For my part, I flew to the Directory, in order to ascertain the hopes or fears of the members.

I reached the Luxembourg palace at the moment when they were holding a secret session. One of the door-keepers told me it seemed to be a stormy session, and that they were doubtless deliberating upon important matters. I confess I felt some fear, when I reflected that I had placed myself in the hands of the *Areopagus* of five. La Reveillère, Rewbel, Moulins, Gohier, passed successively by me. I waited for Barras, de-

terminated to penetrate his designs, though I had resolved to dissemble the real perils to which they were exposed.(101)

Yet I had taken care to make him who was now laying the foundations of his future greatness, swear that, in case he remained master of the field, he would respect the life of him whom he was pleased to call his friend—his first benefactor. That Director appeared. His presence caused me some emotion, for, to please Bonaparte, I had avoided him for several months. He spoke to me with an air of unconcern well calculated to impose upon any one else. At length I said to him, "What signify these absurd fables which malevolent persons have been pleased to spread, that the general of the army of Egypt aspires to the supreme authority? You well know, Barras, *there is nothing in it*;"—and emphasized the last words. The mute play of his features showed that he understood me. He seemed to say, "*We really presume the contrary* ; we intend to remain mere witnesses of the same, until your husband shall commence hostilities ; and compel us to become his accusers. What is the general about at this moment? He is engaged in his conspiracy." On being told that my husband had kept his room for some days, and that the state of his health gave me some uneasiness, he replied—"Well, I rely on your word ; and I shall go and oppose with all my might the decree of accusation, which all my colleagues have resolved to launch against him. The best way will be to adjourn the sitting, which is to recommence within an hour, and wait until we are better advised. As to you, madame," he added, "be assured the lucky Corsican ought not to disdain my benevolent protection ; perhaps he will soon need it—and then it will be too late."\*

It certainly cost me much to lead Barras into an error ; but my business was to save my husband. They knew each other, and never could have pardoned themselves, the one for having been the dupe of a man who was in a manner indebted

\*Bonaparte was more displeased at Barras's power, than flattered by his condescension.



to him for his existence, and the other for having been so unjust as not to acknowledge it.

Rendered more tranquil by this ray of hope, I hastened to make several other arrangements which I judged necessary to accelerate the business of the morrow. I assured myself of the friendship of the men over whom I had any influence, and discovering nothing in Paris to justify my fears, I returned promptly to Malmaison to reassure him I loved, convinced that even these feeble results could not fail to afford him a momentary quiet.

Alas! sad experience has taught me that a state of uncertainty is one of the severest afflictions of the human heart. When I arrived, every one was overwhelmed with affright. Bonaparte himself was walking in his gardens. His looks were haggard, like one who expects every moment to be surrounded by foes. I caught him by the hand, and drew him towards a kiosque, and endeavoured to calm his mind, which was absorbed in profound meditation. At every moment he cast fearful looks towards the capital; in speaking he would begin a sentence, and break off abruptly without finishing it.

Any other person but myself would have pitied him at that moment, for he really showed himself pusillanimous. Overcome by fear, he was really unable to comprehend anything or to execute anything. Indeed, despair actually seized him for an instant; he fled like a guilty person from the sight of everybody, and ran and concealed himself in the darkest alley in the park, a short distance from the chateau. He was preyed upon by the deepest despondency. A courier arrived with a report that towards Nully the country was overspread with troops; all believed Bonaparte's cause lost; some immediately abandoned him, and others were preparing to follow their example; but I told them with an air of confidence that what they saw was but the fruits of my exertions, and that Generals Macdonald, Moreau, le Febvre, Augereau and others were coming to join us. This restored their courage, and our friends now showed themselves before that guard upon whom they could

rely with the utmost security. A calm succeeded the tempests. I talked with the two brothers, and did not permit myself to conceal from either the real state of affairs. "We are treading on a volcano," said I, "and have everything to fear from its explosion." It was indeed, impossible, at this critical moment, to feel secure; the danger was continually increasing. We received, it is true, some reinforcements, and might, perhaps, have sustained an attack from the government troops; but it was much better to avoid one.

Fear sometimes closely resembles prudence, and rashness seconds courage. I succeeded in persuading the chiefs of our party that even a man borne down by adverse circumstances, may often, by a bold stroke, succeed in extricating himself, and force a smile even from fortune herself. "It shall not," said Bonaparte, "be in vain that you recall me to my duty. I swear to you this shall be the last time you shall accuse me of indifference to my cause." This said, he immediately re-entered his apartments.

Murat was undecided, and gave himself up to gloomy reflections. "How now, general," said I, "are you here still? It seems to me you ought to have been with the *little committee*\* two hours ago.—Hasten, general;—to horse, or I will go myself and carry them these despatches." His air was serious on hearing me speak thus. He stared at me, but made a sign indicating his approval of the presence of mind I showed on the occasion. A moment after, he started at full gallop for Paris. My son was in the court of the chateau with me. We found the men drawn up in order of battle. I addressed them some flattering compliments, and was much pleased to see that Colonel Perin(102) was present. "You are prompt," said I; "you have arrived almost as soon as I!" Bonaparte and Lucien now showed themselves, followed by a great part of the officers. They all assured the general that they had taken an

\* Where Sieyès, Cambacérès, Roger Ducos, Lucien Bonaparte, Fouché, Roederer, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angeli, and others were assembled.

oath to form for him a rampart of their bodies, and, should it be necessary, to die in his defence. I caused refreshments to be distributed to the grenadiers, and we all conversed familiarly with the principal officers of the corps. During the repast, the conversation was quite animated. The different claims of some of the conspirators had produced some slight altercations. In truth, a kind of darkness still brooded over the events which were in preparation. Many of the chiefs who were devoted to our cause knew not what they were to do, and hesitated between interest, honour, and duty. In order to reconcile them, a commandant of the 17th military division, who was still undecided, pledged himself to espouse our cause.

From this time, I busied myself exclusively in preparing the public mind for the *dénouement* of the drama.

At ten o'clock in the evening, an express, sent by Murat, brought a letter to Bonaparte. He ordered the troops to proceed with the utmost silence along the road to Ruel, in order to act as an escort to a carriage, which was to take him to Paris.

But Lucien thought it more prudent to get into the city noiselessly, and by means of disguise, very properly apprehending his brother might be seen by the agents of the Directory. I had already secured the adhesion of the principal chiefs of the guard attached to the legislative body, without hinting what need I should have of them; and also had my secret agents in the bureaux of the minister of police. I was not ignorant that the Directory had conceived the project of seizing Bonaparte at Malmaison;—an indiscreet scheme, which had been known to me, and served as a warning of what they intended to do.

An important expedition was in agitation. People talked of the arrest of a great personage, without any further knowledge on the subject than this uncertain information. I strongly insisted that the general should come to Paris, and spend the night at a house unknown to the agents of the government.

In this sad and cruel conjuncture, unless honoured by the confidence of the troops, my husband would have been at every

moment exposed to the fury of factions, the attacks of conspirators, or the daggers of the Directory. Alone, he would have become the object of universal hatred, exposed to every kind of peril. But happily for his fortunes, a guardian angel watched at his side.

In the evening of the day which, to all appearance, promised him a complete triumph or an utter overthrow, the Council of Ancients was directed\* to meet at break of day to discuss matters of the last importance to the public safety! Alas! how long and anxious to me were the 18th and 19th Brumaire! I cannot even now think of them without a shudder! At the opening of this memorable sitting, the two parties separated.—One could not but foresee that, in a contest so terrible, in the midst of such a violent debate, the Republic, already dreadfully shaken, would, whatever might be the event, lose both its stability and its splendour.

The most of the members of the council, under the influence of fear, felt that their own fortunes, as well as those of their children, depended on the success of the enterprise. Should a fatal blow be prepared for my husband—should any disaster befall him, it would fall equally on their heads. And this consideration induced them to appoint him general-in-chief of the troops stationed at Paris, and, under that title, to charge him to watch over the safety of the national representatives, as well

\* The representative *Courtois*, who was charged to prepare the famous report relative to Maximilian Robespierre, transmitted the letter of convocation to each deputy. The most of those who were not summoned, showed some dissatisfaction. "Be still," replied Courtois, "I have only hindered you from taking sides with the opposition: you have remained neutral on an occasion where it might have been dangerous for you to manifest your opinions. Now you can join their ranks, and the First Consul will delight to see your names figuring beside those of Lucien Bonaparte, Boulay de la Meurthe, Regnier, Vimar, Herwin, Lemericiér, Villetard, Cabanis, Baraillon, Cornudet, Bouteville, &c., all members of the Committee de l'hôtel de Bretil, and who were the first to sanction the resolution transferring the Directory and the two councils to St. Cloud, where they were convoked in extraordinary session."



as the accomplishment of the decree. Two messengers were despatched to him, and he hastened with his staff immediately to the assembly, to whom he delivered the following speech:—"The Republic was perishing! Your decree has saved it:—woe to them who wish for trouble or discord!—Aided by General Lefebvre, General Berthier, and all my brave companions in arms, I will prevent them. Let no one think to retard your steps, by examples drawn from the past. Nothing in history resembles the eighteenth century, and nothing in the eighteenth century the present moment. The decree your wisdom has pronounced, our arms shall execute. France wants a republic founded on true liberty, permanent laws, national representation; she shall have it. I swear it; yes, I swear it in my own name, and in the name of my companions in arms."

"I receive your oath," replied the President of the Council; "he who has never in vain promised victories to his country, cannot fail to fulfil, with devotion, the obligation to serve her and be faithful to her."

Bonaparte now entered upon the command with which the Council of Ancients had invested him. By his orders, ten thousand men of the different corps were assembled near the Tuileries. General Lefebvre was appointed his lieutenant, and he read to the officers the famous decree which had been passed.

The Conqueror of Italy and Egypt thus harangued his troops:—"Myself," said he, "without arms, but with your aid and that of every good citizen, will soon smother the plots already conceived, and ready to be hatched in the bosom of our country. Our enemies are not only on the Alps and the banks of the Danube, but in the palace of the Luxembourg.—What do I say? I behold them in the sanctuary where the two councils are sitting. Come on, then, my braves; we will unravel the web that has been woven in the dark. For two years the Republic has been wretchedly governed. The army was in hopes that my return would put an end to these numerous evils, and it did not hope in vain. The Council of An-

cients are disposed to save the State. Should any one oppose their will, your bayonets will avenge the wrong." Thus he spoke, and those veterans swore fidelity to him, and declared that they all burnt with a desire again to signalize themselves under his eye.

In the morning of that eventful day, the storm roared furiously over the head of Bonaparte. The Council of Five Hundred were in session in the orangery of St. Cloud; it had for its support the whole of the popular faction. Most of them were determined to combat, at the outset, what they were pleased to call an attempt upon the prerogatives of liberty. The moment a proposition was made for the appointment of an extraordinary commission, to be charged with presenting the measures deemed necessary for the public safety under the present circumstances, the speaker was interrupted by tumultuous cries of "the Constitution—the Constitution! Why are we at *St. Cloud*? Why are we surrounded with an armed force?"

At this moment Bonaparte appeared in the assembly, followed by several grenadiers. Lucien, the President of the Assembly, was replying to those who had addressed personalities and insults to him, respecting his brother.—"I am," said he, "too sensible of my dignity as a man, to respond to the insults of a party of destructionists."

The confusion in the council now arose to the highest pitch. The most frightful yells and vociferations resounded through the building; and the general himself was received with menacing cries—"What does Bonaparte want in the place where we hold our sittings? *Outlaw him!—Down with the dictator!*" In vain did he attempt to speak; his voice was drowned by the tumult. Lucien was obliged to put on his hat and leave the chair, at which the agitation became extreme. Terror for a moment seized my husband. He left the room, and while the two parties were forswearing themselves in the two councils, in which the Jacobins had succeeded in getting passed resolutions to renew the oath in favour of the Constitution, in which they carried with them two-thirds of the members of the

Council of Five Hundred, Bonaparte repaired to the bar of the Ancients, attended by most of our celebrated generals. Here he displayed a supernatural courage, and thus addressed the Assembly :

“ Had I cherished schemes of usurpation, they would ere this have been realized. Since my return, the leaders have urged me to assume the supreme power. Barras and Moulins have solicited me to do so ; but I repelled their overtures, because liberty is dear to me. Let us not be divided ; unite your wisdom and firmness to the force which surrounds me ; I will only be the arm devoted to the safety of the Republic.” “ And of the Constitution,” exclaimed a number. “ The Constitution !” replied Bonaparte, with great emphasis, “ how can you invoke the Constitution ? Does it still exist ? Has it not been the sport of all parties ? Was it not trampled under foot on the 18th Fructidor, on the 22d Floreal, on the 18th Prairial ?”— And, continuing his speech in the midst of the council, from which all strangers had been removed, he insisted upon the necessity of hastening forward the movement which had been commenced. Then, addressing himself to the troops who were posted in the interior of the hall, he said :—“ My friends, I promise you peace at home and abroad. Pledge yourselves to turn your bayonets against me should I ever wander from the paths of liberty.—I am aware that for so much zeal and devotion, a price will perhaps be set on my head, and assassins hired to destroy me. But I shall expose myself alone and without defence in the arena. Should I fall beneath the blows of the conspirators, swear, in the name of French honour, to avenge me.”

“ We will die with you, general,” they replied ; “ we promise, not only to serve you as a guard, but to make a rampart of our bodies in your defence.”

This said, he placed himself in the midst of the soldiers, who were afraid of losing their idol, and felt no fear of being betrayed. The shades of night fell upon St. Cloud. All became silent ; but the agitators waked and watched around him. He

dispersed his legions, and assigned them different posts in the city. Alone and unattended he entered the Council of Five Hundred. A tumult arose at the sight of him ; each one rushed forward to meet him—nothing was heard but confused cries of “ *Down with the tyrant !—down with Cromwell !—outlaw the dictator !* ” He, however, expressed himself with frankness and firmness. Many of the deputies, who were mostly armed, menaced him with personal violence, but were careful not to commence the attack, for fear it might furnish an excuse for employing the bayonet against them. They compared him to Catilinè, and, in the delirium of their rage, imputed to him the most monstrous designs. “Thou makest war upon thy country,” said Arena, menacing him with his dagger. “How often,” replied Bonaparte, “have we to complain of having served the state, when we meet citizens ready to forget our good deeds, and to impute to us dishonourable actions !”

He stood astonished at the increasing confusion ; his attitude lost something of its assurance ; he grew pale, stammered, and cast a wistful look towards the door, where the most of the troops were standing. They, perceiving he was frightened, rushed forward to defend him, and General Lefebvre succeeded in disengaging him from a group of deputies, who were eager to fall upon him. He mounted his horse in haste, without knowing what he was about.

Putting spurs to his courser, he returned to Paris at full gallop, exclaiming to his friends : “They wanted to kill me ! All is lost, I believe—and yet, I am invulnerable—I shall, one day, be compared to the God of Thunder !” Murat met him on the bridge of St. Cloud, and said, with great vehemence : “Is it rational that a man who has triumphed over powerful enemies, should be afraid of the most feeble ? Come, come, general, courage ! I will answer for it, victory will be ours !” Bonaparte now became again master of himself ; he wheeled his horse, and felt the necessity of again presenting himself at the breach, in order to finish his work. As to Lucien, he had been reproached and insulted in the most furious manner. He leaped



to the tribune, and made a violent charge upon those who renewed the proposition to outlaw Bonaparte. "What! you would make me the assassin of my own brother!" he exclaimed, in the midst of a torrent of invectives poured upon him by the enraged assembly. "No! your president shall never become a fratricide!"—and, in a moment of indignation, he hurled into the middle of the floor his toga and senatorial scarf. It would have been all over with my husband, but for this noble act of resentment shown by his brother on that terrible occasion.

The grenadiers protected him, and he passed out, covered by his escort, but in the midst of the most blood-thirsty insults and menaces. He did not, however, remain inactive. He persuaded the troops to obey him, and immediately the guards re-entered the hall, led by an officer, who exclaimed in a firm voice: "The general has ordered me to clear the hall of the Council of Five Hundred!" The members, at the sight of the soldiers, who advanced at a quick step, saved themselves by rushing with the utmost precipitation, through every possible avenue, out of the room, in the utmost consternation. Bonaparte would surely have been lost, had the representatives displayed the least energy on this occasion. It is more than probable that the military would have refused to strike them with their weapons.

The two councils, by an unanimous vote, appointed a Consular Commission, composed of Sieyès and Roger Ducos. They took the place of the Directory, and received the title of *Consuls*.

Bonaparte was named First Consul.\* No one took umbrage at it; he took the precedence among his colleagues without the slightest opposition on their part. The royalists, supposing that

\* The general of the army of Egypt used to say jokingly—"If the lawyer Gohier, the apostate Sieyès, the attorney Rewbel, and the dealer in old clothes, Moulins, could make themselves kings, I might, I thought, make myself consul. I took my diplomas at Montenotte, Lodi, Arcola, Chebreisse and Aboukir."

the general was going to take the reins of government only *ad interim*, extolled him to the skies.

For my own part, I was filled with apprehension. A sudden horror seized me, as I glanced at a letter written in pencil, in which the writer remarked, that my husband was about to be outlawed. I was impatient to know, and, at the same time, trembled to learn what was passing; and I feared every moment that some faithful friend would come and inform me that my husband had submitted to his fate. Already I seemed to see the scaffold erected before him—his name dishonoured, and posterity cursing his memory.—Judge of the anxiety I felt, especially as I had to reproach myself with having been the first to excite him to hazard everything, in order to deliver France from the Directorial yoke.

Hardly could I endure this cruel reflection. I saw him approaching. I stood as if struck by a bolt from heaven, with eyes fixed, outstretched arms, and lips half-opened, and when he had reached me, we stood for some time speechless and motionless. I was the first to break silence, and said to him, with eyes filled with tears—"Oh my husband, do I see you again! My sorrow and anxiety have completely overwhelmed me;—I could wait no longer: sometimes I accused myself of having rashly pushed you upon the shore of a raging sea; sometimes I accused our friends of unfaithfulness, and uttered reproaches against them; then would I with trembling lips kiss the extinguished fires of my hearth, as if our enemies had already come to announce their triumph, and to force me from an abode abandoned by its owner—Consul," exclaimed I, in the delirium of my joy, at seeing him again at my side, "Consul, you have escaped a danger equally imminent and glorious!—but how immense a task does this success impose upon you! Thou alone, O Bonaparte," I added, pressing him to my heart,—"thou alone art destined to be the saviour of our beloved country!—France, still in tears, groans under the weight of her long woes;—her golden days have disappeared like a star in a night of tempests;—with her expiring voice, she calls a hero to her

rescue. Be thou that hero! Hasten to employ the remainder of thy days in creating in her a new life. May she leave thy hands young in glory and felicity. Be for her another Prometheus.—This is, indeed, a sublime part for thee to act; but thou, thou canst accomplish it!—Rebuild our altars; from amidst the ruins of the temple of Dagon, bring new pillars to sustain the church of our fathers; re-establish our institutions; purify our tribunals; complete the enactment of our laws.—Thus shalt thou put an end to the disorders and crimes of every sort sown abroad by the hand of revolution, and heal the wounds of the state.” Such were the ideas I ventured to express to him at this memorable epoch. Henceforth my task was fulfilled. What did I not do to place power in the hands of the man who was everything to me! To accomplish my purposes, I was even false to the friendship and gratitude I owed to Barras. But what may not a woman accomplish, under the electric influences of love and ambition!—Moreover, I saw in the elevation of Bonaparte to the consulship, the regeneration of my country, and the happiness of a great people!

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## CHAPTER XVII.

A NUMEROUS guard now armed themselves, and watched over the safety of the First Consul. Bonaparte occupied the palace of the ancient kings of France.

The power of the patriots became feebler every day. More importance is often attached to a name than to the thing itself. The word *Republic* was engraved on the Tuileries in letters of gold, and this sufficed to convince the mass, that he who dwelt there would never attempt to destroy it.\*

\* Some time afterwards, Bonaparte remarked jokingly to Josephine, “ I

It was of course impossible for the Directory, untaught by the lessons of a sad experience, to continue an unequal struggle against the consuls.

Reduced to their own resources, what could the Directory do? Was it not better to yield to the power of circumstances, than to push such a man as Bonaparte to extremities? To resist him would have been to furnish him an occasion to try his strength, to feel it themselves, and to display it to others in its full extent.

Barras, meanwhile, sent in his abdication, as director, to the First Consul. I seized a moment when the latter was relieved of the throng of flatterers, whose fortunes depended on him, to call to his mind the memory of his old friend.

He replied to me with some sharpness: "My hatred has prevailed.—I followed my resentment, my enmity—I have avenged my own wrongs; I have avenged my own affronts." Then, reflecting a moment, "What," said he, "does this man want? Nothing can henceforth reconcile him to me." These words distressed me, and I attempted to speak in Barras's justification. "You owe it," said I, "to that director, that you did not fall a victim to the dark politics of his colleagues, Gohier and Moulins, who would have arrested you, but for the powerful remonstrances of Barras. You are doing the greatest wrong to forget the important services which Barras has rendered you.(103) What would you have been without the interest he deigned to take in you? A man does well to sustain himself by his personal merits or rare talents; but, unless some patron, who is acquainted with them, brings them to light, the possessor never can do justice to himself."—"What is your object?" replied the consul, with an air of impatience. "To make you exercise the noblest of virtues," said I. "The word gratitude is ever on your lips; engrave for ever on your heart the sacred debt of gratitude which you owe him. A great politician ought to sacrifice

have left the word Republic on the walls of the palace, for the same reason that the name is sometimes placed at the bottom of a picture which is unlike the person intended."



his ambition to it." "What will the people say, should they see me associate this ex-director with my glory? The time has passed by when I had the honour to obey his orders.—'Tis necessary, madame, 'tis necessary, in order that I may make an impression upon France, for me to come to an open rupture with him. It might, should the same apparent friendship exist between us, be supposed that he had favoured my designs. I wish, henceforth, to cast the hero of Vendémiaire into oblivion; and when the proper time shall come, I will teach the Parisians that, so far from destroying their capital, I only wanted to embellish it with the finest monuments. My vast plans will soon furnish them the means of judging of my conceptions, and will one day present to posterity rich materials for history."\*

I was far from approving the first part of this reply. I knew that Barras, in investing Bonaparte with a portion of his authority, expressly recommended him to use clemency towards the sections which had rebelled against the convention; and, thanks to his principles, the sword of Damocles was returned to its scabbard; in fact, the military commissions were created rather to overawe, than to destroy the vanquished party. Each one of the leaders had, in some degree, fanned the flame of revolt; a small number of distinguished citizens were put to death; some found safety in flight, while others owed their preservation to steadfast friendship, or the zeal of certain courageous deputies.

Bonaparte advanced with rapid strides on the vast theatre of ambition; and he who had lent him a helping hand, soon saw himself banished by the modern Sylla. What did I say? One of the consuls even asked authority to apprehend the person of Barras! "That will not do," said I to my husband; "you cannot commit an act of perjury and ingratitude with impunity.

\* "In the midst of the wars I have carried on, I have rendered Paris more comfortable, more healthy, more beautiful than it had ever been. The Parisians received these benefits with songs of praise. The great thing for them was—and I well knew it—to furnish dancers, cooks, and fashions to all Europe."

Who knows but that the *lex talionis* may one day be applied to you?—You will then learn to appreciate the painful situation of a victim of proscription, condemned to wander alone in foreign lands. Yes! should a like misfortune ever overtake you, the memory of the friends you have forsaken will not fail to add to the weight of your woes; you will in vain invoke your household gods; both men and gods will turn a deaf ear to your lamentations. Perhaps, even Barras may hereafter glory in having been the victim of your ingratitude; perhaps, even his misfortunes will, in the eyes of the public, entitle him to their commiseration, and soften the rigour of his lot.” I did not, on any occasion, hesitate thus to oppose the First Consul to himself. I cherished vast hopes; it seemed to me that nothing could check his course. I augured that his haughty and ardent spirit would work out the regeneration of France, and that the same man, who had for a moment been seduced by the too liberal ideas of 1789, had only *pretended* to adopt those of the revolutionary chiefs, who made use of the name liberty, the better to outrage her laws.

Nevertheless, in entering upon his illustrious career through paths as yet untrodden, the astonishing genius of Bonaparte supplied him with new harvests of glory. As an intrepid warrior and a modest consul he appeared before the world, sustaining with one hand, the dignity of the French name against foreign armies, while with the other he repaired the injustice and the blunders committed by a corrupt oligarchy. Far from imitating the arrogance and the show of his predecessors, he was frequently seen walking in the palace of the Tuileries with the doors thrown open, made himself accessible at all hours of the day, was affable towards all, and listened with attention to their complaints. Such was that great man immediately after his promotion to the consulship.

The French people, fatigued by the violent agitations of the Revolution, ruined by the different factions which had one after another usurped the bloody sceptre, were now permitted to hope that their condition would be improved under the First Consul.

His administration seemed just and pacific. Parties became silent. All the talent of France became tributary to his new government.\* He preserved the republican forms and the shadow of liberty. All was not conducted by a single, absolute will; and the flattering hope was entertained that the day was not distant, which should wholly dispense with all republican forms. Before he reached his present position, the State was sunk under misfortunes, and whatever might have been the results of war, the French nation had no other prospect than to wear a tyrant's yoke.

I soon ceased to lead the same life, and no longer frequented the same social circles. This doubtless cost me much, but being the wife of the First Consul, I could not appear without the pomp and splendour of courts. I became surrounded by throngs of courtiers. Ever thirsting to attach themselves to the dominant power, those men who had long since habituated themselves to the saloon of Versailles, and had lately encumbered the avenues to the directorial palace, now contended with each other for the honour of burning a grain of incense at the feet of the wife of a general whose party had succeeded in overthrowing its adversaries. I entertained a sovereign contempt for those gilded insects who wing their way towards the voice of every dispenser of place or favour, whoever he may be.—“To-morrow,” said I to some of them, “to-morrow the King of France may re-ascend the throne of his ancestors. Then will he behold the most of you inundating his palace, and soliciting all the favours of the court.—You should have remained faithful to your old masters; and even now, while you

\* It will be recollected that he directed the ceremonies of the 1st Vendémiaire, year 9. No *fête* since the Revolution had been so brilliant. The mayors of all the cities, and deputations from every part of France, came to Paris, followed by an immense number of citizens of the middle class, attracted by curiosity. The most splendid dinners were given to the notables and public functionaries. All the preparations for this holiday were executed with equal ingenuity and magnificence. Fêtes, plays of every kind, and illuminations, filled the people with joy.

are uttering prayers for their return, you cannot resist the temptation to suspend *some* of your crowns in the temple of the false gods."

But I did not forget what was due to the majesty of the rank I occupied. I was skilful in reading the characters of the men who lavished their homage on me. Some of them craved, like a don, the honour of attaching themselves to my car, hoping by this means to perpetuate the peace they had secured. Of this number were the emigrants. I employed the ascendancy which I possessed over Bonaparte, to persuade him to repair the crimes committed by those who had held the helm of state. I easily obtained from him the favours I sought; but they did not satisfy my generous ambition. I wished my husband to surpass himself; I persuaded him to repeal numerous unjust and sanguinary laws.\* I urged him to rebuild the temples of religion, and recall her ministers, and thus appease the wrath of a just God.†

Bonaparte soon demonstrated his intention to pursue a course entirely opposite to that of the Directory. This noble conduct

\* The abolition of the law of hostages, the closing of the list of emigrants, made him numerous proselytes among the party which desired the return of the ancient *régime*, as well as that which openly favoured the establishment of what they called a constitutional *régime*.

† On seeing the remains of the great Turenne, which had escaped the profanation of the tombs of the kings of France, at St. Denis, which had been carefully preserved in the Museum *des monumens Français*, I persuaded Bonaparte to have them transported to the church of the *Invalids*, as belonging more especially to such a sanctuary. "You will," said I, "satisfy alike the clergy and the defenders of the State, by directing a pompous ceremony to be held in the temple, consecrated to the God of the universe." Lucien, then minister of the interior, pronounced a discourse on the occasion, in which he retraced the great actions of the Hero of Salsbach. All Paris was present at the removal of the precious reliques of the great Captain who adorned the age of Louis XIV. They were deposited with great military pomp in a vault, on which more than a thousand colours, taken from foreign armies, were suspended in festoons.—Bonaparte rejoiced in having followed my advice, and thanked me for it.—*Note by Josephine.*



won him numerous partisans. To proclaim liberty of conscience was to settle his power upon a solid basis ; to be the first to furnish an example of submission to the religious worship of his fathers was, in some sort, to legitimate his power. I convinced him that the slightest concession, on his part, to the principles of the innovators, would hurl him from the position in which Providence had been pleased to place him ; and he finally yielded his assent to my just observations. I now enjoyed the light of a brilliant morn—a ray of happiness and prosperity which had not appeared on the horizon since the year 1792. At length, the proscriptions ceased, and numerous exiles received permission to return to their country. Everybody applauded this first step of Bonaparte in his political career.

A great number of the emigrants saw their names erased from the tables of the ostracism. Paris resumed its ancient splendour ; talent, art, and genius, no longer compelled to hide themselves in obscurity, were recalled and received into favour ; the men of letters were no longer afraid to be seen in the public libraries, or artists in the public museums ; manufactures everywhere revived, and afforded employment to the labouring classes ; and in all the principal cities, a thousand apartments received the poor, and relieved the curse of beggary.

Thus, after a long tempest, men again tasted the miraculous calm which succeeded ; the laws now became more just, were peacefully executed, and France again saw plenty and prosperity reviving in her midst, and effacing the vestiges of those long days of sorrow and mourning which had passed.

Everything tended to inspire confidence, that the peace of the continent would restore internal and external tranquillity, and Bonaparte began to caress the idea of sovereign power—an idea which I more than once strove to banish from his mind. “What !” said I, “thinkest thou that thou hast done all ? No ! thy task is to undertake much more. Thou art not yet a great man in the eyes of all ; in truth, every one has connected himself with the army of the interior. The Republic no longer exists

but in name, and thou already exercisest the most absolute dictatorship. But never will Europe leave thee in the peaceable possession of the supreme power, unless thou shalt fortify it by force of arms. 'Tis no longer the cause of nations against kings, but the cause of kings against nations. So long as thou shalt act in the name of the First Consul of the republic, all parties will hasten to attach themselves to thee. But remember, my friend, thou must direct the people by means of that precious talisman; for, should thy ambition ever lead thee to imagine the possibility of erecting a throne upon the ruins of the consular power, then, alas! all the sovereigns of Europe will league together to hurl thee from it, and in process of time, thy posterity will fall beneath the weight of combined Europe.

"Thou mayst easily escape all such shoals; thou needest but to maintain a firm and determined will. Yes, so long as thou shalt shun the thorny paths of kingly greatness, the people will be penetrated with respect and admiration for thee. But shouldst thou cast thine eyes upon the *diadem*, all the brilliant illusions thou hast created will vanish. Alas! astonishment at length ceases, enthusiasm subsides, and the fatigued spirit, seeing all the ideas by which it had been seduced, flee away like a dream, learns with pain that it is disenchanted.

"The French people have passed over the vast field of liberty. It is now necessary, according to thy system, to lead them back to the point of departure, without letting them perceive it, and to give to the national pride an entirely new direction. 'Tis necessary to inspire thy compatriots with all the docility of servitude without its apparent humiliation. Harken! Thy generals will recognise in thee only a general like themselves. The more thou shalt heap fortunes and honours upon them, the more will they seek to hurl thee from thy throne. They will say, 'this man seeks to place himself above us; he has been recompensed by the contempt and indignation of those whom he has elevated from obscurity.'"

Thus did I labour to prepare his mind for the great part which

he seemed destined to act. Everything seemed to conspire to consolidate his power; and Bonaparte, now become the first magistrate of a youthful republic, might have undertaken anything. I kept the example of General *Monk*\* before his eyes, and urged him to follow it. "France," said I, "expects a generous action from thee. By restoring the Bourbons to the throne, thou wilt, perhaps, do no more than accomplish the wishes of the nation.† I repeat, it pertains to thee to rebuild the altars of the golden age of France, altars consecrated to virtue." Such were my secret conversations with the wonderful man, who, by his genius, then ruled over modern Gaul.

He alone made all appointments, all financial arrangements, and dispositions. At his words, hope awakened in all hearts, and from one extremity of the Republic to the other, nothing was heard but a continued concert of praises and benedictions. The bleeding wounds inflicted during the Reign of Terror, continued to heal; the saddest recollections began by degrees to be effaced; the Frenchman began to resume his gay and amiable character.

Thrice happy days! which succeeded the horrible night that had so long stretched its gloomy pall over the most lovely country of earth! Bonaparte, as he had promised, made the Parisians forget that he had ever taken part in the popular disturbances.

The concourse at Malmaison became immense. It was no longer that modest solitude where I had recently spent my leisure hours. I found myself at this period a stranger (so to speak) to society, though the company I saw at Malmaison was lively and interesting.

\* The English general who restored the Stuarts, after the death of Cromwell;—an example which Bonaparte was wise enough *not* to follow, however much his wife might have desired it.—TRANSLATOR.

† It seems almost incredible that such a sentiment should have been uttered by Josephine. If, however, such was her real opinion, the *divorce* was to be expected sooner or later, and the only thing surprising about it is, that it should have been so long postponed.—TRANSLATOR.

The most important points of diplomacy and politics were discussed in my presence, and Bonaparte held a council there every day, at which the ministers attended and presented their reports. The First Consul's chief care was to conclude a peace with the European powers. He imitated the ancient custom observed by the kings of France on coming to the throne, of writing to all the crowned heads; but receiving only vague or unmeaning answers from the different cabinets, he was soon persuaded of the necessity of preparing for war. He devoted himself to the pacification of La Vendée, and at length announced that freedom of religious worship was guaranteed by the new constitution. A great number of royalists were thus conciliated, and among them George Cadoudal, l'Abbé Bernier, and many others, who now delivered themselves up. M. de Frotté endeavoured to impose more difficult conditions; he pretended that the unfortunate son of Louis XVI., the last dauphin, was still alive, and claimed for the young prince the crown of France. His name was consequently erased from the list included by the amnesty. The First Consul wrote him a letter in the following terms:

“General, your head is turned; the proof is now conclusive that the young prince died in prison at the Temple. Moreover, and in any event, you will never stand excused before God or man, for seeking to perpetuate this civil war. Your officers are all ready to abandon it, and I advise you to imitate their example.”

When those who called themselves the friends of Frotté urged him to accept the amnesty, which the First Consul again offered him, “Leave me,” said the intrepid Vendéan, “I want neither war with you nor peace with Bonaparte.” This courageous resistance was the signal for letting loose his enemies upon him.

I admired the noble devotedness of this Vendéan general, and, without prying into the secret motives which influenced his political conduct, I cannot help here calling to mind the words of the First Consul, on receiving the news of that brave



man's death:—"The court of Mittau," said he, "has met with a great loss, for, with such generals as Frotté, the Pretender might have hoped to see himself one day recalled to the throne of France. As I cannot gain over the Vendéans to my cause, I must enfeeble and discourage them, and destroy those among them who refuse to lay down their arms. I am sorry for Frotté; I should rejoice to count him among my friends; yet, to have pardoned him, would have been dangerous for us both, and such being the case, the best way was to get rid of him."

About this time, Fouché, then minister of police, informed Bonaparte, that a young man who had been arrested and conducted to prison, pretended to be the son of the unfortunate Louis XVI.(104) On the 21st of January, 1800, the portal of the church of St. Madelaine was covered with a pall of black velvet striped with white, and the king's will was stuck upon various churches, and distributed through the saloons. This circumstance produced some anxiety in Bonaparte's mind, and he ordered all those evidences of mourning for the late monarch to be removed. As to the impostor (for he judged him to be nothing else), he directed Fouché to keep him concealed, so as not to encourage either hope or curiosity among the people; for the Consul sought every means to efface all recollection of the royal family, which had been so unworthily proscribed by the factions. Such is the madness of revolutions!—Thus it was that the Stuarts and the Bourbons saw themselves, each family in its turn, hurled from the pinnacle of absolute power, into the abyss of misfortune.

After the Vendéan army had been disbanded, Bonaparte applied himself unceasingly in making preparations for the ever memorable campaign he was about to commence; he soon joined the army of reserve, and took up his line of march towards Mount St. Bernard.(105) It belongs to the pen of history to describe the famous battle of Marengo. I must be permitted to say, that the death of General Désaix was wholly unknown to Bonaparte. The latter, however, could not much

regret General Désaix, for the glory of that day was wholly his own. The young hero had made himself beloved and respected alike by friends and foes. The First Consul had no longer any rivals to fear; this battle decided his fate as well as that of the campaign in Italy. France was again saved, and the second coalition overthrown.(106)

From that time the plans executed by my husband, whether of war or government, were better combined. He had tried and learned the effect of the sudden irruption of a mass of men upon hostile ranks, dashing forward with fury, and scattering all before it; while, in politics, he had become satisfied, that in case he should fail to keep his place as First Consul, Italy would be his last resource. He busied himself in the organization of the Cisalpine Republic, and appointed a French minister to guard his interests there.

His entry into Milan was truly a triumph. "Everywhere," he wrote to me, "everywhere am I greeted with the most lively demonstrations of joy." That city seemed to rise into new life; rich in glory, happiness, and hope.

Bonaparte quitted Italy with regret. He looked with pride upon the independence of that fine country;—it was his own work. The general returned victorious to Paris. His entry was, of course, pompous; and his presence again animated all hearts, and silenced faction.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE bell was sounding the hour of twelve; a refreshing slumber had just begun to weigh down my eyelids, when I was waked by the harmonious accents of a voice which enchanted my ear—it was my husband's. "Madame," said he, "rejoice with me over your good fortune. Your son

marches rapidly to fame ; he will yet become one of the greatest captains in Europe." "Ah ! my Eugene," I exclaimed, "thou wilt surely follow in the footsteps of thy illustrious father, and, directed by such a general as Bonaparte, thou wilt, perhaps, even surpass him."

I confess, I could not meet the First Consul without a feeling of pride ; and I clung to the hope that he who had given the Austrians so impressive a lesson, would not be slow to give a still more terrible one to the agitators who were labouring to rend France asunder. She had triumphed without ; but the wrecks of old factions still menaced her within.

Unluckily, great numbers of emigrants were included among the disturbers of the national quiet ; and the agents of the police were busy in hunting out the principal royalist conspirators. Emigrants and royalists were alike denounced to the First Consul, as the sworn plotters of his ruin. The opinion was universal that the safety of France depended upon his preservation. Many peaceable but unfortunate men were persecuted anew, and put to death, for no other reason than that the government had discovered amongst them many whose courage it feared.

I had, all along, done my utmost to put him on his guard against the perfidious reports which were artfully framed and presented to him ; but now began to perceive that my remonstrances were irksome to him. Our differences of opinion began to interrupt our good understanding. I knew the inflexibility of his character, and that, in his presence, no one had a right to hazard the slightest observation. A despot in the bosom of his family, he was the same at the head of the French government ; for his passions increased in strength, in proportion to his power. His ruling passion was, to be obeyed in the smallest matter, and I could, by no means, obtain an exemption from that law.\* The royalist cause appeared to me grand and imposing ; I saw

\* Often would Bonaparte wake Josephine at night, in order to read to her. At other times, he would question her as to how many, or how few visits she had received. Marshal *Duroc* gave him a minute detail of what-

the time was fast approaching, when the phantom of a republic would vanish, and had become painfully convinced that my husband was labouring only for himself. I did not dissemble my thoughts upon this subject, nor conceal the consequences which his system would produce. As Consul, he moved the equal of crowned heads; and the consulship for life opened a boundless career to his ambition. He witnessed with surprise the exposure of the plot in which Arena took the lead.

Arena was a member of his family.(107) That thorough-going republican had been so unlucky as to express himself with too much boldness in reference to Bonaparte. He was opposed to his usurpation, and to the exercise of the immense powers which Bonaparte arrogated to himself; and finally accused him of the blackest ingratitude. This was enough to arouse Bonaparte's indignation. He showed plainly that he could not pardon so culpable an imprudence. Soon did the Argus-eyed mercenaries of the government take an oath to entangle Arena in a snare, from which he would escape only to mount the scaffold. They endeavoured to persuade the people that Arena had made an attempt upon the life of his relative; and, had the unhappy man not been so indiscreet as to open, and hand to General Or\*\*, his countryman, a pamphlet published in England, in which the First Consul was vilified and insulted, never would the thought have been conceived, that he

ever passed at the chateau. The Consul loved to be informed of everything; and the chronicles of the palace became more familiar to him than to Josephine. I must here do him the justice to say, that he was very sensitive in reference to the internal regulations of his household; in these matters he was minute. Rigorous in respect to the manners of those who surrounded him, he more than once drove from his presence persons who had been forbidden to approach him. He very seldom reviewed a decree which he had made. Every one who was in his service was subjected to the most scrupulous surveillance. The ladies, even, who attended Josephine, dared not absent themselves without his being informed of it; nor could any person be admitted into her presence, without first being seen and scrutinized by him.



was capable of committing a crime abhorrent alike to the laws of God and man.

It was, I think, on the 10th of October, 1800, "*Les Horaces*" was to be played at the opera. I was indisposed\* on that day,

\* On the evening of that day, the First Consul appeared to be quite merry. He, however, in our conversation, crossed me repeatedly, and finally accused me of wilful caprice. On my telling him that I felt out of sorts, and could not possibly accompany him, "Well, madame," said he with some sourness, "you are, I see, really sick, and I will write to the Pope to send me immediately his *mine de bois*." "You are joking," said I (his observations began to fatigue me;) "of what are you speaking?" "Eh? of the *Bambino*," replied he with a serious air. "The Franciscans shall come forthwith, and bring it to you in their coach—they shall place it by your side, and stay here at my expense until you are killed or cured—do you understand?"

This sally of fun cheered me up, and I asked him to explain this religious phenomenon. "The *Bambino*," he replied, "is a small wooden Jesus, richly dressed, which is carried around to rich persons, who are sick, and of whose recovery the doctors despair. The little saint is, of course, always going the rounds. People sometimes fight for it at the door of the convent and snatch it away from one another. During the summer season, it is in constant use, although the price for using it is then very high. But as we are now entering upon the month Nivose, I can probably obtain it at a low rate. If you wish, madame, I will immediately send a courier to Rome for it." It then occurred to me that I had read in Dupaty, that the convent which owned the *Bambino* had no other patrimony. But our French monks preferred donations secured by mortgage on lands, and not without reason. And yet, notwithstanding all their science and sagacity, mankind will ever resort to superstitious practices. The people are the people, whether in France or Italy; they must have something wonderful to fill their minds. Thus, Catherine de Medicis sometimes remarked to Charles IX.: "I have often heard it said to the king, your grandfather, that in order to live at peace with the French you must keep them merry and gay; they must be kept agog either by a variety of shows, prodigies, or miracles. My son, your people need to be humbled; without that, some evil genius will sooner or later rise up, and trouble their repose in the name of those liberties which they have been demanding for ages. He will teach them to present their humble remonstrances to you, with a view to obtain those liberties."

"Beware of renewing in your reign, my son, the faction of the *Maillotins*

and manifested a desire to remain in my apartments. "To-day is the first representation of the piece," said Bonaparte; "you cannot help going." I yielded to his entreaties.

In the midst of the tumult occasioned by the throng of spectators, I noticed the minister of police, and the prefect Dubois, entering, going out, and returning continually. I called the First Consul's attention to their continual bustle.

He seemed to understand it, and said to me—" 'Tis nothing, attend to the play." Fouché came to our box, and whispered to Bonaparte, that he was surprised at not seeing Arena and Demerville there, but that he had taken means to secure the two Italians.\*

My husband became sombre on hearing this, and seemed agitated. "Let us leave the opera," said he; "I have some despatches to send off to-night." He was careful not to let me into the secret, for I must have become alarmed, and my agitation would inevitably have disclosed what it was very important to keep concealed.

I employed every moment which I could steal from the pomp and display of greatness, in succouring misfortune.

A great number of unhappy families, who claimed my protection, were presented to me;† in whose behalf I employed all my influence with Bonaparte, to induce him to repair the ravages occasioned by the stormy times which preceded him. His humour

or the *Jaquerie*, and do not give your Parisians time to fill their heads with vague notions and foolish discontents; for, if you do, they will give you no rest."—*Note by Josephine.*

\* Those two conspirators were Ceracchi, a celebrated sculptor from Rome, and only rival of Canova, and Diance, an aged notary at Rome.

† Josephine was easy of access. She extended her bounties to all classes who had suffered in any degree during the Revolution. Nobles and plebeians were by turns presented to her. She listened to their complaints; to some she made promises, to others she gave pensions. Her goodness was inexhaustible, though her means often failed her. The Americans (*a*) had strong claims upon her, and never did she refuse them when she could, by means of her purse or her credit, satisfy them.

(*a*) Inhabitants of the French West-India colonies. — TRANSLATOR.

was often savage and repulsive, but the habit I had of teasing him, enabled me to renew my demand, and I sometimes succeeding in obtaining that which he had once refused. It was universally believed that I should induce him to become the General Monk of France.

The country was, I confess, at this time, on the point of passing again under the dominion of its legitimate masters, but the fatal events of the 3d Nivose exasperated Bonaparte, and scattered to the winds all my hopes of seeing the Bourbons restored.(108)

Some days before that frightful catastrophe, the First Consul was looking out of one of the windows of the Tuileries at the Carousal:—"Behold," said he to himself, "a place without nobles; in time I intend to render it worthy of his palace, who is yet to become the master and arbiter of the world." I joked him a good deal about his ambitious projects, and endeavoured to show him the impossibility of accomplishing them.—"Hush, madam," said he, "I shall become so much superior to other men that my glory will eclipse the power of kings."

During the night preceding the day which was to see that horrid crime committed, which plunged so many families into mourning, while I lay asleep (the soul has its revelations, the heart its mysteries), the ghost of Beauharnais appeared to me. I saw him, not as in the days of his former splendour, but enveloped in his grave clothes, and resting in his coffin. His face was uncovered, his eyes half shut; his body was motionless. Suddenly I saw him draw from his bosom an enormous dagger; he turned the glittering blade towards my eyes, and I distinguished certain characters which were perfectly engraved upon it; the numbers 21, 24 and 28, struck me singularly. On the reverse of the blade was a hieroglyphic written in Greek, which he told me must not be explained, *except into three times nine*. I awoke in a fright, supposing I had seen my first husband. Again my eyes closed, and again the apparition presented itself to me. I awoke again. A terrible beating at the heart told me how great had been my fright. My pulse was in the utmost

agitation, and a buzzing sound rang in my ears ; my limbs had become stiffened, and so insupportable was my situation that I cried out with absolute horror — “Awake, Bonaparte, awake ; we are both threatened with the greatest danger !”

It can scarcely be conceived in what a distressed condition he found me. A universal trembling seized me ; I fainted, and my words died on my lips. When I came to myself, he asked what was the cause of my agitation ? I told him the dream I had had. He joked me at suffering myself to be affected by such puerilities, and pointed out the consequences. I did not take his advice ; but, becoming at length more calm, told him to be on his guard, for plots were going on in secret against his life. I recommended the minister of police to keep a closer and more active watch over my husband’s life. “It is my duty,” said I, “to use all my efforts to avert the danger which menaces him.” I was sad a considerable part of that day.

The weather was dark and cloudy, and I showed no inclination to leave my apartment. The oratorio called the “*Creation of the World*,” by Haydn, was to be performed that evening at the opera, and Bonaparte had made me promise to attend. I had, however, given secret orders to the officers to have the guard *de service* doubled, and to see that there was not the slightest obstacle in the way of his suite, in passing along the streets.

At length, at eight o’clock in the evening, he got into his carriage. Scarcely had he left the palace of the Tuileries, when the noise of a terrible explosion was heard. “Alas !” I cried, filled with fear and grief ; “my husband’s life is in danger, and I am not by his side.” Notwithstanding the wise counsels of the persons who were with me, I immediately hurried forward to the scene of confusion, directing my carriage in the very track of my husband’s. An officer came to inform me respecting his fate. I inquired, and learned of him the unheard-of disaster, a disaster deplored by all with sighs and groans. Here was a disconsolate wife, seeking, among the slain, for a husband, whose looks she could no longer recognise ; there, children pale and shuddering with affright, uttering cries of anguish at



seeing the bystanders lift up the gory body of a mother who was seeking them, in order to bestow on them the caresses of maternal love; in another place, a mother rendered frantic at the sight of the mangled remains of her son, whose body had been hurled to the clouds by the force of the explosion, and whose torn limbs had fallen rudely upon the pavement; and farther on, an aged man bathing with his tears the inanimate face of a daughter, the solace and prop of his declining years.—In vain did the bystanders strive to tear him from her; in vain did he perceive that his child was but a lifeless corpse, covered with blood and smoke. “Leave me to die with her,” said he; “I cannot survive her loss.” Overwhelmed with despair, delirious with anguish, he cried out—“She is gone—she is no more!”—and rested his aged head upon her bosom, which had scarcely ceased to throb.

For a moment he remained immoveable as a rock, then uttered a piercing cry—and died! Thus, on every side, fathers, mothers, husbands, and friends, were called to mourn the loss of children, mothers, and husbands. Whole families, undone in a moment, were plunged into mourning, or sorrow that must follow them to the tomb. And well might those who had lost their friends by that shocking attempt, wish for the long repose of the grave. In the anguish of my heart, I devoted to eternal execration the authors of a crime hitherto unknown in history. Had it affected only the head of the government, it would have been attributed to the schemes of faction; but falling, as it did, upon a portion of the French people, it was properly regarded as an act of cold-blooded atrocity, without the slightest colour of justification.(109)

I visited, with deep emotion, the scene of carnage, and was melted by the piteous wailings of the sufferers. Alas! what a scene of woe was there exhibited!

I joined my husband at the opera. On entering my loge, I was so overcome at the sight of him who had so narrowly escaped being eternally severed from me, that my voice failed me. I obeyed my first impulse, and threw myself into his arms.

“Ah!” I exclaimed, bathed in tears, “will you, another time, believe Josephine? You have escaped, by a miracle, the thunderbolt which those who seek your life had prepared for you! —’Tis to be feared they may yet be more successful”—and my sobs choked me. Bonaparte was not insensible of this proof of my attachment and friendship, and did not hesitate fully to testify his gratitude. He often recounted to his officers my sad forebodings, giving as a reason for his disbelief of them, that such weakness would appear ridiculous. “Ah!” said I to him, “a wise Providence has in store means which are concealed from our imperfect view; we ought not to bring into doubt a mystery which the human mind cannot penetrate.”\*

On our return to the chateau, I was afraid of a repetition of the tragical scene. But the wise precautions which were taken dissipated my anxiety. On hearing of the deplorable event, all France believed the true authors to be the plotters of the revolutionary troubles. The citizens remembered, with renewed horror, that it was they, who, in the name of liberty, had committed countless crimes, had made liberty blush, and stained with blood the hideous cap which adorned her brows! And it was secretly determined that those who still wore that abominable symbol, great numbers of whom remained, should henceforth be disabled from doing mischief. Three hundred persons, known as anarchists, were exiled by the First Consul,† and

\* Man must have hope, he must have something marvellous, he must have a future state; for he feels himself made to live beyond this visible world. Among the people, magic, necromancy, are but the instinct of religion, and one of the most striking proofs of the necessity of worship.

Men are ready to believe everything, when they believe nothing. They have divines, when they cease to have prophets; witchcraft, when they renounce religious ceremonies, and open the caverns of sorcery, when they shut the temples of the Lord.—*F. A. Chateaubriand.*

† Seventy-five of them were transported to the *Isles Sechelles*, of whom seventy-three there perished. The remaining two returned to France, at the restoration of the Bourbons. One of these engaged in a new plot against the king, his benefactor, and was again condemned, by the court of assizes at Paris, to be transported.

thus the capital was delivered from the remainder of the fierce republican chiefs of 1793, and the following years. On the day that Arena and his accomplices ascended the scaffold, the authors of the *infernal machine* were made known to Bonaparte, by the minister of police. The public were surprised to hear that the criminal court pronounced as guilty only two old Vendéan officers.(110) Against them the minister of justice urged the prosecution with great earnestness.

But afterwards the matter took another complexion. The police redoubled its vigilance; numerous arrests took place; it seemed as if the horrible conspiracies of the reign of Robespierre were renewed, when, under the pretext of the same judgment of condemnation, throngs of the most illustrious victims were put to death, and when many of the persons accused of conspiring together, never saw each other until the day of their doom united them in one common death.

It was well known that I openly aided all those who had suffered from the Revolution. I even persuaded Bonaparte to close the list of emigrants. I was anxious to effect the erasure of the names of a number of them from that list, but had to arrive at my object by careful approaches. It is true that Fouché seldom refused me; and I must say, that that minister concurred with me in rescuing numbers from misfortune and banishment, who returned to their country penniless, without any prospect but despair and death.

The citizens began to feel secure. Their affection for the First Consul daily increased. As to the Jacobins, he well knew how to restrain them, and everybody at length saw a calm succeeding to the protracted Revolution which tore France asunder. The people began to believe themselves happy; the wise and moderate hoped everything from the progress of time, and the ministers of religion now supplicated the Almighty to prolong the days of the man, whom, in their prayers, they called the pillar of authority, the Cyrus of modern times.(111)

Everything seemed to second my husband's views. He became satisfied that it was he alone who knew how to turn to a

good account the courage and the immense resources of this industrious nation, thirsting for glory, and rich in all the treasures of a soil of inexhaustible fertility.

But he became weary of inactivity, and could not pardon himself for the inertness in which he found himself.

France saw herself surrounded by friendly governments, but the restless genius of Bonaparte soon disturbed the tranquillity of her neighbours. He persuaded Spain to declare war upon Portugal, and sent 30,000 men to accelerate its conquest. In vain did I point out to him the fatal consequences of his designs, and so firmly did he cling to them, that he did not hesitate to say—"It will be fine, madame, to see a Bourbon declare war upon his relative, to please Napoleon I. But be not surprised; you will see many more wars."(112)

I began to reflect upon the boldness of his project. Surrounded continually by a throng of courtiers, he finally persuaded himself that a commander of his reputation ought to mount the throne, and that, by his sword, he held the right to reign over France.

At length his ambition and the force of circumstances cleared the way, and enabled him to reach that goal; and could he have found a new Meropé, he would doubtless have given her his hand, and thus, perhaps, have legitimated the usurpation he then meditated.

He endeavoured, really, to earn the title of the pacificator of Europe, and dreamed of concluding a peace, which must in the end have proved entirely artificial. He accordingly wrote to his brother Joseph, then French minister at Lunéville. The battle of Marengo had not been decisive. The Emperor of Germany had, indeed, been compelled to evacuate Italy, but he still possessed prodigious resources. Bonaparte learned that his aid-de-camp, Duroc, whom he had sent on a mission to Vienna, was detained as a prisoner at the Austrian headquarters.

This violation of the law of nations was relied upon as a



proof that the emperor had refused to ratify the treaty, and had chosen to place himself at the head of his army.

On receiving this news, the First Consul ordered Moreau to recommence hostilities. The Austrians proposed an armistice, but the general would allow it to continue but one hour, in order that the emperor might not have time for reflection.

He was of opinion, also, that, to put an end to the interminable debates of the plenipotentiaries assembled at Lunéville, a battle ought to be fought. Moreau fought one, gained a glorious victory at Hohenlinden, and moved forward his head-quarters to within five days' march of Vienna.

At length peace, the object of my prayers, was concluded. The Emperor Francis confirmed the cession to France of the Belgian provinces, and gave up entirely the county of Falsenstein with its dependencies, and the whole of the province of the Frickstal; in exchange for these acquisitions, France guarantied the immense possessions of the house of Austria.

Bonaparte had for a long time meditated the conquest of England. He often said to me, "I want to humble that proud people; I want to bend proud Albion under my yoke; I want to compel her cabinet to beg peace of me."\* — He never could pardon the British government for having refused his proffered alliance. He contrived the plan of sending home to Russia, fully equipped, the prisoners he had taken from her; but he was especially careful to publish to the world, that the French prisoners in the hands of the English, were kept in a state of the

\* His project of a descent upon England was serious. He wrote to me thus:—"I have not assembled 200,000 men on the coast of Boulogne, and expended 80,000,000, merely to amuse the idlers of Paris; but Villeneuve's fleet has deranged everything. In vain has the British cabinet exerted itself to rekindle the war upon the continent. The yoke of those Islanders will not always be to the taste of other nations. They will grow impatient under English domination. And yet, they excel in everything; they have chalked out for us the road of Revolution; but to me, and to me alone, it belongs to humble England in her turn.—Proud Albion! in time thou wilt be compelled to pass between my Caudine forks."

utmost destitution. I observed to him very cautiously that it was unheard of for a people who called themselves hospitable, to dishonour themselves by practices so contrary to the laws of nations. "The cabinet of St. James," he replied with a smile, "whose hidden schemes I have long divined, has demanded a decision in regard to that; but it will not obtain from me the satisfaction it desires."

Thus he sought, by legitimate means, to satisfy the expectations of all, in consolidating his power. Appointed Consul for ten years, the magistracy thus conferred by no means satisfied his ambition; he wished to be Consul for life. Nothing in his conduct indicated any intention to part with an authority which he wished to possess without reserve. He received some reproaches from the court of Spain, which he had drawn into a disastrous war, and, to appease its resentment, he made the Prince of Parma King of Etruria.

On my observing that the whole world would be strangely surprised to see the chief of a republic creating a *sovereign*, he said, "You don't yet see, Josephine, what my plans are—you shall see what the future has in store for me; you know not, my friend, how difficult it is to resist the most attractive of all seductions, supreme power and glory.

"The necessity of securing my person and my power, will, in conjunction with my ambition, determine me hereafter to place upon my head the crown of Charlemagne. I can, when I set myself about it, work wonders. But, meanwhile, I am trying an experiment on the French nation. I want it to imagine that, in calling the son of Charles IV. to the new kingdom which I have formed in Tuscany, 'tis only to prepare him to receive one day the crown of the Bourbons. Yes, the Prince of Parma will ascend the throne of Etruria, as a stepping stone to the throne of France. The crown of France"—he repeated with enthusiasm—" 'tis worthy of me! At my bidding, discord will scatter hatred and division among the partisans of the royal family." Returning from this digression, as if he feared he had gone too

far, he added, "Believe me, I shall maintain the new kingdom I have created, only so long as it favours my designs." (113)

Surprise, a sad foreboding, seized me on hearing this. But yet, everything seemed to encourage Bonaparte's projects. The most friendly relations were established between his government and the principal powers of Europe; England and Portugal alone were at war with him. The English public, who studied the character of the First Consul, were full of the idea that he would take some false step; and the celebrated Fox continually represented to those powers, who were now to all appearance friendly to Bonaparte, that he would soon afford them an occasion to repossess themselves of whatever they had lost. Such a revolution appeared to him impossible. "I will," said he to me, "I will imitate William, Duke of Normandy;—it will not be the first time that England has submitted to the law of the conqueror. For a series of ages she was governed only by foreign dynasties, whose chiefs had successively vanquished her; and I am well aware that, in order to rely, with any safety, upon the conditions imposed upon the vanquished, it is necessary that circumstances should require their peremptory execution."

Spain and Holland had now become subject to the French government, and were included among the other nations of Europe, in computing the enormous sacrifices which were to be exacted from them. Peace at length was concluded, and the arrival of Cardinal Caprara at Paris filled the measure of the public joy. He brought the concordat, signed by his holiness the pope. (114) The immense power which the First Consul at that time enjoyed, was assented to by all in the most flattering and honourable manner. He was now hailed as the restorer of the ancient worship, and on the day the French people celebrated the establishment of the general peace, Bonaparte fully partook of their generous emotions.

For him, it was the most delightful of all triumphs, and he said to me, with conscious pride, that there was no public place where his name was not inscribed. "You see," said he, "the

people adore me ; the courtiers tremble before me, and the factions have ceased to be—soon will France say of them, they have all sunk into nothingness.”

“ You should,” said I, “ now imitate the example of Augustus. That prince took care to restore plenty in the capital of his empire, and strove to gain the popular favour by means of sports spectacles, and presents, bestowed not with a lavish, but judicious hand.”

He condescended to consult me respecting the form of government to be established in St. Domingo, having determined to place General Le Clerc at its head. I did not conceal my fear that this fatal step would deprive France of that beautiful colony. “ Your brother-in-law,” said I, “ will never know how to combine the address and vigour which are indispensable to sustain him in so difficult a position. Keep friendship with Toussaint-Louverture ;(115) he can render you the most useful service in governing the blacks. The moment you seek to strip him of his authority, you make of him an enemy, who will have it in his power to do you much mischief ; while, on the contrary, by flattering his ambition, and preserving to him an honorary title, he will necessarily attach himself to your cause. I know the Americans ; flatter them. The negroes have now established their dominion over that colony, and will see, with pain, the sceptre of power pass from the hands of their ‘ colonel-general.’ They will be continually afraid of relapsing into their former slavery, should they be subjected to European laws. Besides, of what can you accuse that black chief ? He has ever kept up a correspondence with you ; he has done more ; he has sent his children to be held by you, in some sort, as hostages. Methinks these are a precious testimony of his devotion to you. You always find motives for opposing my opinion, and I much fear that your numerous family will yet be the source of all your misfortunes.”

I could never convince him on this subject. He assured me that Toussaint-Louverture would soon fall into his toils, and



that he did not despair of having him brought to France, where a strong citadel should be the pledge of his fidelity.\*

I was at times so fortunate as to be relieved of the tumult and tedium of political affairs. The Machiavelism of courts, the dullness or the falsehood of most men who managed to gain consideration, became to me insupportable; and I was compelled to adopt a set form of words in my intercourse with them. I often resorted to Malmaison to charm away my leisure hours. For me, that had become a kind of enchanted spot, although the air I inhaled there was not so pure as it once had been; the breath of the informers had even there spread its foul miasma, and I soon received an order from my husband to admit no persons to visit me except such as he should designate. How painful was this to such a heart as mine! I must, forsooth, forget the sentiments of gratitude and friendship, as if the memory of those who were dear to me could, possibly, ever be eradicated from my heart!(116)

“There are,” said Bonaparte, “some nations, which, by the genius of a single man or by mere circumstances, are raised from the bosom of obscurity to glory; but a proud and warlike people, fond of renown and jealous of its fame, can never be beneath its fortune, whatever it may be. Such has been this unique nation, to which I feel myself happy to dictate laws. Her fall will not soon follow her surprising elevation, nor her celebrity be succeeded by a long silence; it seems to me she can never, while she has strength to prevent it, fall into an inferior rank among nations.

\*The unfortunate Toussaint-Louverture was persuaded beforehand, that fortune reserved a shameful death for him. In his youth, he had been told that in case he went to Europe, he would there perish; hence the repugnance he manifested when he went on board of a ship. He was always afraid to get out of sight of Cape Francis. On being told that the First Consul of France wished to see him, and to treat him as an equal, as the First Consul of America, “It is all over with me,” said he; “I shall never again see my wife and children; the fortune that was told me will be fulfilled.”

“Never can France feel that her glory, her prosperity, or the achievements of her arms, have been an expense to her. During this rapid revolution, every day has been marked by a battle; every day has recorded a triumph;—it is the calendar of victory;—it brings to mind the words of one of our celebrated writers: ‘A single people has filled those glorious records with their toils, their actions, their success;—to cite their deeds is to praise heroes.’”\*

The public feeling having now become tranquil, I seized the occasion to entreat my husband to grant an amnesty to the emigrants. My request was at first rejected; but I renewed it shortly after, and told him frankly that, the *concordat* having satisfied the timorous consciences which were once afraid of schisms, he ought now to give the same kind of guaranty to the partisans of the monarchy, and prove to them that he was wholly a stranger to the crimes of the Reign of Terror. Such was the effect produced by these remarks upon him that he immediately set about devising measures to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate outlaws.

Thus were some obstacles removed; yet others remained and seemed insurmountable, and among them were the affairs of St. Domingo, where nothing could overcome or cure the popular madness. When General Le Clerc came to take his leave of me at Malmaison, I said to him, “My brother, I part with you with anxiety.” The disasters of that expedition, the death of the commanding general, showed how well founded were my fears.

During the interval between the formation and the rupture of the treaty of Amiens, Bonaparte, in his intercourse with the members of the tribunate, employed the most efficacious means for reaching the goal of his ambition. He insinuated to them that, in decreeing an honourable recompense to the first magistrate of the Republic, the national gratitude should not be limited; that he alone had rescued the country from the scourge

\* Thomas’s Eulogy.

of war and the most terrible anarchy ; in a word, that to recompense his eminent services to France, he ought to be proclaimed consul for life.

Soon a deputation came, and announced to him that the whole nation was filled with a sincere desire to give him some shining token of its satisfaction and its good will. The senate hastened to confirm the resolution of the tribunate ; and thus was completed a work of gratitude by a generous people, who now looked upon the permanent tenure of its chief as a recompense worthy of him, because it was an act wholly national.

For form's sake, however, registers were opened to receive the votes of the people ; and, during the time which elapsed between this and his being proclaimed Dictator for life, Malmaison was filled by a succession of fêtes and pleasures. People here usually conversed about the most important matters, and here Bonaparte tasted whatever of happiness he ever found on earth. That romantic retreat, as he himself often said, elevated his thoughts, and exalted his soul. There he was not disturbed during his moments of reflection ; he often told me, that the chateau of the Tuileries afforded him no inspiration ; that he could not help feeling shocked, in a manner overawed, on going into the cabinet of the late king. The two other consuls, whom he himself had appointed for life, laboured with him daily ; they were constantly employed in discussing the great interests of the State.

Less fortunate than Madame Maintenon, who was permitted to sit in the council of Louis XIV., and raise her voice in favour of the unfortunate, I stayed in my apartment, or was occupied in the saloon, in the reception of the generals of the army. I received with marked attention their wives and children,(117) and felt confident that I had secured their attachment to my husband's cause. Alas ! in vain do we feel that whatever flatters us ought to be perpetual !

I received the foreign ministers in the same manner, and used my efforts to persuade them that the First Consul, in all his

designs, had no other object in view than the good of France. Of many of them, I read the most secret thoughts, and the slightest smile upon their lips taught me more of what really passed in their minds, than the most formal discourses. A word or a look was instantly seized and interpreted by me; and even Bonaparte, who disbelieved everybody, was often forced to admit, that so just were my ideas, that he was afraid to admit me to the least degree of confidence, for fear I might dissuade him from his gigantic undertakings. In this he was certainly right, for I blamed him for seeking to disturb the peace of nations, and especially that of Switzerland.(118) I endeavoured to show him how singular and how interesting was the situation of that country, in respect to its neighbours—that of enjoying peace, while Europe was in a flame; and that the descendants of William Tell were worthy of the liberty won by their fathers. “I shall,” said Bonaparte, “so embroil their affairs, that they will finally address themselves to me. I shall give them a constitution:—I want to be their mediator;—what do you say to this fine scheme?” “This plan,” said I, “can only sow discord through that noble and generous nation; but you will be satisfied; yes, Helvetia will soon see herself torn by intestine commotions. The cantons will not receive you for a protector; you will become irritated, and resolve to speak to them like a master; the diet will attempt to assemble, and be dissolved by force; great dangers will environ them, but before separating, they will publish their protest against your despotism; you will invade Switzerland, and will not hesitate to listen to the magistrates who will offer to capitulate upon the ground of the unconditional submission of their whole country; and it will turn out, that the Helvetic council, assembled in the French capital, will submit to your authority. But what will you gain by the struggle?—Little real advantage, and only an honorary title! But will future events guaranty the continuance of this foreign alliance? Hear me: You will one day see that people, whose ancestors so boldly defended their liberty against the German empire, blush at having bowed their necks



beneath your yoke, and ally themselves with other nations who will perhaps cause you to repent, but too late, having taken them under your protection.”(119)

I reminded him of the inconstancy of fortune. I wished him to grow great by his merits, not by his politics. I saw him sailing upon an agitated sea, surrounded by hidden shoals; his course became crooked and uncertain; he regretted having signed the peace with Europe; he now saw that his relations with England were becoming less friendly.

That power had been apparently anxious to conclude with him a treaty of commerce, and some preliminary notes had passed betwixt them; but England immediately increased her pretensions, and rendered such a treaty impossible. Lord Whitworth presented the *ultimatum* of his court. He was instructed, in case of a refusal, to leave Paris in twenty-four hours. Bonaparte seemed a little surprised at this, and hesitated what course to take. He said to me one evening, “Josephine, I am determined to imprison some seven thousand English in the different cities in France. I will teach these insolent Islanders who are visiting France, that they repose in vain upon the faith of treaties, and the laws of nations;—their government has obliged me to make reprisals.

“Great Britain would, if she could, conquer the whole world. And it is she who, in the face of Europe, dares accuse me of cherishing the project of getting possession of the whole continent. She asks me to let her keep Malta for ten years, to take possession of the island of Ampedoce; and that the French troops shall evacuate Belgium.—Perfidious cabinet! Perfidious ministry!—They demand what it does not and cannot depend on me to grant. I will teach them that they cannot with impunity sport with such a man as I am. I will seize Hanover, and after that blow is struck, who knows where my military skill will stop?”

I listened attentively to this discourse, intermixed as it was with laconic reflections,—the scope of which was that the Eng-

lish could do nothing without the powerful intervention of France, and that, whenever he wished, he could make himself master of their maritime commerce. Henceforth he occupied himself exclusively in contriving the best means of effecting a descent upon England :—" I will take you to London, madame," said he often ; " I intend the wife of the '*modern Cæsar*' shall be crowned at Westminster."

The remark is perhaps worth making, that at first I regarded this idea of a coronation at Westminster as a joke ; but so often did he repeat it, that I began to see the bottom of his designs. A rumour was in circulation that the First Consul was intending to have himself elected Emperor of the Gauls ; but the story was set afloat by his worst enemies ;—and, besides, the high title he now bore was every way worthy of the head of the French nation.

On one of those occasions which I knew so well how to take advantage of, I turned the conversation upon that subject, and spoke of it rather jokingly. He made me little or no reply, and seemed to be absorbed in dreamy reflection. On another occasion, when he was in the same mood, he said to me sharply, "*Well! and why should I not be crowned?*" I was, I confess, thunderstruck at this, and could not for some moments make any reply ; but, becoming calmer, I told him plainly that the project was but a snare his enemies had laid for him.—" Who told you so?" said he in the same sharp tone ; " I will show you the contrary. You know I am the idol of the French ; everywhere am I hailed as a guardian god. Of this you must have been convinced since 1802. I am going to recommence my *travels* ; but my purpose is to give them a wider range.—You shall yourself, madame, see that there remains but one step for me to take, and that I am resolved to take it. Perhaps," added he with a smile, " you will be the first to advise me to it—certainly your good genius will inspire you with some lucky thought." I led him to the portrait of his father, which was hanging up half concealed : " Look," said

I, "that man bore your name; as this picture is hidden away in this dark chamber, so did your father live in peace apart from the noise and strife of the world. You see upon his garb none of the ensigns of power and greatness. The world could say nothing of him, except that '*he was happy.*'"—"What must be done," said Bonaparte, "to become happy?" "Fly ambition," was my answer; "recall to the supreme power the descendants of your kings, and place them on the throne; then shall you be the first of men, if you shall be able to live independently of them." He threw himself into my arms, and promised to reflect upon the counsel I had given him. I pressed to my bosom the heart that had never yet had cause to reproach itself with having placed distinction and honour in opposition to the happiness of France,—but which, alas! was never to find repose but in the bosom of the earth!\*

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## CHAPTER XIX.

BONAPARTE now put in execution the intention he had formed of visiting the departments. He commenced by visiting the battle-field of Ivry. "There," said he, pointing it out to me, "there is the plain where a man, truly worthy of being the King of France, subdued, like a kind father, his rebellious subjects. I think I should not have waited so long as he did to

\* I have seen Bonaparte at times when it was impossible for him to dissemble, when he was compelled, on the instant to avow or disavow sentiments by his actions. His passions were never veiled from me, for I have known him in the secrecy of intimate confidence! and nothing illustrates a man's nature so clearly as the different changes in the fortunes of a party. Would to Heaven his prudence had been equal to his courage!—but, alas! one man cannot unite in himself all the virtues; one's virtue shines in the combat, another's in council. My husband really believed himself a universal genius.—*Note by Josephine.*

make myself master of the capital. I should have preferred to be fed by the besieged, rather than to feed them. It would be an honour no doubt to resemble Henry IV.; but I cannot think of imitating his example during every period of his reign." "You will never have a Duke de Sully," I replied; "the Béarnais had a true friend in that virtuous Mentor; he never blushed to listen to his sage counsels, or to follow them on almost all occasions. Will the impetuous Napoleon ever meet with ministers equally enlightened and equally honest?—especially if his first care is to throw among them an apple of discord? The choice of a friend will be, perhaps, still more difficult; but it will be to me a pleasure, at all times, to endeavour to supply the place of one."

We continued our route through Evreux, Louviers, Rouen and Caudebec. "Here," said Bonaparte to his officers, as he showed them Ivitot, "here was once a famous kingdom. I can now scarcely distinguish it upon the map." He was quite humorous on the subject of the great power the lord paramount must have possessed. I observed that the lord paramount was, perhaps, happier than he; to which he replied in the words of Cæsar: "I would rather be the first in a village than the second in Paris."

We pursued our journey without stopping. Suddenly, the wind changed, the skies became overcast, and foreboded a storm; the lightnings flashed, the thunder rolled, and the heavens were in commotion. Our horses took fright; one of them in falling, trod on the feet of one of our guides. This accident gave me much pain. Alas! how quickly do such accidents, in the contemplation of a feeling heart, bring together the most remote conditions of human life. We cannot but recognize, in the victim of a lamentable accident, a being equal to ourselves in respect to all the vicissitudes of life. We feel, then, that the least of mortals is our fellow. I directed him to be taken to a neighbouring house, and all proper care to be taken of him. I learned, soon after, that he had recovered from his wounds.

The rain began to fall, and our men looked about them for



some hospitable tree, under which we might take shelter. They perceived, at the foot of a mountain, some houses, situated in an enclosure. At the entrance of a hamlet upon the slope of a hill, around the foot of which a limpid stream wound its serpentine course, we descried a sort of colonnade, formed by the trunks of trees, which overhung the abode of an humble peasant. We followed a narrow foot-path, which led round a house whose glazed windows were cut facet-wise. An old man was sitting at the entrance of his cabin, with arms crossed upon his breast, and, apparently, in profound meditation.—“Plain and virtuous old man,” murmured Bonaparte, “thou enjoyest peace under thy roof: remorse, suspicions, the projects of ambition, trouble not thy delicious simplicity—’tis the simplicity of innocence and goodness.” The master of this humble dwelling showed us into a perfectly neat room, where the villagers were wont, during the hot summer months, to enjoy the refreshing air. Immediately behind it stood an ancient castle in ruins. The surrounding hill-tops were crowned with aged oaks, which seemed suspended from the lofty pinnacles—lovely scene of tranquillity and happiness.

After sitting a moment, the Consul turned towards the old man, who seemed to be unquiet.—“What do you desire, my good old man?” said he; “speak freely.” “Citizen,” said he, “citizen, you see here my garden, my wife, my daughter-in-law; but my grandson is not here (and he turned his hat over and over). Alas! ambition spurred him on, as it has so many others, and he followed a great man to the wars. Charles never thought of becoming equal to his master, but he was disposed to serve him faithfully. During his march, he was arrested for an act of insubordination; he is to be tried by a court-martial, and this beloved child, citizen, the prop of my old age, my sole remaining hope, must sink under the sentence of condemnation, leaving us nothing but despair and disgrace! I know the rigour of our military laws. I, myself, *mon officier*,” said he, raising his voice, “I, myself, at Fontenay, was guilty of disobeying orders. I passed our lines without permission

from my superiors. I wanted to chastise three Englishmen, who, from the top of the redoubts, insulted me and my brave comrades. 'You French dog,' said they, continually, 'we will flog you—we will flog you.' A council of war condemned me to have my head broken for the crime of desertion.

"On my way to the place of execution, I saw the Duke of Richelieu passing by, and said to him, 'My general, I die contented—I have made several of our cowardly foes bite the dust; the honour of a Frenchman required it.'

"This exclamation so pleased the *maréchal*, that he reported it to Louis XV., who was in our ranks, and the beloved monarch granted me a pardon, and did me the honour to attach me to his august person, as one of his guard."

"My friend," said Bonaparte, "every soldier must obey; without subordination, what would become of our armies? The soldier who runs away is unworthy of his colours, and ought to be punished. Examples are necessary to restrain mutineers." At these words the old man trembled in every joint; to him it seemed the voice of the accusing angel; and, as though it had been the day of doom, he stood waiting his terrible sentence.

The father of Charles was kneeling before a badly executed plaster bust of the First Consul, weeping, beating his breast, and tearing his hair. "No, citizen," said he to my husband, sobbing, "I will not leave thee till thou hast promised me thine intercession in favour of my child, with him whose image thou seest here!" Bonaparte was really affected by this touching scene.

The unhappy father fell almost senseless at our feet. In vain did we endeavour to console him; he became cold, almost inanimate; for some time we thought him struck with death, and had him removed to a lower room in the house. As to the aged grandfather, his reason seemed for a moment to wander; he broke in pieces the bust of the Consul, and tore up a petition he had hastily prepared. Wringing his hands in agony, unable to utter a word, he showed us by mute signs that he despaired of surviving the loss of his grandson. One of the sisters of

the condemned soldier entreated us to intercede in behalf of her brother, and addressed me these few words, not knowing to whom she spoke:—"People say that Madame Bonaparte is so kind, so indulgent, that her husband never refuses her anything she asks."

"You are right," replied the Consul, with a smile; "she manages so well that her advice is always followed, especially if its object is to save some one who is unfortunate. You cannot do better than to pronounce the name of Josephine, for it will secure the pardon of your brother. Nay, I will myself solicit Bonaparte in his favour, and endeavour to have him enter the consular guard."

He left with the family some tokens of his munificence. I placed upon the finger of the young suppliant an enamelled ring, and assured her it was a remembrancer that would secure to her a dowry on her marriage. "And, for my part," said my husband, "I will give Charles his first pair of epaulets; he shall receive them upon the fields of battle, as a reward of his bravery." These honest villagers knew not who we were.

But now the sound of the village bells struck our ears, and the mayor, at the head of a deputation from his commune, was making preparations to inflict upon us a tedious harangue. "Let us save ourselves speedily," said I to Bonaparte; "the First Consul of the Republic ought to shun all the displays of gratitude on the part of those whom he has rendered happy."

He rose and left the cabin; I followed after him. We stopped a moment to take breath on the summit of a high hill which was crossed by the road, and then directed our course towards a city which we saw before us. It could be distinguished from the sea, by the foam of the waves that dashed upon its shores. We had only got half way there, when the storm overtook us again in the midst of a plain. At a short distance from us, the lightning struck the hut of a herdsman, who had established himself with his cattle in this solitary place. The consternation was general; the "*Petit Pierre*," was struck with lightning; we sent him some money, and the people from a neighbouring

farm came to the assistance of the wounded man. We continued our route to Havre. Bonaparte wished to inspect the port. He made some seductive promises to the inhabitants, and distributed his gold with dignity. Next we passed Fécamp, Dieppe, and Gisors, and, when I least expected it, my husband informed me that he was taking me to Belgium. He well knew he should here find numerous partisans, and hastened to meet them. His entry into the Low Countries seemed a real triumph. Next to him, his wife necessarily became the object of public fêtes.

The most distinguished personages were one after another presented to us. The most of them were the same men who had fomented the revolt against Austria. The Belgians had now thrown themselves into the arms of the French revolutionists, who had no God, and had prostrated themselves before all the idols to which those men had successively sacrificed. They had, likewise, submitted to the famous general who had invaded the estates of the pope, plundered the chapel of the *Casa Santa*, and concluded with the Holy Father a concordat, in which he had inserted a great many pretended organic articles secretly tending to undermine the papal power.(120)

I laughed at this strange association, and still more at the insipid harangues to which Bonaparte felt it his duty to listen, and to which he was constrained to respond; for he treated all these speeches as the voluntary offerings of hearts which had espoused his cause.

But for my part I thought very differently of them. The Belgians appeared to me to be inconstant in their affections. They are fond of changing masters. And yet, it is true, that the fertility of their country affords their rulers considerable advantages. They would, were it possible, consent, by means of a tribute, to number among their allies a power sufficiently imposing to protect and defend them; but never to have a prince who should claim to be their master. Such was my opinion respecting that nation.

“And yet they are among the best people I have met with,”



I said, laughingly, to Bonaparte. "Well, if you are seized with the fantasy of reigning, endeavour at least to reign over a fertile country, and over men as sensible and as generous as the Brabançons. Possessing the character I know them to possess, you will profit by their wealth, and know how to repress their spirit of rebellion. You must subdue their chiefs by holding out a brilliant prospect of protection from France."

These ideas struck him with surprise, but he finally admitted them to be just.

We spent some time in visiting the fine scenery which attracted our admiration. Everywhere we met with comfort, and left liberal proofs of our generosity. The Consul was affable and insinuating in his manners, and the officers who accompanied him were agreeably surprised at it.

Having returned to Paris, he pretended still to caress the idea of a descent upon England. He thought to dazzle the enemy by his splendid preparations. For this purpose, he directed the building of an immense number of flat-bottomed boats, which were to be collected together at Boulogne. He then transferred his head-quarters to that city, in order to superintend, in person, the embarkation of the troops.

For many days there was nothing but fêtes and rejoicings. He wished it to be credited from pole to pole, that an invasion would take place; and encouraged all those who offered to spread the news. The biscuit was already put on board; the horses were embarked; the army covered the beach, and a forest of masts seemed to rise from the waves, and extend itself to Dover.

The plan of the Consul was, to publish it abroad that he was going to effectuate his designs upon Ireland.

In the midst of these great events, which seemed to portend an interminable war, he ordered Fouché to circulate a report that he was about to go to Ostend, and to pay a visit to the United Provinces. His flotilla was immense, and, to please one of his sisters, we had the novelty of a sham-fight at sea. But while he thus held everybody on tiptoe, he suddenly appeared at

Malmaison, where his unexpected arrival occasioned profound reflections. He despatched an order to the minister of police, enjoining it upon him to make a profit of the public curiosity ; to give out that the French government had used all its efforts to bring about a peace with the British Cabinet ; that till now, peace had been the object of his most ardent wishes ; that he had neglected nothing to procure its benefits to the nation he represented ; but that the head of the government, indignant at so much useless delay, had commanded new battles to be fought. "His native foresight," responded the people, with admiration, "was quick and just—for rumour proclaims that General Augereau has already invaded Ireland, and that probably the national colours were now floating upon the towers of Dublin." Thus did the secret agents of the man whom it seemed impossible to resist, express themselves ; and thus did he manage to escape the observation of his own ministers, and to hide his own secrets from their curiosity.

As has been seen, I used all my endeavours to inspire Bonaparte with the desire to recall the Bourbons. "Why," said he, "do you wish me to restore to them a crown which I am almost certain of preserving for myself?" Every time I recalled the subject to him, he had some new reason for opposing me. Still, I affirmed that all the royalists had their eyes fixed upon him, and that they all regarded him as a Liberator. He replied with coldness :—"I shall soon dissipate their enthusiasm in a manner that will no longer leave any veil upon my purposes." When in my presence, he affected a perfect unconcern, and yet I often came upon him suddenly, and found him in a state of sombre agitation : this state of mind was not usual with him. I often said to him—"When we are in the enjoyment of a great felicity, we are apt to forget that time, enveloped in events which are concealed from our view, may, in a single day, extinguish the happiness of our lives. How happens it that you are pleased with following a dangerous road ? You stand in need of a guide, and 'tis I who claim the privilege of being your guide." He would answer in a sort of frenzy—

“Of what use are the counsels of a woman to me?”

“But if that woman be your wife and your best friend?”

“That furnishes an additional reason why I should conceal my purposes from her.”\*

What, then, were those new designs which I had not the art to penetrate?—what was he about to attempt?—I fell into a train of the most gloomy reflections. I was surprised by this new kind of policy which Bonaparte had adopted; alas! I was far from seeing what a mighty career he had resolved to run.

Never, at the Tuileries, was the name of the Duke d'Enghien pronounced, although the memory of Louis XVI. was there held in singular veneration, and the picture of the unfortunate king adorned one of the apartments of Malmaison. Bonaparte would sometimes stop and gaze at it as he passed it by. Speaking of the old king, he said, “I pity him!—he deserved a better fate.—Why did he not mount on horseback on the 10th of August? He had cannon; he had good troops who were faithful to him.—The National Guard of several of the

\* Fulvius, one of the friends of Augustus, one day heard that prince, now become old, deploring the losses which had occurred in his family. He said that two of his grandsons were dead, that Posthumus, the only one of them remaining, was living in exile, a victim of calumny, and that he now saw himself forced to call to the succession the son of his wife. Pitying the lot of Posthumus, he seemed inclined to recall him from banishment. Fulvius related this conversation to his wife, who related it to the Empress. The latter complained bitterly about it to Augustus, saying that, instead of recalling his grandson, as he had long thought of doing, he had made her hated by *him whom he had destined to the empire*. The next morning Fulvius came, according to his custom, to salute the Emperor and bid him good morrow, when the latter replied—“I wish you were a wiser man.” Fulvius understood his meaning, and returning immediately home, said to his wife—“The Emperor knows that I have betrayed his secret, and I am going to put myself to death.” “You will but do an act of justice,” replied his wife, “for so long have we lived together, that you ought to have known me, and to have been on your guard against my weakness;—but it is my duty to die first,”—and she took her husband's sword, and was the first to kill herself.—*Plutarch*.

districts were admirable. With those powerful auxiliaries he might have crushed the rabble without pity." Then, rubbing his hands, he added, "*Had I been king of France at that time, I should have been so still.*"\*

Thus, far from failing in respect towards his king, my husband always awarded to him a just tribute of praise for his intelligence and his virtues. If he seemed to forget the benefits he had in his youth received through his means, it was because he supposed himself beholden for them to the state, and not to individual munificence. He did not, like many others, make a parade of his joy at seeing the Revolution perpetuate the woes of the descendants of Henry IV. He said, with evident feeling, that the death of Louis XVI. greatly affected him; that if the nation had at that sad epoch, intrusted him with the same power that he then possessed, the virtuous descendant of St. Louis would have been living still, for the good of the people and the prosperity of France."

Such was Bonaparte. Capable of the most generous actions, his soul shone out with the radiance of true greatness and independence. You had, however, to avail yourself of his first impulse—the first movement of his heart. The moment reflection resumed its sway, he was no longer the same man. Without asking for counsel, he received it readily and kindly. He wanted no *Mentor*, and yet nothing was easier than to make him come to a resolution. Whatever tended to his glory, whatever flattered his ambition, whatever made known to him his enemies, so electrified him that he instantly seized upon it as an occasion of showing himself an extraordinary man. In

\* In vain would the hapless monarch have smitten the rebels. It was no longer time for that. Louis XVI., as one of our publicists has said, was dethroned before he became king. At that fatal epoch of our Revolution, the virtuous prince could not make himself respected, nor do the good he would to his country. And he used to repeat, in bitterness of soul, the saying — "A king can only do the good which he has at heart, when he has the necessary authority. But, if he be trammelled in his operations, he does more hurt than good."



making his *débüt* in politics, he commenced some errors. He imagined that at a single blow he could crush the most powerful political sect; on the contrary, he multiplied it. France believed that in Bonaparte she had a protecting genius, but found in him only a warrior maddened by a thirst for despotic power. In attempting to intimidate the royalists, he separated them from his cause. By according special favours to the Jacobins, he incurred the contempt of most of them. And there remained to him only that class of men who know how alternately to flatter and betray the same person, according to the position he happens to hold;—those political *serpents* who wore every kind of mask by turns, and who were seen at every epoch disguising themselves according to circumstances. Such individuals were the only persons who could never in my eyes find any lawful excuse. With my accustomed frankness, I told these chameleon-like gentlemen, who professed to approve of the government of the First Consul — “I have seen you by times burn incense to the revolutionary executive committees, and to the Directory. To-day you are cringing at my husband’s feet. Begone! I supremely detest men of three faces!” The more I learned how to enlist partisans for Bonaparte, the more did I distrust those who at this period surrounded him. The French Revolution, like a new sun in the firmament, had so dazzled and turned their brains, that they could see no beauty, grandeur, nor truth in anything but philosophy, and to that they clung.

I one day asked Fouché, whom I often saw at Malmaison, what was the occasion of his frequent nocturnal visits? The minister seemed embarrassed; he knew not how to answer me. I did not insist, but soon succeeded in finding out partially what I wanted to know. A despatch which I chanced to find lying on Bonaparte’s bureau, signed by the minister of justice, put me in possession of important information. I discovered that a new plan of conspiracy had been made known to the First Consul, and that a person, named *Quarelle*, who had been condemned to death, and was about to be executed, had petitioned to be pardoned, promising, at the same time, to

make some important revelations. He gave out that the plan was to re-establish the Bourbons upon the throne, and to restore vigour to the ancient government. This was enough to awaken the activity of a police which had, from necessity, become dark and sly in its movements. I did not hint that I was almost initiated into this mystery, but for some days let Bonaparte float on from one uncertainty to another.

He preferred to be alone in his cabinet the principal part of the time, though he loved to show himself in public at the Tuileries. He there passed frequent reviews of his troops on the spot he had embellished, and after they were over, received in a dignified manner the foreign ambassadors and other persons who were presented to him; but scarcely would these ceremonies be over when he would hasten away to Malmaison. There, the idlers from Paris daily assembled in great numbers; but he absolutely refused to see any but the generals, or persons attached to his service. Couriers came and went at all times of the day, and despatches succeeded each other with rapidity. At length I learned from Murat that our frontiers were still menaced, and that a great number of emigrants had landed on our coast. Every one talked about this unexpected demonstration, and spread all kinds of tales through the capital, with that air of mystery which arouses while it piques curiosity. Fame's hundred tongues, so often filled with falsehood, soon circulated the news that a prince of the house of Bourbon would do the emigrants, who had lately landed, the honour of placing himself at their head.

At this time the wisdom and firmness of the consular government threw a lustre on the name of its chief. His numerous victories, the prosperity of the nation, and its continually increasing domains, the admiration of the French for the young hero who held the reins of government, all seemed to promise him a continuance of the popular gratitude and homage; and yet there were those who then were seeking to overthrow him. "Great storms," said his friends, "are rarely followed by a perfect calm." The conspirators were the more dangerous

that they assembled and carried on their plots in darkness. But orders were promptly given to visit upon their heads the consequences of their crimes. Veteran soldiers were sent forthwith to secure their persons, conduct them to Paris, and subject them to be judged according to law.

Soon after this it was announced to my husband that General Moreau was arrested, as well as several officers of the so-called *royal* army. Bonaparte had a long conference with Régnier, his grand judge. He ordered him to make a prompt report to the legislative body and to the tribunal upon this important capture, and to place great stress upon the reconciliation which seemed to subsist between the informer and the accused.(121)

The most of the generals were envious of the celebrity of these two chiefs, who had carried the glory of the French name to the extremities of Europe. Moreau had shown that he knew how to conquer, and still spare the blood of his enemies. An effort was made, which seemed likely to be successful, to throw his merits into the shade. A spy, decorated with the title of an *honest man*, came regularly to Fouché, and gave an account of all that was said or done at the hotel of the modest Moreau. He permitted himself to put the most unfavourable interpretation upon certain innocent railleries, which passed at a dinner-table at which he was a guest; and the Consul, who affected to be superior to every human weakness, took great umbrage at them. He was, moreover, afraid of the influence of this great captain, and this was enough to determine him to resort to the tribunals. Had the letter which I wrote to Moreau been faithfully delivered to him, I should have succeeded in inducing Bonaparte to listen to his justification; but how could I succeed in this while I was ignorant that the very messenger I had employed was a traitor? My husband expressed the utmost indignation at what he called my mad enterprise. He showed me the very letter I had written to Moreau, and in which I remarked to him, that a great man like him had nothing to fear; that the First Consul could not but pardon him, and that he ought to solicit the favour of a private interview with his successful rival. Anthony and Cæsar, those

two famous foes, were, at length, reconciled, and enjoyed each other's esteem. The present circumstances were similar. I presumed to ask my husband, trembling, what would be his determination as to the fate of that unfortunate general? He replied gloomily: "*Death*, or perpetual imprisonment." "Ah!" said I, "By what right would you deprive your fellow of his life? Do you think that, because you are sheltered from human laws you will be able to escape those of the Deity? Do you believe that God will neglect to ask of you an account of the precious blood you are about to shed?"

"I have," said he, "a right to do as I please with those whom I govern."

"It is true," I replied, "that, according to the code of monarchs, you can do no wrong, nor act otherwise than in accordance with the interests of the people, your subjects. Should Pichegru be arrested, would you send him, also, to the scaffold? Remember, my friend, those two brave men were before you, in the career upon which you had thrown so much lustre. In the eyes of sensible men, your sole merit consists in being more lucky than they. Have you not fought under the same banner, and, in turn, conquered the same enemies? A warrior like you should present them, with one hand, the olive branch of peace, and, with the other, return to them the sword."\*

These words made him dumb; he cast a look-upon me which showed how horrible was the commotion that reigned within. His heart was touched, and he would then, perhaps, have granted a pardon, had not his ambition, excited by the *Sejanuses* who surrounded him, carried him to extremes. He could brave anything.

Thus, for several days, a spirit of discord reigned betwixt us, and our conversations became more and more embittered by

\* And yet there is not the slightest doubt of the guilt of both those generals. Moreau afterwards served the Allies with Russian epaulets on his shoulders, and was killed at the battle of Dresden, while by the side of the Emperor Alexander: a tolerable proof that Napoleon was in the right in regard to him.—TRANSLATOR.



the same subject of dispute. Although Bonaparte, in public, ever observed a proper respect for me, yet, in private, our attachment was far from being what it had been. And yet I was the first to bring about a meeting. I had inquired of Fouché respecting this conspiracy.\* “Nothing,” said he, “shows that any scheme has been formed to assassinate the First Consul. All that appears certain is, that several of these conspirators have formed the design of dressing themselves in the uniform of guides, and by means of this disguise, to seize him, either at Malmaison, on a hunting-party, or on a journey, and to carry him to England. Don’t be alarmed, madame; the invincible Bonaparte has nothing to fear from these conspirators.”

The particularity of these details made me attentive to whatever was passing around my husband. His reserve towards me had become extreme, and his conduct artificial. He was always anxious to act as mediator among his rivals, towards whom he observed, outwardly, the forms of friendship and esteem; while the agents of his power fomented divisions amongst them, the better to effect their ruin. I continued my observations, noting, with scrupulous care, every smile among the courtiers whom Bonaparte admitted to his intimacy. I was no longer the depositary of his confidence. I had spoken to him the language of feeling, and had interceded in favour of those who had prepared the brilliant destinies of France. This was enough to render me the object of his dislike.

Unhappily, a letter was written to him from Stuttgard, that the Duke d’Enghien had called in question his military reputation, and denied him the qualities of a great captain. He, himself, on the contrary, was persuaded that his glory was not due to the merits of his generals, and that it was his presence alone that electrified the courage of the army.

\* To assassinate Bonaparte in the street, under the ridiculous pretence of making war upon him. It was composed of royalists paid by the British ministry. Moreau was undoubtedly in its secrets, and ready to declare himself, the moment of its first success. Never, perhaps, was traitor more justly punished.—TRANSLATOR.

He could not pardon the grandson of the great Condé for the irony and ridicule which he had cast upon him.

The stratagem was cunningly managed by the enemies of the consulate. But the duke was, in reality, a great admirer of Bonaparte, whom certain persons took great care to exasperate by their insidious reports. From this time did the chief of a warlike nation conceive a guilty design, and, in a moment of wrath, he swore to execute it. His flatterers, as base as they were cowardly, dared counsel him to order the death of a new Germanicus.

He hesitated long to strike the blow. "It is," said he to Murat, "a personal insult to me. I would willingly fight the prince, and believe him a brave man." Such was the struggle of feeling within him, that for several days he scarcely showed himself to his courtiers.

My surprise and grief were extreme, on learning from Duroc\* that the Duke d'Enghien was a prisoner in the dungeon of Vincennes. (122)

My first emotion was fright, but it was succeeded by a just indignation. I hesitated to give any credence to the report, which, alas! soon turned out to be too true. Certainly, those who contributed to this shocking crime—which, *par excellence*, they called a stroke of policy—were doubly guilty.

I here affirm, in all the sincerity of my heart, that the moment Bonaparte had heard of the prince's arrival, and was informed of his anxious desire to speak to him, he felt the utmost concern. "What hinders me," said he to Murat, "from gratifying his wish?"—and added, a moment after, "I will go to Vincennes."

The mute play of Murat's features, showed that he disapproved of this sublime impulse. It made such an impression upon Bonaparte, that he quickly repented himself of this impulse of sensibility. "No," said he, "I cannot see him with-

\* A distinguished general, who afterwards became grand marshal of the palace.

out pardoning him—but who knows?—Yes, 'tis better not to be seen there.”

A vile courtier, who was standing by his side, instantly chilled all his impulses of humanity by telling him that “*the French princes who had taken refuge in England, had long been seeking to recover the sceptre of St. Louis*”—a remark which produced upon him a most terrible impression. The homicidal words aroused him from the drowsy melancholy into which he seemed to have sunk. “Ah!” answered he, “the Bourbons think to overthrow my power!—folly! I will soon show them that their servants are but fools!” After this, it was impossible to approach him. He looked at his watch every moment. I observed he was in a state of the utmost agitation; he walked to and fro with a step so rapid, that he seemed to run from one apartment to another.

His situation, at this time, presented the picture of a man animated by the fatal hope of doing a criminal act. I asked him what was the cause of his inquietude, but he gave me no answer. After some moments of silence, he said: “You will soon know, madame; but, on many accounts, I could wish you might remain for ever ignorant of it. Pity me, pity me, Josephine,” (he laid great stress upon these words;) “I wish to spare myself inevitable regrets. Would that I could revoke my orders! but there is not time.”

The cloud that covered his features could not conceal the pangs which rent his soul. He sighed, and seemed not inaccessible to remorse. And immediately on seeing Cambacérès, for whom he had sent, he seemed to repent of his half-formed resolution. My husband made a sign, and I retired. I had retreated but a few steps, when the conversation began to be very warm. The Second Consul (Cambacérès) told him, that the condemnation of the Duke d’Enghien would incense all France against him.

“Sir,” said Bonaparte in reply, “when I permitted the Elector of Baden to let the prince reside in his territory, it was with a motive and a hope for the future. I let the descendant of the

Condés establish himself in that place, that I might keep my eye on him, and have him in my power, whenever I should need him. Why talk of neutrality? Sir, no country which conceals and harbours a great enemy, can be regarded as neutral by the nation whose interest is most concerned in his seizure. The danger, in such a case, justifies the violation of territory." This language seemed to silence Cambacérès, though he still repeated to him, "'Tis an attempt which honour, justice, the laws of nations, and even policy forbid."

While leaving the First Consul's apartment, he gave me a hint (for I waited in a sort of ambuscade) not to mention the conversation to any one. He said to me with a serious air, "Madame, you must unite your efforts with mine to save your husband. He is about to commit an act unworthy of himself, and which he will repent of hereafter." He then related to me all the details of the horrible manœuvre which certain wretches had plotted, in order to assure themselves of the person of the Duke d'Enghien, as well as that of Gustavus Adolphus, who was supposed to be with him.

I invoked the God of vengeance to exterminate, with his bolts, the guilty wretches! I addressed to Heaven the most fervent appeals to save the prince. I resolved to make a last effort in his favour, but knew not what other means I could employ. To enter Bonaparte's room by any kind of stealth, was impossible; he had ordered that nobody on earth, whoever it might be, should pass into his cabinet. And, notwithstanding this peremptory order, I ventured to undertake it. On hearing the first word I uttered, he rose to shut the door upon me, which I had but just slightly opened. "Ah!" said I, "the design you have formed was suggested by two traitors; I know them well. The certainty which you now have that I am fully apprised of it, renders your position more painful perhaps." "This language, madame," said he, "is too offensive to be calmly listened to; retire, madame, to your apartment."

In the trying situation I was now in, my only remaining recourse was to Bonaparte's family.



Madame Letitia and one of his sisters came to see me as soon as they heard of my deep affliction. A confidential *billet*, which I had sent to them by one of my women (in order to avoid suspicion), had informed them not only of the fact that the prince had arrived at Vincennes, but also of the bloody tragedy that was preparing to be enacted there. We resolved to seize the first favourable moment to present ourselves personally to the Consul. Murat himself seemed overwhelmed with alarm, and it would then have been difficult, indeed, to recognise in him the faithless counsellor. "Go in, general," said Fouché to him, on coming out of Bonaparte's cabinet, "go, dare present yourself before him—you will be well received." "What is the cause of his rage?" said Madame Letitia, with an air of deep concern. "I do not know," replied Fouché, with a constrained smile, "but he has certainly fallen into a terrible fit of anger;" and the prudent minister of police quickly got into his carriage, and drove off from the chateau of the Tuileries. Still, I entertained a hope—I hoped that my husband would be disarmed of his purpose on seeing his victim. I wanted to bring them into each other's presence. I knew Bonaparte, and I knew he could never resist such a scene. On the other hand I was well aware that such a meeting would be formally opposed by the members of the military commission, who were to assemble to try the duke. But I strangely mistook his intentions, and especially those of certain persons who surrounded him.

Officers with despatches were every moment passing by us. To one of them I put a question; he merely answered that he had just come from the principal officers of the place.

The bell had hardly sounded the hour of eleven at night, when Bonaparte, accompanied by Murat and several other generals, came out of his apartment. His mother appeared to disapprove the project of her son. She said to me in a low tone, "I will try to change his mind; try to do the same yourself." The Consul's step seemed hesitating, feeble; he reeled as he

went, and was heard to say to himself, "*He will be condemned in a moment !*"

O heavens ! what images presented themselves to our minds ! We all knew the character of the man whose mercy we were about to implore. We threw ourselves at his feet, and bathed his hands with our tears, begging him, at least, to put off to some future time the death of the prince. My daughter, who was now with us, told him several times, that, by giving the Duke d'Enghien his liberty, he would cover himself with glory, and acquire a most valuable friend. All was useless ; he rejected our prayers, and the evil genius, which then governed the great man, rendered him immoveable, in a transaction into which he had been drawn by others, and in some sort against his will. He begged us, in the most expressive tone, to withdraw ; and while we, judging from the excess of his emotions, supposed he was about to yield to our entreaties and our tears, he walked hastily from the part of the room where we were standing. We soon redoubled our entreaties, and his mother addressed him in these words :—" You will be the first to fall into the pit you are now digging beneath the feet of your relations."

I was no longer afraid to renew my efforts upon him. I depicted to him, in the most glowing colours, the transports of a deeply afflicted heart, on being released from impending destruction, and what would be the depth of his own sorrow and repentance should he persist in executing so odious a scheme ; and said to him : " Had the prince been made a prisoner in France, perhaps, by your inflexible laws, he would be worthy of death ; but he was at Ettenheim, and under the special protection of the Elector of Baden. That power must disapprove your culpable infraction of treaties binding upon nations. Certainly its government was bound to extend its hospitality to this unfortunate Frenchman. It did not do so without your consent, and the duke did not, therefore, infringe the convention which you yourself recognised. And, although your word should be inviolable, the grandson of the great Condé has been dragged from a country which he had a right to regard as his

asylum. What henceforth will the partisans of the First Consul say? They will say that Bonaparte has, in sacrificing a member of the Bourbon race, shown that he is about to open for himself a way to the throne of Louis XVI. Long ago, O my husband, have I divined your secret intentions on this subject, and would that I could to-day bring you to share the sorrows which afflict me; but 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain!

“The blood of the Duke d'Enghien will be upon your head! —What did I say?—On the heads of those men who are perfidious enough to advise you to tarnish your own glory!” . . . . and at the same time I cast a look of contempt upon several of those who were standing by him. I saw their countenances change to the paleness of death; but immediately recovering their accustomed audacity, they showed me the barbarous order which was to deprive France of one of its noblest and most illustrious supporters.\*

“I am conspired against on all sides,” said Bonaparte; “I am watched continually by spies;—perhaps I am now on the very eve of being victimized by some of their infamous plots;—

\* While Bernadotte was minister of war, the Duke d'Enghien came secretly to Paris; it was during the summer of 1799, and while Bonaparte was in Egypt. The republican government had but little strength, and the Bourbon party hoped to effect a prompt rising in their favour.

All eyes were then turned towards Bernadotte, as well on account of his renown as his quick decision in circumstances of danger—which is a characteristic we find in all men destined to act an important part. The Duke d'Enghien, by means of a mutual friend, informed Bernadotte where his residence was in Paris, and at the same time offered him the sword of the high constable of France if he would consent to re-establish the Bourbons on the throne. “I cannot serve their cause,” answered Bernadotte; “my honour binds me to the will of the French nation;—but as a man, a descendant of the great Condé, has confided his safety to me, no harm shall befall him.—Let the Duke d'Enghien then leave France immediately, for in three days his secret will no longer be mine; I shall owe it to my country.” 'Twas thus that a truly magnanimous heart found means to reconcile duties apparently the most opposite.—*Mém. pour servir à l'histoire de Charles XIV. Jean, Roi de Suède et de Norwège.*

and you ask me to temporize!—No! I will prove, in the face of France, that I will never play the part of *Monk*; 'tis wrong to impute such an idea to me. 'Tis my duty to give to the men of the Revolution a pledge which will satisfy them that I will never overthrow the edifice whose foundations they have laid, and which it is my pleasure to finish. I owe them this assurance; it is necessary to their security; and I have this day given it to them by offering them the head of the last of the Condés.”\*

A few minutes passed, and two superior officers presented themselves: “I intrust these ladies (meaning his mother and sister) to your care. Order the necessary riders to follow our carriages.” I heard no more. The moment the word “council of war,” assembled to try an illustrious emigrant, struck my ear, I fell down senseless. But, recovering from the shock, I again threw myself at Bonaparte’s feet—I embraced his knees, and covered them with my tears. “I will not,” cried I, “I will not leave you until you have pronounced the pardon of the Duke d’Enghien.—Pardon! Pardon!” was my continued ejaculation. “But what do I say?—Of what crime is the prince guilty whose life I ask you to save? Alas! my friend, I con-

\* When the head of Pompey the Great was presented to Cæsar, he turned away his face and shed tears. I confess, Bonaparte scarcely restrained his own when he read the letter which the Duke d’Enghien wrote him only an hour before his death (that letter was not delivered to him until six hours after the prince was executed). His first emotion was that of surprise—the next, of grief. “I should,” he said to me, “have pardoned him, and his death is the work of . . . He has rendered himself criminal in my eyes, and in those of posterity, by concealing from me the last wishes of his old master.” After a moment of reflection, he said: “*Such and such* men (withholding their names) are guilty. They might have prevented my signing that illegal order, which must necessarily render me odious to France, and in my opinion tarnish my memory. But the C. D. M. S. have destroyed me. I was greatly mistaken in hoping to find a Sully among the number of those courtiers. Their souls, petrified by hate and ingratitude, can only animate the body of a *Philippe de Commine*, and I have unluckily met with such a character among them.”—*Note by Josephine.*



jure you, for the sake of yourself and of your own glory, abstain from consummating so great an outrage;—hasten to revoke your orders. There is nothing so much charms Frenchmen as generosity; there is no virtue they admire and cherish so much as clemency; for it is by preserving the lives of men, that man most likens himself to the Deity. The greatest event in your life will be the having it in your power to save a Darius; the most lovely trait in your character, the will to do so. Think, Bonaparte—reflect, O! my friend, reflect that, by pardoning this Frenchman, who was so unfortunate as to be born near a throne, you give him to your family, to your wife, to all who feel an interest in the fate of the descendant of the greatest of heroes!” He wanted to get rid of me, to withdraw himself from my earnest entreaties; but in vain. I held him so firmly in my embrace that all his efforts to escape were for a long time fruitless;—the more he tried to thrust me off, the more firmly did my arms grasp him. I fastened myself to his person, and in that attitude passed through two of the apartments, walking on my knees and clinging to him, he, meanwhile, struggling to disengage himself from me!—But, alas! my strength was soon exhausted. He took advantage of it to relax my hold; he escaped, shut himself up alone, and left me to the care of my daughter, and to the unspeakable pain of having found him inexorable! . . . . .

The hours passed on; the one designated for the death of the prince approached. When the fatal sentence of the military court was submitted to him, this man whom the flatterers had surnamed “*the Intrepid*,” was filled with emotion, under the conviction that it was *necessary* for him to sign it. In vain did he attempt to hide from himself the consequences;—that illusion had vanished. During that fatal night he dreamed of returning from the castle of Vincennes; I heard him several times cry out involuntarily, “If there is still time, save the Duke d’Enghien. But, then, shall I call that young prince to act a part on the world’s stage? or, shall I leave him to his own im-

pulses—to end his life as he has begun it, in the modest practice of the private virtues, in the exercise of generous actions, and the study of the sciences?” And he fell into a lethargic sleep.—Once, I heard him apostrophizing the perfidious courtiers who surrounded him, and reproaching them with having led him too far. At daylight he was in such a state of mental agitation that he woke with agonizing cries. I ran to his aid. O! how shall I describe the shock of the opposite emotions which rent his soul! He was in the utmost distress; he did not know where he was, nor what had happened to him! he looked wildly around him, and remained plunged in most sombre reflections. Recovering himself, however, by degrees, he made me a sign to leave him to himself. I noticed that by turns he appeared filled with anguish, and frozen with affright. He asked repeatedly, whether his brother-in-law (*Murat*), had yet returned from Vincennes?—He rang the bell in order to revoke his sentence; but it was too late—the Duke d’Enghien had passed to immortality.

At 4 o’clock, Murat and Hulin arrived at Malmaison. “Give me immediately,” said he, “the minute of the sentence pronounced against the prince. I disavow it; I pardon him. Read the heart of Bonaparte;—never had he the thought of becoming a Cromwell.”\*

Those generals gazed at each other in surprise and silence, but informed him that the sentence was already executed.† He stood speechless, and fell into a profound revery.

\* “Cromwell,” says Hume, “had the faculty of shedding tears whenever he wished.” Bonaparte could not endure to see a woman weep. He must then have done great violence to his own feelings in resisting the entreaties of Josephine, whom he loved. For that amiable woman had used every means in her power to divert him from his purpose.

† As soon as the sentence of death was pronounced, the Duke d’Enghien was conducted to a dry fosse at the castle of Vincennes, where 50 Mamelukes were drawn up in waiting for him; and he was there shot by torchlight. He refused to permit his eyes to be bandaged, saying, “the Bourbons know how to die.” To the last moment, he displayed the utmost

Bonaparte, however, quickly rose, and passed into his cabinet, followed by several general officers, who seemed, from the air of consternation they wore, to blame his political conduct, and especially the cowardly assassination\* which that night had

heroism. He cut off a lock of his hair, and prayed that it might be sent to Mademoiselle Rohan, a young lady then at Ettenheim whom it was supposed he had wedded.(a)

\* It is due to the memory of Napoleon to say, that, though the world's censure has been lavished upon him for the part he acted in the tragedy of the Duke d'Enghien, there were circumstances of extenuation, if not of justification, connected with it. The duke was entitled to no favour on account of his being a Bourbon prince—not the least. In the United States of America we may assuredly say this.

He was an emigrant, and subject to the laws of France against emigrants. He had voluntarily fled from the country to which, as a Frenchman, he owed allegiance, and joined the ranks of her enemies. He had shed, or endeavoured to shed, the blood of his own countrymen, then struggling for their freedom and independence against a world in arms.

This he exultingly admitted on his trial, before the military commission. By the laws of the Republic, indeed, according to the codes of all civilized nations, this was *treason*, and deserving of death. It is true, the Germanic territory was violated by Napoleon, in sending into it an armed force to arrest him; but that was a question to be settled, not with the duke, but with the sovereign of Baden.

It is also true, that his trial by a court martial was a departure from the

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(a) The author of the "*Cabinet de St. Cloud*," God\*\*\*, assures us that Bonaparte was present at the execution of the prince, and that neither Josephine nor madame mère solicited his pardon. On the contrary, the Empress informed me that her husband felt the most lively curiosity to see the duke; that he spoke to him without being known; that he (her husband) was in the room where the military commission was assembled; that he noticed the surprise of the prince and of the members of the court, when they heard his name pronounced; that consternation was depicted on all their faces; that he himself was moved by the scene, and was on the point of showing himself to the illustrious unfortunate, but that the fear alone of passing for a man without character, had made him adhere to the resolution which his flatterers had persuaded him to adopt. He was not, however, present at the death of the son of the Condés. Assuredly he was guilty of having ordered it, but he did not sanction it by his presence. He returned immediately to Malmaison, where he had a sharp altercation with Josephine, who had so uselessly pleaded the cause of the prince. When he was informed that this deed of blood had been consummated at the moment fixed upon, he was struck with a sort of terror, and for some minutes remained overwhelmed by his feelings, at which his wife was equally astounded.

covered with its sable veil. For some days he remained taciturn, carefully watching all who approached him, and fearing to find among them some new Ravallac.

From one end of France to the other, this unheard-of crime was denounced; the enemies of the monarchy, far from seeing in it any security for themselves, complained of it. Indeed, all parties united to tear away the mask with which the First Consul still sought to conceal himself. But the ambitious men who were attached to his fortunes, stifled the generous sentiments of those who expressed themselves in a manner contrary to their views. After having inspired a sort of terror in the minds of others, they no longer met with any obstacle in crowning their work. They now seemed to busy themselves with the idea of raising from the dust the ruins of the monarchy, without deigning to reflect that the throne of France for ever belonged to the family of the Bourbons.

mode prescribed by the civil code of France, and on that account unauthorized and dangerous; but it is only one among the innumerable instances of the like usurpation which history furnishes.

It ought also to be remembered, that the royalists, instigated and paid by the British ministry, as is abundantly proved by the annals of that period, had set on foot secret plots to murder the First Consul, or to seize him at his capital, and transport him to England—a mode of restoring the monarchy as unauthorized as it was detestable. The security of the French government required that these plotters, and their British accessories, should be terrified by an eminent example, one which should show to the world that the republic had confidence in itself, and was not afraid to treat a Bourbon as it would the “commonest clay.” On the ground of abstract justice, untrammelled by forms, and considering the circumstances of the times, the propriety of the punishment of the Duke d’Enghien can hardly be questioned. The account ascribed to Josephine in a preceding note, of the First Consul being present in the chamber occupied by the court martial, at Vincennes, while the duke was on trial, needs corroboration. It is said, that when brought to Paris, the duke was taken directly to the gate of the minister of foreign affairs: it is not unlikely the First Consul may have there seen him, *incog.*, and that this circumstance gave rise to the story of his being at Vincennes. Still, such a visit would have been entirely characteristic.—TRANSLATOR.



## NOTES TO VOL. I.

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### (1) *Page 37.*

Examine the philanthropic opinions of Bernardin St. Pierre. He was not a man to calumniate a whole race from among whom he chose the hero of his romance. Listen to what he says—he who, at his leisure, studied the character of that race in the Isle of France. “The negroes,” says he, “owing to their heedlessness, and unstable imaginations, escape from almost all the ills of life. They dance in the midst of famine, and in the midst of plenty—when at liberty, and when in chains.\* A chicken’s claw will frighten them, and a piece of white paper restore their courage. I have observed them, not in stupid Africa, but in the West Indies. In the qualities of the mind, the negroes are in general much inferior to other races; they have brought no kind of husbandry to perfection; they know nothing of the liberal arts, which had nevertheless made some progress among the inhabitants of the New World, much more modern than they. Utterly ignorant of ship building, they have permitted other nations to get possession of the coasts.”—And yet the moment they made common cause with the other friends of independence in our American colonies, those indigenous people seized the island of St. Domingo, and the good Bernardin St. Pierre would be astonished, should he now return, to find among men of colour, experienced navigators, well instructed husbandmen, and profound politicians—so much has the French Revolution done towards renovating the globe, and enlightening the minds of those who dwell upon it.

### (2) *Page 47.*

“In the midst of my studies, and a life as innocent as one can lead, and in spite of all that could be said to me, the fear of hell often made me tremble. I asked myself, what is my condition? If I should die this moment, should I be damned? According to the Jansenists, the thing is indubitable; but according to my notions, it was impossible. Ever apprehensive, floating on in the midst of uncertainty, I resorted, in order to escape from it, to the most laughable expedients; for which myself

\* On the anniversary of Josephine’s birth, her father was accustomed to allow his negroes a day of rest, and to give them an entertainment. He would make them dance, and his daughter distributed money among the poor and the sick, telling them, “It is the good Creole (alluding to her mother, who was remarkable for her charity) who gives you this.” Those unhappy beings would clasp their hands, and raise them towards heaven, while tears streamed down their cheeks, furrowed by toil and sorrow. But they would soon relapse into their apathetic heedlessness, and the only sentiment with which such an act of kindness inspired them, they expressed by saying, “Good mistress, when you get a husband, negroes will get more of these good things.”

would certainly have a man shut up in a mad-house, should I see him do the like.

"While dreaming one day upon this subject, I amused myself by throwing stones at the trunk of a tree, with my usual dexterity, that is to say, without ever hitting it. While engaged in this agreeable exercise, the thought struck me to make of it a sort of prognostic, in order to settle the question; and I said to myself, 'I will throw this stone at this tree; if I miss it, it is a sign of damnation;' and then hurled the stone with a trembling hand and a horrible throbbing at the heart; luckily it struck plump against the tree;—which certainly was not very difficult, as I had taken good care to choose one of enormous size, and well armed with snags. After that I entertained no doubt about my own salvation. You," adds the philosopher of Geneva, "you, also, ye great men, who certainly will laugh at my folly, congratulate yourselves on your exemption from it; but don't insult my misery, for I swear to you I feel it full keenly."—*Confessions*, Book 6, p. 241.

(3) Page 48, "*Amaryllis gigantea*."

The Empress Josephine was fond of cultivating a beautiful bulb of this kind, which for a long time was the only one in France. Its flower appears in the month of August, and its leaves afterwards; they grow six inches in width, very long, of an oval shape, and white towards the extremity of the stem. Malmaison was thronged with amateurs who came to admire this rare plant, which grew out of a carefully levelled bed. It measured two feet and a half round the top, and its flowers, combining various colours, multiplied themselves without end.

The gardens of Malmaison, during the lifetime of Josephine, resembled an Eden. Nothing could be more magnificent than their appearance; the green-houses united the master-pieces of nature. She was fond of the study of botany, and in the daily habit of visiting the exotic plants, which she pleasantly termed her "*great family*." She received, as presents from her friends, the most beautiful and choice plants, and the most precious shrubs. Flora and Pomona contended with each other in enriching and embellishing this wild retreat. For her the goddess of flowers emptied her basket, while her sister, the goddess of fruits, robbed for her the richest orchards. Etruscan vases and statues, wrought by the greatest masters, adorned this new elysium, which, thanks to the divine taste of the lovely fairy whose abode it was, seemed to rival the *museum* of Italy. Here, the chisels of Phidias and Praxiteles competed for the palm with those of the Lesueurs and Pajous. There, the light and delicate sculpture of Lorrain and Pigale was seen harmonizing with that of Canova and Houdont. Josephine made it a duty to encourage the arts and to patronize artists, and took pleasure in conversing with the most enlightened agriculturists in Europe. Of this number was the *Sieur Tamponet*,\* who often had the honour of conversing with her. "I have finished my botanical lesson for to-day," said she pleasantly; "I have been conversing with one of the most enlightened agriculturists; that man really knows not his own worth; he is appreciated by me, and will be, hereafter, by the most illustrious personages."

\* A rose of a very beautiful kind (unknown in France, a specimen of which had, by the order of Josephine, been given to the *Sieur Tamponet* at Malmaison) was presented by him to her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Berri. That august princess deigned to accept the present, and to permit her name to be given to the species—(*rose Caroline*). See the *Moniteur*, and other papers of the 18th, 19th, and 20th of July.

## (4) Page 50.

William de K\*\*\* established himself in his West-Indian possessions, and did not return to Europe till 1802. He had lost his father in the French Revolution. His mother returned to Dublin, where she occupied herself exclusively in the education of young Elinora. William's wife joined him at Batavia, where she became the mother of a son; but her health becoming enfeebled by the warmth of the climate, a lingering fever, at the end of a few years, conducted her to the tomb. The husband was inconsolable. If he thought of Josephine, it was only to recall the scenes of their youth. He had yielded to necessity in marrying the niece of Lord Lovell; but had just begun to find happiness in the bosom of his family. His fortune had become considerably augmented; and this happy Nabal was about to enjoy in Europe the fruits of his labours, when he was suddenly and for ever separated from her who was his all. Returned to England, William de K\*\*\* intrusted his son to his mother's care. He came to Paris, where he was at Napoleon's coronation. He was not presented to Josephine, who, on her part, was ignorant of his living so near to her. But, at the time the unfortunate General *Buck* was arrested by the Emperor's orders, William de K\*\*\* was imprisoned in the *Temple* for having had some intrigues with him. While in prison, he managed to send to his ancient friend, through the medium of Madame the Marchioness of Montesson, a letter, in which he only asks for a *souvenir* and a *passport*. Josephine understood him, and obtained from *Fouché* what he desired. Returned to Scotland, he resided with his family for some months: but his stay in Edinburgh becoming more and more irksome and insipid, he travelled to Italy, and stopped, for a short time, at a hospice on *Mont Cenis*. He cultivated the acquaintance of the respectable abbé who governed those hermits. Their respective conditions were, in some sort, the same; one had become a recluse in consequence of an affair of honour, in which he had killed his antagonist; and the other was forced to flee from a country, where a woman whom he had, and whom he still loved, could never be his. They had fled from a world which was regretted by neither. Napoleon, then, in July, 1805, was passing the Alps. He stopped, a short time, with the monks. They said something to him about an *Englishman*, who had been stopping several days on *Mont Cenis*, and who seemed to have renounced the world for ever. Josephine manifested a desire to see him. "You will have to climb up that hill," said one of the monks, pointing with his finger to a very high and steep summit. "It is not practicable for carriages. You will find a plain, bordered all round with mountains, and you will have to climb up to the height." Four porters raised Josephine on their shoulders, and Napoleon laughed heartily at the symptoms of fear she exhibited at the sight of the steep and dangerous paths up the mountain's side. Arrived at the centre of the plateau, she admired the beautiful lake, in which are taken the delicious trout which are the admiration of all French and foreign gastronomes. Having satisfied her love of natural curiosities, she perceived the Englishman, who immediately concealed himself from her eager gaze. Some papers, scattered here and there, showed, however, that he had once been in the *Temple* prison. This piqued the Emperor a little. He inquired and learned his name, and thereupon cast a sly glance at Josephine, who had, long before, related to him the minutest particulars of their childish attachment. He joked her much about this writing. "Dear William," said he, "is quite

ungallant—he ought, at least, to have come and saluted the *Empress*.” She blushed, but could not succeed in getting another sight at the friend of her childhood, whom she had so deeply loved.

She thought no more about William de K\*\*\* until 1814, when he presented himself at Malmaison. He had been wounded at the siege of Paris, and carried his arm in a sling. Josephine was extremely surprised to see him, but dissembled her feeling from the bystanders. At that time, the foreign sovereigns paid frequent visits to Josephine, and everybody kept watch of her. William took for coldness and contempt that which only resulted from her extreme caution. Such was his mortification at this supposed slight, that he fell dangerously ill. Josephine sent to him one of her confidential friends, and assured him that she was doing all in her power to save his life. But all was useless—the blow was struck. His wound made it necessary to amputate his arm, and the unhappy William de K\*\*\* survived the first wife of Napoleon only three days.

(5) Page 51.

Josephine always recalled this prediction with a feeling of fear. She had little faith in the stability of fortune, and even when she was most elated, would utter reflections, which showed, too plainly, the misgivings of her heart.

In 1804, some days after her coronation, perceiving herself lying upon a magnificent couch, enriched with splendid embroidery, and glittering with *bees, wrought in gold*, she said to Madame Mac\*\*\* de St. H\*\*\*—“You see, all things seem to smile around me. I have arrived at the summit of greatness—my husband is all-powerful. Alas! all this must vanish like a dream.” “I endeavoured to reassure her,” said Madame de Mac\*\*\*, “and tried to make her perceive the immense distance between her present situation, and that into which she seemed afraid of falling.” “It is,” she replied, “for the very reason that I am elevated so high, that my fall will be so terrible. Look at Marie Antoinette. Did that queen deserve her fate? I cannot think of it without shuddering. The palace of the Tuileries almost fatigues and frightens me. I am all the time afraid of being compelled to leave it by force.” Here the conversation ended.

During the course of her reign, Josephine consulted her natural inclination, which was to make people happy. “I don’t know,” said she to those who attended her, “that I have any enemies; if I have, they conceal themselves in the shade; and it is for that reason that they are to be feared. I am afraid of flatterers and perfidious counsellors. I know that Napoleon is attached to my person—that he loves me sincerely, and that never, of his own accord, will he think of such a thing as resorting to any rigorous act for separating himself from me.” But she was afraid of the faithless ones who surrounded her; and, during nearly seven years, one of her women, Mademoiselle A\*\*, carried upon her person a *counter-poison*, to be given to her in case of need. But she never used it. She was quite subject to bilious attacks, which caused her a great deal of suffering. At every change of the seasons, it gave her complexion a sallow hue, and affected her general health.

Having retired to Malmaison, her mode of life was entirely changed. Her little court was the rendezvous of the men of intelligence, and the beauties of the day; it was adorned by ladies of wit and beauty. The Empress was allowed a considerable salary, but it was not faithfully paid



towards the last. She often found herself in want of means, and could not think of diminishing the number of beneficiaries who looked to her for assistance. I have already remarked that she could fix no limits to her munificence. At the time of Mallet's conspiracy, Josephine believed, momentarily, that the Emperor was dead. She mourned for him sincerely, without taking any thought of what would become of her. But in 1814, she became fully convinced that the gloomy prediction of the old negress of Martinique would be, in the end, accomplished. "I shall not survive your misfortunes," said she to Napoleon, on a certain occasion, when she was returning to Malmaison from Navarre, whither she had been on a visit. When she saw foreigners surrounding her chateau, to act as her safeguard, her heart seemed to sink within her. Numerous reports were put in circulation respecting the mode of her death. (*See Note 94, Vol. II.*) At this gloomy epoch, she was the more unhappy, because her salary was greatly in arrears. How much must that sensitive heart have suffered on learning what was to be the doom of her husband! She wished to share his exile, to alleviate the pressure of his afflictions; and it was to indulge this noble feeling that she sent him an express to Fontainebleau. But not receiving any news from him, she became so overwhelmed with grief, that her health rapidly declined. Josephine died unhappy, and no one, at this day, doubts that the primary cause of her death, was to be attributed to the ills which befell Napoleon—she could not support such terrible reverses.

(6) *Page 52.*

This aunt of Josephine had lived for a long time in Martinique, where her husband, as a friend of the Marquis de Beauharnais, had had the management of his estate. The two families were perfectly united, though that was not the case with their two heads. Madame Renaudin was a very handsome woman, and knew it well. She had a taste for domination, and was unable to bear, with patience, the yoke which marriage imposed upon her. She promised herself that when he should go to Paris, she would accompany him, which she did. She wanted, also, to take with her her brother's eldest daughter; but Manette's health would not permit her to reside in France, where Madame Renaudin now took up her residence. She foresaw that the bonds of matrimony would, one day, unite her second niece to the son of the marquis, and used all her efforts to effect the union. Meanwhile she tried to avoid the old marquis, whom she was in the habit of meeting almost every day. He, on one occasion, surprised her at writing a letter to her brother, M. de la Pagerie, on the subject of this marriage, which she deemed certain. He betrayed great dissatisfaction with the scheme. But she found means to appease him, and continued to urge forward her project. The husband remained in Martinique, while his wife was thus living at Fontainebleau, where she spent her happiest days, waiting for fortune to furnish her some new part to act. She was married several times, and espoused for her third husband a man of rare but modest merit, whom Josephine highly esteemed,\* but whom Napoleon never liked. Madame Renaudin died at an advanced age, regretted by many. With some slight faults of character, she was one of the best of women. She was really benevolent, but by no means so much so as her niece. She was fond of hoarding.

\* *M. Danese*, mayor of the city of St. Germain-en-Laye.

## (7) Page 53.

Madame de la Pagerie was very fond of her eldest daughter, and Josephine occupied the second place in her affections. On the death of Manette, she seemed to sink under her griefs, and entertained fears for her own life. But by degrees she regained her spirits, and all her affections were now, of course, centered upon her younger daughter. She deserved them; and never, perhaps, did daughter love a mother more tenderly. In order to please her mother, who was naturally of a serious turn, but kind-hearted, the pretty Creole girl, no longer engrossed by her sports, became calm and reserved. She contracted the habits of her deceased sister to such a degree that she was almost mistaken for her; which endeared her more to her mother. It was with extreme repugnance that the latter consented to be separated from her.—She long wept for her. At the time of the famous divorce suit betwixt Beauharnais and herself, her mother used every means to retain her in Martinique; but Josephine's star called her to shine upon a vast and brilliant theatre.

## (8) Page 64.

The Marquis de Beauharnais found a valuable friend in this lady. His domestic troubles had, in a manner, isolated him from his friends. After his return to France, he saw little society, and kept himself shut up chiefly at Fontainebleau. He had two sons; one emigrated during the Revolution (Senator Beauharnais); the other met his fate on the scaffold. Henceforth the unhappy father was wholly given up to himself. Madame Renaudin, however, never abandoned him, and, after a mutual viduity had made them free to unite with each other, the marquis gave her his name. This alliance took place at a time when Bonaparte had begun to astonish everybody. Josephine loved her aunt, and regarded her as the primary cause of her good fortune; her company always afforded the Empress unbounded delight, although, during the last years of her grandeur, she saw her but seldom.

## (9) Page 69.

Madame de V\*\*\*, whose maiden name was de J\*\*\*, had a powerful influence over the Viscount Beauharnais. The latter loved her, a fact which presented a great obstacle to his choosing a wife. He told her of the projects which Madame Renaudin had formed respecting him. She dissuaded him, and, under her influence, he came to the determination to refuse his hand to Mademoiselle de la Pagerie. Madame de V\*\*\* was anxious to assure herself, personally, how much she had to hope or fear from the contemplated union. For this purpose, she visited a female friend of hers at Panthemont, and asked as a special favour, to be presented to the young American girl. On becoming acquainted with Josephine, that artful woman perceived at once and clearly, that the *little Creole* (she designated her by that epithet) could never be a very dangerous rival to her. She did not pretend to dissemble; the smile of irony played upon her lips; Josephine saw it, and, from that moment, became convinced that Madame de V\*\*\* would not (as she said to her friends) *leave her the shadow of hope*. And, indeed, she was not slow in arriving at the proof that the bonds of her unhappy marriage would be woven by the hand of misfortune.

## (10) Page 71.

The Viscount de Beauharnais loved and cultivated the arts, but without neglecting the care of his estate. His judgment was sound, his conversa-

tion neat and witty. On subjects calculated to excite feeling, his voice was slow and solemn, and contrasted admirably with the usual vivacity of his manner. No person was less tenacious of his opinions; he would, indeed, defend them, but if the opponent persisted in combating them, even though in the wrong, he would smile, and adroitly change the conversation. He was feeling and frank, active and constant in his friendships. Eulogiums, unless tempered with delicacy, were to him insipid and disgusting. His silent manner of approving merit and acknowledging a favour, was above that vulgar prodigality of officious and sterile words, with which it is so common to salute great men, and even little men when in power.—*Note by Josephine.*

(11) *Page 74.*

M. de Beauharnais (*Alexander Viscount de*), born in 1760. At the epoch of the Revolution, he was second major of a regiment of infantry. He had several years before married Mademoiselle de Tascher de la Pagerie, and at that time was in the enjoyment of a considerable fortune in Martinique. His agreeable talents, and his habit of mixing in the best company, had placed him among the most favourite courtiers, long before circumstances gave him another kind of celebrity. Appointed, in 1789, a deputy of the nobility from the bailiwick of Blois to the States General, he was soon ranked among those who exclaimed most ardently against the government. The ideas of philosophy and liberty replaced in him the frivolity of the courtier. He was one of the first of his order to transfer himself to the chamber of the commons (*tiers état*), and on the 4th of August, 1789, he introduced a proposition to equalize penalties, and make any citizen eligible to office. Elected a member of the military committee, he presented several reports in its name, and demanded of the assembly the approbation of the conduct of *Bouillé* at Nancy, by which he incurred the hatred of the Jacobins; who henceforth swore vengeance against him. In 1790, he strenuously opposed the proposition to apply the laws of *peace and war* to the case of the king; in 1791 he procured a decree allowing the soldiers, when not on service, to frequent the clubs. At the time of the king's flight to Varennes, he was President of the Assembly (20th June, 1791), and on that occasion displayed a firmness and a calmness which challenged the admiration even of his enemies. On the 31st of July, he again occupied the chair, and, after the session, left Paris for the army of the north, with the rank of Adjutant-general. A few days after the 10th of August, 1792, he was chosen, with Custine, to command the camp at Soissons; and, after that fatal day, the commissioners of the Legislative Assembly, having announced that Beauharnais was of the number of generals who were true to their country, he was mentioned in an honourable manner by the Convention. At the time Franckfort was retaken by the Prussians, his military conduct was praised by *Pache*, the minister, and by General Custine. These distinguished marks of attention contributed to elevate him, in 1793, to the grade of General-in-chief of the army of the Rhine, and shortly afterwards to the post of minister of war, which he declined. 'Twas at this time that all our best men were driven from the army. Alexander Beauharnais, in consequence, sent in his resignation, which was at first refused, but afterwards accepted, by the representatives on mission from the assembly, who ordered him to retire twenty leagues from the frontiers. He now fixed his residence at *Ferté Imbault*, a department of *Loire-et-Cher*,



and published some observations against the proscription of nobles, in answer to a denunciation of *Varlet*, directed against himself. He was finally arrested as a suspected person, conducted to Paris, thrown into the Carmelite prison, and taken thence before the Revolutionary tribunal. For want of a criminal charge, he was accused of fifteen days' inaction at the head of the army, which, it was alleged, had contributed to the loss of Mayence, though everything demonstrated the contrary. He was, however, condemned to death, July 23d, 1794. On the evening before his condemnation, he wrote a letter to his wife, who afterwards gave her hand to Bonaparte, commending to her care his children, and enjoining it upon her to vindicate his memory.

*Mercier*, in his "*Nouveau Paris*," (Biography,) tells us, in his peculiar, enthusiastic style, that, at the time of the federation, July 14th, 1790, M. de Beauharnais worked in the *champ de mai*, harnessed to the same cart with the *Abbé Sieyès*.

(12) Page 76.

The Marchioness\* de Montesson always showed a marked liking for Josephine. At the time of the famous suit with Beauharnais, she openly took up her defence. She recommended her most warmly to Madame de *Vireux*, the abbess of Panthemont, where Josephine was shut up during the pendency of the suit. After she had left the convent, the marchioness did not cease to visit her, and the two friends never, for a moment, forgot each other, either during the season of adversity of the one, or the astonishing prosperity of the other. A simple wish on the part of Madame Montesson became an order with Josephine, though the latter would sometimes promise what it did not depend on her to fulfil; and it was a double affliction to her to be obliged to say that what was desired was not in her power to bestow. The Emperor sometimes found it difficult to grant what his wife thought might be very easily granted.

(13) Page 77.

Scarcely had Mademoiselle de Tascher changed her name to that of the Viscountess of Beauharnais, when she saw that her destinies were no longer the same. She was sincerely attached to the viscount. Her heart felt the need of loving, and all her thoughts were centered upon her husband—he was all for her. It was natural that, in moments of ill humour, she should address to him some indiscreet reproaches. She was young, and without experience. Beauharnais was, indeed, an amiable man, and attached to her by a real friendship; but he could not bear her petty jealousies. "You act like a child," said he; "look around you, and see whether you have a right to complain." His home, however, as to all external appearances, seemed happy. A coloured man, who was a body servant of the viscount, was in the habit of bringing him reports, which were so utterly false and faithless, that her husband was led incessantly to put a bad construction upon her smallest actions. A secret spy of Madame de V\*\*\* was in reality the primary cause of Josephine's griefs; the latter was so kind and confiding, that she was ever unwilling to be-

\* She had secretly married the Duke of Orleans, son of the regent. On the death of the prince, she received an order to retire into a convent. The reason of this was that, as she could not appear publicly in mourning, she might, at least, adopt the *petit gris*, which she continued for a year.



lieve in the reality of such an act of treason. She was blamed by many of her friends for taking back into her service that same mulatto man, when she returned the second time from Martinique. "You will," she was told, "always be the dupe of your own too confiding heart—you will be again deceived." "What would you have me do?" said she with good humour; "I would rather be a victim than suspect an innocent man. To me he denies everything, and that is enough; if I am wrong in believing in his fidelity, I do not want to fathom the secrets of his conduct." Such was Josephine in all the circumstances of her life. She did not like gossip, though at times she listened to it. Her uniform response was, "certainly you are deceived; you ought to be sure before you condemn any one."

(14) *Page 78.*

Madame de V\*\*\* had a misunderstanding with Beauharnais, and almost ceased to speak to him. She then employed all her arts to acquire the confidence of his wife. She taught the too credulous Josephine to believe that she did this to please her, and in order to strengthen the fears which she entertained respecting his assiduities. "But," she would say, after a moment of hesitation, "the perfidious wretch, though he feigns to be faithful to you, he does not the less throw himself every day at the feet of Madame de B\*\*\*, that coquettish woman, who aims to seduce by her charms, all the gentlemen of the court." This dart, shot by the blackest perfidy, greatly affected the spirits of its victim. But as often as she commenced to review his conduct, her husband would, by his skilful manner and kind looks, scatter her fears. Eugene was the pride of his father; that lovely infant was an angel of peace to his parents. Josephine believed, gave credence to what was told her by Madame de V., and no longer dissembled her jealousy; she uttered her complaints to a man who merited nothing but her praises. Ill feeling sprang up between them, and bitter reproaches were uttered on both sides. The cruel word "*separation*" was pronounced, and from this time forth a vague inquietude reigned between them. The more sympathy is felt, the more confidence have we in those who manifest it; at length they ceased entirely to see each other. Such was the fruit which Madame Beauharnais reaped from lending a too willing ear to the insidious and false suggestions of a woman, who, unable to pardon her for having married the viscount, with whom she wished to carry on her love intrigues, had sworn to destroy her.

(15) *Page 87.*

There was a particular observance whenever a priest died. He was interred with his face uncovered; the people supposed they could read, in the lineaments of his pallid countenance after death, the pleasure of the sovereign judge, and discover, through the dim shadow of death, the joys which awaited him, as we behold through the veil of a clear night the magnificence of the firmament. The same custom prevails in the convents. I have seen a young nun thus lying upon her bier; the whiteness of her brow scarcely distinguishable from that of the linen band with which it was half covered; a crown of white roses on her head, and a mysterious torch burning in her hand. After being exposed to view for several hours, the coffin was closed upon her, and deposited in the funeral vault. Thus it is that grace and peace of mind seem not to know death, and that the lily withers away notwithstanding its snowy whiteness and the tranquillity of its native valley.

(16) *Page 89.*

Mademoiselle de St. C\*\*\* was brought up with the son of her mother's best friend. The two mothers had been at the convent de St. Cyr, and had received only 3,000 francs, by way of dowry and wedding jewels. But, adorned with natural graces and an excellent education, they both contracted advantageous marriages. They promised each other that in case they should become mothers, and their children should be of opposite sexes, their early friendship should be cemented by the marriage of their offspring. They were true to that promise; *Irene* was constantly with *Charles*. But the Countess of St. C\*\*\*, having fallen a victim to a pulmonary disease, her husband soon after contracted a new marriage. This worked an entire change in the fortunes of her daughter. She was destined to the cloister, and the young Count de \*\*\* felt the shock so severely that he went to Africa, and engaged in commercial enterprises among the Algerines. His father never loved him, but placed all his affections on the son he had by a former wife. He was an austere man, and strenuously opposed his son's marriage with *Irene*; and the order of Malta, into which his father caused him to be received at his majority, put an end to all his claims to her hand, and doomed him to perpetual celibacy.

(17) *Page 93.*

At the instigation of Madame de V\*\*\*, Beauharnais made a voyage to Martinique, in order to make inquiry into his wife's conduct; he questioned the negroes and mulattoes, expecting to draw from them something tending to implicate the irreproachable conduct of his wife, before she came to France. All his discoveries testified in favour of the interesting Creole. On his return to France, he instituted a suit against her. Madame de L\*\*, the daughter-in-law of the Maréchal de N\*\*, and a relative of several of the magistrates, ever friendly to Josephine, managed to have the case removed before the Parliament of Paris, and placed it in a light so favourable to her, that Beauharnais lost it. It was decreed that he should take back his wife, provided she should consent to live with him again, or to pay her an annual support of 10,000 francs. The ground of this just and equitable decision was, that it appeared from the evidence that the accusation brought against her was purely calumnious; the Parliament of Paris so declared it, and permitted her to live away from her husband.

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A wise and just liberty is indispensable to an enlightened and warlike nation. Despotism is utterly uncongenial to the manners and the character of the French. A government to be obeyed must possess nerve and vigour; the first germs of rebellion should be extirpated. Had the unfortunate Louis XVI. been persuaded of the truth, that, in politics, it is seldom safe to take a retrograde step, he would have been scrupulously careful not to make the least concession to that crazy multitude, who, with arms in their hands, came and desecrated his palace, and offered to cover his august brows with the infamous *cap* which was but the emblem of license. After the affair of the 5th and 6th of October, the king exhibited but a *course of practical patience*. The mischief was commenced on the 20th of June, when the monarch saw himself compelled to take the oath of the *sans-culottes*. The king should, for the honour of his crown, for the safety of his people, have surrounded himself with a superior

force. This would have struck awe into the factionists, who first presumed to pass the threshold of his palace. Such an exertion of positive power would have kept them at bay, and disabled them from renewing their sacrilegious horrors. But, unhappily, this dreadful epoch only exhibited, on the part of the king, a hesitation that degenerated into actual weakness, and, on the part of the rebels, audacious crime raising its fiery crest, and preaching open revolt. From the very dawn of that liberty, which, for a moment, shone with so pure a light, certain vile and obscure demagogues conceived the plan of the too famous 10th of August. That plan they executed by hurling their lawful sovereign from his throne; and showed to astonished Europe that the ancient monarchies could henceforth subsist only by their permission.

The French nation was doomed to pass as swiftly as the arrow of William Tell through all the horrors of the *Decemvirs*, *Cinna*, *Marius*, *Sylla*, *Rufus*, *Catiline*, and the *Triumvirs*. It saw itself the sport of the passions, and in the end became the prey of him who was the most skilful in seizing her power, and prescribing to her the law of circumstances. And yet we cannot but approve the *consulate* as a necessary measure to guard against the return to power of those infernal spirits who had preceded it, and to revive the arts and sciences in the bosom of France.

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The *Petit Trianon* is the *chef-d'œuvre* of the lighter style of architecture. The unhappy *Marie Antoinette* was extremely pleased with it; she took great pains to embellish it, and laid out large sums in so doing. Nothing could be more pleasant or picturesque than those gardens planned by the hand of the celebrated *Lenôtre*.

The queen often resorted to this retreat to withdraw herself, as she good-humouredly said, from the inseparable enemies of greatness. A kind of easy freedom, a simplicity of manners, reigned in this delicious retreat, which contrasted strikingly with the luxury and the stiff airs of the court. The Queen of France was no longer the Queen of France at *Trianon*. The costumes of the country befitted her wondrously; she would traverse her domains, habited like a shepherdess; her sceptre remained in her apartments at Versailles, and the shepherd's crook replaced it in her august hand. Here she received, with perfect courtesy and without distinction, the homage of nobles and plebeians, drawn thither by curiosity to see and admire the daughter of the Cæsars. Without in any degree losing her dignity, she received visits from all classes of society, and never, perhaps, did woman possess in a more eminent degree all those lovely characteristics which distinguish greatness and goodness, or better understand how to bestow her acts of kindness. She understood most perfectly that marvellous secret, so rare amongst the great—the skill to give, without at the same time wounding the delicacy of the persons obliged. The whole court would manifest a wish to accompany her whenever, with her peculiar smile, she said, “to-morrow I shall go to my farm.” The courtiers who were designated to enjoy the favour of accompanying her, acted more like villagers about to enjoy some rustic sport, than like the attendants upon royalty. Each had his little house at the charming retreat:—such a member of the royal family was the owner of a mill; another had the parsonage house; such a duke was happy to swap his *cordons* for a labourer's dress; such a *grande dame*, with her eighteen *quartiers*, became at once a *farmer's wife*, and busied herself with the household affairs. The *belle fermière* (as the queen



was called) did the honours of the table admirably; all etiquette disappeared, and was replaced by an agreeable liberty and perfect freedom. Trianon was in a manner the birth-place of that *goddess*, who, since 1789, had turned so many heads and occasioned so many evils. The queen there showed herself an example of simplicity to all. The miller's wife sent her cakes, and the farmer's wife sent her fresh eggs, butter, and cheese; and even the village curate was not forgotten in the distribution of favours. Everybody around received her invitations, and visited her in their turn. One pleasure after another sported around the guests of this happy place, at all hours of the day; like the walls of Thebes, it seemed built by some magic hand. In the evening the company amused themselves with acting comedies. The queen assigned to each his part, and often acted one herself; every one exerted his skill and memory to surpass the rest in endeavouring to catch a look from the new Arminda, the enchantress of the gardens. Concerts were given, in which the queen also joined. Louis XVI. was not very fond of Trianon. "'Tis," said the good king, "a whirlpool of expense, without any certain revenue;"—a neat and adroit allusion to the costly entertainments given at that place.

Since the revolution this place has been much neglected. The Frenchman contemplates in silence that spot which was once the admiration of the stranger, and the charm of a court in whose bosom luxury and magnificence have been hereditary since the pompous age of Louis XIV.—What should be our reflections when we recall the memory of a past period so rich in historical recollections, and compare it with the miseries of the present times.

Bonaparte undertook to repair the two Trianons. The *Petit Trianon* received some very tasteful improvements, and was entirely re-furnished. But the Empress Josephine frequented it but little, and always returned from it with visible sadness.

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The disputes between Beauharnais and his wife having made some noise in the community, it is not surprising that the queen should have testified to Madame de Beauharnais such an earnest interest in her case; especially after the parliament of Paris had been pleased to award a decree in her favour as signal as it was merited.

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The inhabitants of Martinique, in 1661, performed a memorable act, whereof it would be difficult to find an example in the most famous revolutions of the ancient republics. But, however just it may have been, it could not have prospered but for the absence of the sovereign from among them, and the weakness of the military force stationed there. Never did the proud Romans or the Greeks, who were more enlightened, better understand their rights, or observe a wiser or more rational conduct in maintaining them.

The vexatious administration of Varenne, the governor, and Ricouart, the intendant, gave just cause of complaint to the colonists. Those two chiefs had been invited to dinner by Lamentin. The principal inhabitants of the island repaired thither, attended by the cortège which was required by the august ceremony of an election, and in order to protect it from violence. Varenne and Ricouart did not discover the symptoms of the revolution until it was ready to break out;—it was clothed with all



the necessary forms, and with a solemnity which gave new weight to the choice which was made. Their swords were taken from them, and broken, while they themselves were stripped of all their authority; the conspirators constituted themselves their judges; they recalled to their minds their oppressions, and the abuse of their powers; they proved to them the justice of the motives by which they were actuated in taking this step, and arranged in order of battle, they chose as their commander *M. de Bucq*, who was confirmed by acclamation of *Vive M. de Bucq! long live our general!* This new intendant, clothed with the most legitimate and sacred authority, took the reins of government, and the confederated inhabitants, in regular order of march, escorted home the two deposed chiefs. The escort passed along under the guns of Fort Royal; but all had been provided for; the operation was a profound mystery, and was conducted with so much precision and secrecy that the troops in the town had not the least knowledge of what was going on. Varenne and Ricouart taxed all their ingenuity to find out the hidden springs of this event, but in vain; celerity alone brought it about; the least delay would have been fatal to the enterprise; and even as it was, the most rigid precautions did not entirely prevent the secret from leaking out. The people did not allow the offenders time even to arrange their domestic concerns,\* but hurried them off to an unfrequented port on the island, and put them instantly on board a ship that was in waiting for them with sails all set, and sent them home to France.

Meanwhile, a deputation from the Colony embarked on board another vessel, and repaired to the French court; the ministry were wise and politic enough to observe moderation; the old chiefs were censured, the new ones confirmed, and the rebels pardoned. All was hushed, and the inhabitants of Martinique, who only revolted against an abuse of power, received with submission the new masters afterwards sent them by the court.

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Josephine was the only one who was not alarmed at the fire; she regarded the accident as a token of good luck to her. When Bonaparte was travelling, if perchance a courier was too tardy, he would, in order to alarm her, exclaim, "*Madame, the house is on fire!*"—to which she would reply, "The firemen will do their duty." Her countenance would assume a cheerful and radiant expression. This little weakness, if it were such, was the more pardonable in her, since it often turned out that within forty-eight hours she received good news.

*Madame Maintenon* came one morning in tears, and announced to *Madame Montespan*, that, during the night, the house in which she and her children lodged took fire. "So much the better for them and for you, who are their second mother," replied the latter; "it is a sign that the king will grant them a rich endowment, and they themselves arrive at a high degree of prosperity. You, madame," added she, gazing at her who was one day to sway the heart of Louis XVI., "you, perhaps, will yet enjoy good fortune; the Duke of Maine will never forget that he is indebted for his life to your affectionate care; for, notwithstanding the miracles of a self-styled St. Barège, he returned from the holy waters

\* But their negroes revolted, and during the several days that this effervescence lasted, they burnt many houses, and cut the throats of the owners. Some of them were hanged, as an example, and others sold to planters in a neighbouring colony.

more a cripple than ever : but he knows what you have done for him, and that is enough for such a feeling heart as his."

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On her return from Martinique, Madame Beauharnais came again to reside at Paris, and stopped at the *Hôtel des Astures, rue du Sepulcre*, and occupied apartments belonging to the keeper of a bathing-house. Here she was visited by the best society of the capital. Madame Montmorin, the lady of the governor of Fontainebleau, undertook the task of bringing about a reconciliation between her husband and her, in which she was powerfully aided by the old Marquis de Beauharnais, the viscount's father, who loved Josephine. An animated explanation took place between the parties. Eugene\* and Hortense threw themselves into their father's arms; his heart was touched; he clasped to his heart his wife and children; tears streamed from their eyes, and a treaty of oblivion to the past, and of friendship and union for the future, was made, and sworn to in the most formal and solemn manner.

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This excellent and intelligent lady, long the delight of the court of Versailles, was imprisoned in 1794, in the *Petite Force*. She occupied the same room, in the third story, in which the princess Lamballe passed the last moments of her life. One day she imagined she saw the venerable Cazotte enter her apartment in company with the woman who was her jailer. "Ah!" said she, in a tone loud enough to be heard, "what does that good man want? Has he come to repeat in this place his gloomy and sinister prophecy?" All the bystanders were astonished, seeing that nobody but Madame Ancre was near her, who by no means resembled a prophet. Immediately after, she said again—"Excuse me, Cazotte; leave me in ignorance of the time of my death. Alas! what boots it to me to be so well informed?" The surprise became general; they believed she had lost her reason. Recovering her self-possession by degrees, she said, "How did you find your way in here? Who directed you to come? Was it madame?"—looking at the female jailer. All were silent, out of respect to the duchess. Madame Ancre ran off as fast as her feet would carry her, imagining herself pursued by the ghost of Cazotte, who she knew was dead. The jailer woman was frozen with terror. In the evening, the Duchess of Grammont, who did me the honour to receive my visits, prayed me to inform her at what hour the act of accusation (*indictment*) against her, which had been sent to her, had reached the office of the clerk of the court (*greffe*). M. Valdeu, then clerk, answered me, "At 4 o'clock," which was the precise time of the vision. "Then," exclaimed that truly courageous and philosophic lady, "then we cannot deny that Providence makes use of the most secret and incredible means to prepare men for the trying hour. We have no time to lose," she remarked to the Duchess of Châtelet, who was in the same predicament as herself; "one kind *memento*, and our present sufferings

\* Beauharnais kept his son with him during the pendency of his lawsuit with his wife. He resided, at this time, at the little hotel de la Rochefoucault, rue des Petits-Augustins; and after his mother's departure for Martinique, the young Eugene was put to school at the college of *Louis-le-Grand*, where he commenced his studies. He remained here until he went to join his father in the army commanded by General Custing.

may spare us eternal pains." This lady, without losing anything of her accustomed gayety, made her last will; and on the morrow, April 17th, 1798, ceased to live.

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The claim of M. de K\*\*\* was submitted to the counsel of state. The matter was communicated to the king, who recognised the debt, and made an order for its payment; but the delays were such that, in 1790, the treasury had not paid it off. The Revolution now supervened. M. Necker was strongly opposed to the reimbursement of the money, under the pretence that the extravagant expenditures of Louis XVI. had ruined the nation; and such was the general cry—the order of the day. M. de Beauharnais proposed, as a mode of conciliation, that the debt should be entered in the great book; but the famous *Cambon* refused, for several months, to inscribe it in the *Registre universelle*. The fortune of M. de K\*\*\* thus increasing in a progressive manner, he employed, a little later, the product of this inscription in favour of certain of his countrymen, to whom he gave it, and whose estates had been impaired in consequence of their long imprisonment in France.

(26) Page 112.

Beauharnais was President of the National Assembly at the time of the king's famous flight to Varennes. In this crisis he displayed the courage and firmness necessary to preserve respect for the monarch, who returned only to be put in irons in his own palace. The President, without compromising the dignity of the place he filled, thought it his duty to visit his unfortunate prince. He was often permitted, secretly, to go in and see the king. Louis one day said to him, in bitterness—"This Revolution will overturn the whole world;—no government will be safe from this explosion;—'tis an *Ætna* whose volcanic rocks will smite the hearts of sovereigns;—I shall be the first amongst them to be struck; others will then feel the blow, and in less than half a century, the people of Europe will show themselves anthropophagi, and fall to devouring one another; the famous *Lavater* has told us so, and everything now goes to confirm it." Beauharnais admitted to several of his friends (*Déprémenil* and *Clavierre*, *Generals Dillon*, *Luckner*, *Biron*, etc.), that he was forcibly struck by these extraordinary reflections of the king, and that, in his opinion, France was about to experience the most terrible commotions. Henceforward he endeavoured to withdraw himself from the democratic whirlwind, though he could not openly rail at the party which he appeared to serve. He, however, abjured all the errors of the new school of politicians, being perfectly sensible of the truth of the maxim, that the throne which begins to crumble, will, in the end, crush not only its most zealous sectators, but its fiercest antagonists.

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The Duke of Orleans\* was in every respect the least fitted to play the part of William III.; and, setting aside the respect which is due to Louis XVI., it may be said of this prince of the blood, in the language of *Madame de Staël*, that "he could neither sustain himself nor serve as a prop to anybody else. Yet he possessed grave, noble manners and wit; but his progress in the world developed nothing but the greatest levity in the change of his principles; and, when the Revolutionary tempest

\* The father of Louis Philippe, late King of the French.—TRANSLATOR.



began to blow, he found himself equally destitute of curb and spur. Mirabeau, in one of his conversations with him, came to the conclusion that no political enterprise whatever could be based upon such a character."—*Madame de Staël's Considerations*.

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Thus speaks Madame de Staël respecting Louis XVI., on the anniversary of the 14th of July, 1792 :—"When the Federates had assembled in the *Champ de Mars*, they had more the air of having met for an insurrection than a festival. The king needed the character of a martyr to support himself in such a situation. His manner of walking, his countenance, had something peculiar about them. On other occasions, he was wanting in personal dignity, and one could have wished him to possess more of that imposing quality ; but here his native humility rendered him truly sublime.

"I followed with my eyes his powdered head, moving in the midst of the riders upon black horses. His dress, embroidered as formerly, was easily distinguished from the costume of the people who pressed around him. When he mounted on the steps of the altar, I imagined I saw the holy victim offering himself a voluntary sacrifice. He descended, and passing again through the disordered ranks, went and seated himself beside the queen and his children.

"The people saw him no more until he ascended the scaffold."

(29) *Page 118.*

Charles I. had a handsome face, and a mild but melancholy look. His complexion was fair, his person of a healthy look, well-proportioned, and of the middle size. He was capable of enduring fatigue, and excelled in horsemanship and other manly exercises. All admit that he was a tender husband, an indulgent father, and a kind master ;—in a word, worthy of love and respect.\* Unhappily fate seated him on a throne at a time when the examples of former reigns favoured arbitrary power, and when the popular mind turned strongly towards liberty. In any other age that sovereign would have been sure of a tranquil reign ; but the exalted ideas of the powers and prerogatives in which he had been brought up, rendered him incapable of a prudent submission to that spirit of freedom which prevailed so powerfully among his subjects. His political system was not sustained with that rigour and foresight which were necessary, in order to support his prerogatives up to the point to which he had pushed them. Exposed continually to the assaults of furious factions, incapables, and fanatics, his faults and his mistakes drew after them the most fatal consequences. A situation too rigorous even for the highest degree of human capability !

The parties which divided the kingdom were, the general convulsions of all understandings and hearts ; a violent and thoughtless ardour to change the constitution of the state ; an ill-conceived design among the royalists to establish despotic power ; a fury for liberty in the House of Commons ; a desire among the bishops to get rid of the Calvinistic portion of the Puritans ; the project formed among the Puritans to humble the bishops ; and, in fine, the secret but successful scheme of the Independents, to avail themselves of the faults of all the rest, and thus become their masters.

\* Cromwell and his Republicans respected their liberties more than they did the manly beauty and private virtues of a tyrant.—TRANSLATOR.



In the midst of this state of anarchy, the Catholics of Ireland massacred the 40,000 Protestants who were among them; and Charles I. adopted the fatal advice, to sustain his power by main force. He quitted London, went to York, assembled his forces, and stopping near Nottingham, raised the royal standard—an open sign of civil war throughout the whole realm. One battle after another was fought—at first, favourable to the Prince, but afterwards, unfortunate and disastrous. After having received into his army the odious Irish, stained with the blood of their own countrymen, and cut to pieces by Lord Fairfax, at the battle of Naseby, which followed the victory of *Marston*, nothing remained to the unlucky monarch but the painful reflection of having furnished his subjects a pretext for accusing him of being an accomplice in the horrible massacre committed by the same Irish Catholics, on the 22d of October, 1641.

Charles went on from misfortune to misfortune. He thought to find safety in the Scottish army, and threw himself into its hands. But the Scotch sold him, and delivered him over to the English commissioners. He escaped from their vigilance, and sought refuge in the Isle of Wight, whence he was taken, and carried off to the castle of Hulst. His death was now determined upon. *Cromwell*, *Ireton*, and *Harrison* established a court of justice, in which they were the chief actors, assisted by several members of the Lower House, and some of the citizens of London. Three times was the monarch brought before this illegal court, and three times did he refuse to admit its jurisdiction over him, but finally, on the 10th of February, 1649, his head was severed at a blow, at Whitehall. A man in a mask performed the office of executioner, and the body was deposited in Windsor Chapel.—*M. Jancourt*.

(30) Page 118.

After the 21st of January, 1793, ambitious and turbulent men, under the name of liberty, busied themselves in producing all the disorders of anarchy. In losing her king, France experienced all the evils of oligarchy and license in their turn. Cowardly intriguers, the opprobrium and contempt of all nations, stood up as the apostles of a false doctrine, subversive of society. They boldly preached the equalization of property. The most of them were bound together by a solemn oath, by which they swore the destruction of the sovereigns who occupied the thrones of Europe. Ever vigilant sentinels, where the object was to protect the genius of evil, they kept constantly watching at the gates of palaces, in order to introduce themselves, on the slightest signal, and strike the blow. The pass-word, LIBERTY, was on their lips, and the rallying cry, *prædarius*, was engraved upon their hearts with a pen of iron. "'Tis necessary," said these sons of Abiram, "to labour ardently for the re-edification of the worship of the good Goddess, and to surround ourselves with companions who will, when the signal is given, which is well known among us, appoint, in concert, an *architect* to direct the work, and employ themselves assiduously in bringing it to a close, under the eyes of the grand master."

*Good sense is a prophet whose sight is sharpened by past experience. Men's optics seem better fitted to that kind of retrograde light, than to the direct rays which the present sheds upon them.*

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These feasts were devoted to pleasure, and amusements of every description. The Romans threw aside the *toga*, and appeared in their eating

habits; they sent presents to the slaves, as we send New Year's gifts. Games of chance, forbidden at other times, were then permitted; the senate had a vacation; public business ceased at the different offices or bureaux, and the schools were closed. It was regarded as an unlucky omen to commence a war, or to punish a criminal, during a season thus consecrated to pleasure. In the evening, the children would announce the festival by running through the streets, and crying, *Io Saturnalia*. There are medals still extant, on which is engraved that customary exclamation, announcing the feast of the Saturnalia.

M. Spanheim refers to one of these medals, which owed its origin to the piquant jest provoked by Narcissus, a freedman of Claudius, when that emperor sent him into Gaul to quell a sedition which had broken out among the troops. Narcissus took it into his head to mount the tribune, and harangue the army, in place of the general; but the soldiers set up the cry of *Io Saturnalia*, signifying that it was the feast of the Saturnalia, when the slaves became the masters.

The statue of Saturn, which was bound with woollen fillets during the whole year, in commemoration, apparently, of his captivity by the Titans and Jupiter, was unbound during this feast, either to mark his deliverance, or to represent the liberty which prevailed during the Golden Age, and that which was enjoyed during the Saturnalia. On this occasion, every appearance of servitude was banished; the slaves wore the cap of liberty, dressed themselves like the citizens, and chose for themselves a *king* of the feast.—*Encyclopédie*.

The follies of the Romans were renewed in France, in 1793, with this difference, that ours were stained with guilt. In those days of painful memory, when the slaves revolted against their masters, when the son armed himself against the father, and the father against the son, the most holy things were horribly profaned; scandalous processions perambulated the streets of the capital; the pontifical robes became the clothing of laymen. The sacred vessels of the church were put to the vilest uses, and, instead of Saturn, women of disreputable character and habits were drawn through the streets in open carriages, accompanied by shameless Jacobins. But a great portion of them were young, timid girls, who, in order to save their fathers from death or exile, were obliged to enroll themselves under the banner of the factitious Goddess of Liberty, and accompany her to the *Champ de Mars*, where their brothers and friends were grouped around an altar adorned with green grass and fruits, awaiting the arrival of that divinity, in whose honour they were to pour out numerous libations. Their dances, sports, and frequent *toasts*, reminded one strongly of the time when the soldiers of Hannibal forgot themselves in the plains of Capua. But the resemblance of the two people, so different in their manners and the times they lived in, was not at all to the advantage of the moderns. The Carthaginians forgot that they were the men who had now nearly achieved the conquest of the conquerors of the world; while the leaders of the movement in France, after devoting a few hours to a shameful spectacle, returned to their dens to sign new accusations and proscriptions against those who had been the objects of their adulation. It was reserved for our age to witness what was regarded among the ancients as the last punishment of wicked men, the scattering abroad of the ashes of the dead—to see, I say, such a dispersion applauded as the master-work of philosophy! And what was the crime of our ancestors, that we should thus treat their remains, unless it was to have been the fathers of such children! But hear the end of all this,

and observe the enormity of the human species. In some towns in France, dungeons were built in the midst of graveyards; prisons were erected for men in places where God has decreed that all slavery shall cease; places devoted to suffering usurped the peaceful abodes where all pain had ceased. Indeed, but one resemblance remained between those prisons and those cemeteries—here were pronounced the unjust judgments of men, and here, also, had been pronounced the decrees of God's inviolable justice.

The ancients would have thought that nation undone where the asylum of the dead should have been violated. The excellent laws of the Egyptians respecting sepulture are well known. By the laws of Solon, he who should violate the tomb, was cut off from all worship in the temple of the Gods, and devoted to the Furies. The Institutes of Justinian lay down particular rules respecting the sale and redemption of a sepulchre.—*M. de Châteaubriand.*

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Madame Beauharnais bestowed the most affectionate care on her husband. He was arrested before her, and she took advantage of the last moments of her liberty to interest some of the leading men of the Revolution in his behalf.\* But the modern Mariuses now saw fit to forget the distinguished attentions they had received at her hands, and refused her all sympathy. Nay, they hastened to sign the order for her imprisonment, and, in a short space of time, the same prison-house contained them both.—*Note communicated.*

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*Letter from Alexander Beauharnais to his wife, dated the 4th Thermidor, year 2d of the French Republic.*

"All that has appeared from the sort of examination which their numerous witnesses have undergone to-day is, that I am the victim of a set of villains, calling themselves patriots. The probability that these infernal machinations will follow me even to the Revolutionary tribunal, leaves me no hope, my dear friend, of ever seeing you or embracing my children again. I will not speak to you of my regrets; my tender affection for them, the fraternal attachment that binds me to you, can leave you no room to doubt upon that subject, or as to the feelings with which I shall leave the world. And I equally regret being separated from a party which I love, and for which I would have given up my life a thousand times; a party which I can no longer serve; which beholds my fall while it imputes to me culpable designs. This painful thought does not permit me to hesitate in recommending to you to guard my memory. Labour to vindicate it, and to prove that a life wholly consecrated to the service of my country ought, in the eyes of the same portion of the nation, to be sufficient to disprove and repel such odious calumnies. This task you will probably think it best to postpone for the present; for, during the storms of a revolution, a great people must observe a salutary caution. I shall die with calmness, though not without the influences of those tender affections belonging to a sensitive heart; but I shall die

\* Madame Beauharnais was then residing in the *rue St. Dominique*, in a house belonging to Madame Holstein. She was here arrested, and conducted to the house of the Carmelite priests, which was then used as a prison. During her imprisonment, her generous friend, Madame Holstein, took care of Hortense, and provided for all her wants.



with the courage of a Frenchman. Adieu, my dear friend; let my children be your consolation; console them by teaching them the truth respecting their father, and impressing upon their minds the important lesson that virtue alone will enable them to efface the recollection of my punishment, and endear to my fellow-citizens the memory of my public services and my titles. Adieu!—You know whom I love—be their consoling angel, and let your kind care prolong my life in their memories.

“ALEXANDER DE BEAUHARNAIS.”

(34) *Page 123.*

Josephine was in the habit of reading the public journals to the numerous prisoners. They would collect in a group around her, and listen in mournful and almost breathless silence. But full often the shriek of grief would break forth from some one of the listeners.—Let one paint to himself, if possible, the agony, the despair of that unhappy wife when she saw the name of her husband inserted on those tablets of death! She fell down senseless, and did not recover from the terrible shock for several days.

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A mulatto man, a relative of *Lucette* (sister *de lait* of Josephine), who had been brought up by the La Pagerie family, came to France in 1781, and remained for some years in an American family. He was attached to the service of M. de Beauharnais,\* but afterwards quitted Europe, and returned to Martinique at the time the negroes on the island were in a state of revolt, and driving the whites from their homes. The mulatto was among the more moderate of the revolvers, and was sent to France, to the Committee of Public Safety, in order to ask for some concessions in favour of the Colony. He connected himself with the principal members of that modern Inquisition, and finally became one of the firmest supporters of that oligarchy. He associated with *Chaumette*, *Marat*, *Ronsin*, *Henriot*, and others; and on the same day that it was proposed to transfer Josephine from the prison where she was, to that of the *Conciergerie*, whence she was to be taken to the scaffold,† chance brought the mulatto to the office of the clerk, where the proposition was under discussion. Hearing the name of his former mistress mentioned, he was touched with pity for one towards whom he had been guilty of so many wrongs.—It was the same mulatto whom she had once pardoned, but who had again been guilty of the blackest ingratitude towards her.

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It is true that Descartes, before Buffon, maintained that animals have no souls. That question was discussed in the schools during the age of Louis XIV. It is surprising that La Fontaine, than whom no wiser man could have been found, was not consulted upon it; I am persuaded he would have decided it in the affirmative.

*Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte* (the Duchess of Angoulême) had received from

\* At the time of her marriage with Beauharnais, Josephine had come with her aunt, and taken up her residence in the house of a Madame de Laa\*\*\*\*, *rue de l'Université*; this woman was the daughter of Maréchal de N\*\*\*\*. The mulatto remained seven or eight months in the viscount's service, and, it is said, often accompanied him to his regiment.

† Madame Beauharnais, with her own hand, cut off locks of her hair to send to her children, so fully was she persuaded that she should not survive the general proscription which was decimating all parties in France.



her brother a dog, which she took with her on leaving the Temple prison. This faithful companion followed her until 1801; when, falling from the top of the balcony at the palace de Poniatowski at Warsaw, he expired under his mistress's eyes.

It will not, perhaps, be out of place here to relate some other incidents illustrating the fidelity of the dog during the Revolution. A butcher had been condemned to death by the Revolutionary tribunal. His dog followed the cart in which he was carried to the *Place de la Revolution*, to be executed. He followed his master with his faithful eyes until the victim disappeared under the executioner's axe. After searching a long time in vain to find his master, the animal followed the same cart back to the *Conciergerie*; he remained waiting at the prison door, and the next morning again followed the cart; and thus continued to follow it for more than a month. This fact was attested by numerous witnesses, and is contained among the memoirs of the time.

M. de \*\*\* had been thrown into prison; his two children, of a tender age, came to visit him every day, with no other conductor than the house dog, which served them as a Mentor. He watched over them, kept them out of the way of carriages, kept off the passers by, and led them always along the same way, so that they met not with the slightest accident.

The unhappy Countess de P\*\*\*, a prisoner at *la Petite Force*, received an order transferring her the next morning to the *Conciergerie*, and thence to the scaffold. She was sitting upon a bench in the court of the police, and weeping piteously; her companions in misfortune used every possible argument to pacify her.—“No, no,” said she, with perfect *sang-froid*, “I cling no longer to existence; my husband perished at Quiberon; my sons have emigrated; my only daughter has married one of her father's assassins; and I have only *Azor* (her dog) left to divert and console me in my afflictions. I have lost my friends; the most of them have repaid my acts of kindness with the blackest ingratitude. My domestics are in the service of my enemies, and have given them the most false accounts respecting me. Every one has laboured to calumniate me. But in the midst of all my calamities, my faithful *Azor* makes me forget that there are ingrates in existence. This poor dog is old and infirm, and when he loses me, he will be at the mercy of fate.” Madame Ancre, the keeper of the prison, promised her to take charge of the dog. “I shall then,” said the countess, affectionately grasping her hand, “die more contented.” This, in a good degree, restored her serenity, and she spent the following night quietly. At six in the morning, the officers came to conduct her to the Revolutionary tribunal; she caressed *Azor*, bade him a final farewell, and committed him to his new mistress. The latter again promised to take care of him. It was noticed that, at the moment the fatal axe put an end to her life, the poor dog set up a frightful howling, which he continued for three days, and died on the fourth.

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Many persons, amusing themselves with pointing out the analogies which exist betwixt men's physical and moral qualities, and betwixt the physical structures of men and those of animals, have remarked that *Danton* had the head of a bull-dog, *Marat* that of an eagle, *Mirabeau* that of a lion, and *Robespierre* that of a cat. The physiognomy of *Robespierre* would change according to the occasion; sometimes he had the shy, unquiet mien of a domestic cat; now the ferocious visage of a wild-cat;

and now the fierce aspect of a tiger. The temperament of Robespierre was at first melancholy; but became at last atrabilious. In the Constitutional Assembly his complexion was pale and sombre. In the National Convention it was yellow and livid. In the Constitutional Assembly he seldom spoke without sighing; in the National Assembly he never spoke without frothing at the mouth. The history of his temperament may be regarded as the history of his life.

At first people called him the "*patriot Robespierre*," then the "*virtuous*," then the "*incorruptible*," and finally the "*Great*." The time, however, came when he was called a *tyrant*; for a *sans-culotte*, seeing him stretched out on a board in the hall of the Committee of General Safety, exclaimed, "This, then, is the tyrant, and nothing else!"

Every man of sense must feel disgusted at popular folly when he hears the appellatives which the rabble bestowed upon Robespierre—every one of which was gratuitous and utterly undeserved. He was neither a *Sylla*, a *Catiline*, an *Octavius*, nor a *Cromwell*. All those usurpers were warriors, and many of them men of talent. *Robespierre* was not a *Nero*; for though *Nero* died like a coward, he was, at least, a bold and hardy gladiator. Should Robespierre be called a *Catiline*, because he had his *Cetheguses* about him to conduct his intrigues?—An *Octavius*, because he had an Anthony ready to commit murder for him?—A *Sylla*, because he had a *Malhius* to aid him in corrupting the army?—A *Cromwell*, because he had his Harry Vane to utter orations?—A *Nero*, because he had his *Anicetuses* to do the work of assassination?—Ah! suffer his devotees to call him a God, since he, too, had his palsied man at his side!

The difference of opinion will be the same as to the political title which properly belongs to him. He was neither a dictator, a triumvir, nor a tribune;—he was the *Appius* of the Decemvirs. He found *Claudiuses*, who, to gratify his lusts, placed another Virginia, not in his arms, but on the scaffold.—*Courtois*.

Robespierre for a while cherished the idea that he would mount the throne of France. His intended marriage with the heiress of the old king was not a mere fabricated idea;—he really, for a time, cherished that chimera. He once had a dream; he saw himself in the act of being crowned in the church of *Nôtre Dame*, and when the archbishop was solemnly chanting *Te Deum*, the lightnings of heaven struck the nave of the church, and split it in twain; at the same moment a young child appeared, wearing on its head a crown, which it went and laid in the lap of a female prisoner in the Temple; then, with a red hot iron, it branded Robespierre on the forehead, at the same time presenting to his lips a cup filled with a liquid resembling blood, and compelled him to drink of it. The fable of the conception of a new Messiah is in some sort derived from this famous vision. After the example of *Cromwell*, towards the close of his career he affected a double hypocrisy, pretending to lean towards clemency, showing great zeal for the cause of God, advocating his worship, and the immortality of the soul.

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Let us forget, for a moment, that Tallien was a member of the famous convention, and only call to mind the zeal he displayed in attacking, with the arms of reason, the ferocious Titans, and wresting from them the iron sceptre with which they had oppressed an unhappy people. This noble conduct won him many and zealous friends, and it may be truly said that the good results which followed this important reaction, were owing, in

part, to his humanity, and his sincere desire to restore a calm after so violent a tempest. To the weak he became an advocate, to the orphan a protector. His good deeds far surpassed men's expectation, for they could hardly imagine that the same man who was registered to the commune of Paris during the days of the 2d and 3d of September, could be susceptible of humanity. But the reason of it was quite simple; he did not either instigate or co-operate in the crimes of the maddened rabble. After the fall of Robespierre he became the hope of all honest men; they were all attached to his cause;—it was the cause of honour. The good which he did, the services which he rendered, ought to be inscribed upon monuments of marble, to awaken the admiration of our posterity. In the winding course of revolution, a man may easily be led astray; he may commit faults; but how great, how sublime is he when he repairs them!

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During the imprisonment of M. and Madame Beauharnais (which lasted several months), their son was adopted by a modest but intelligent artisan. Young Eugene, like Peter the Great, was instructed at an early age in the mechanic arts. The chisel became familiar to him. His father's fortune became the prey of the spoilers. This offspring of noble victims of proscription would (so far as it regarded his profession) have become a second Rozelli, but for the maternal kindness which never ceased to watch over him and his sister. The young *Emile* had not to regret his days spent in effeminate pleasures; he knew too well already that a great captain must take lessons in the school of adversity, and could never learn too much. He daily studied Rousseau and Montesquieu; but was most pleased with laying plans, erecting little redoubts, and putting his imaginary armies in order of battle. He would perform his simulated combats, and then be heard to say—"To-day I have beaten the Prussians; to-morrow the Germans will have their turn. As to the Bavarians, I will protect them." Thus his time passed on, until his mother, having again obtained her liberty, was able to devote all her attention to the care of her children, and the perfecting of their education.

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At the time of the terrible explosion on the 3d Nivose, Madame Bonaparte obtained a pardon for one of those villains who were sentenced to be transported beyond the territory of France, as a measure of extraordinary precaution. Her only reason for it was that the guilty wretch (for he was indeed guilty), had been one of those who, at a former period, had denounced her to the committees of general security and public safety. This man being the father and only support of a numerous family, had had the hardihood to ask for the kind offices of a woman whom he had once sought to destroy. This act of boldness saved him. The evening after, Josephine said to Bonaparte, "I have, but with great difficulty, obtained from Fouché the erasure of this famous Revolutionist's name from the list of the proscribed, although he once attempted to bring me to the guillotine. I may, perhaps, through this act of clemency, restore to society a man valuable for his talents." "I doubt that," said Bonaparte. "You never meet with a Cinna among such persons; they care for nothing but their own personal interest; to them, the 'love of country' is and ever will be but a vain expression." Josephine ultimately had occasion to repent of her kindness;—after the Restoration, he circulated the most horrible calumnies about her.



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At this sad epoch, Madame Beauharnais's condition approached very near to indigence. Her only diversion was to go, every day, to *Chaillot*, where Madame Fontenay, her friend, then resided. At this place the best company was usually assembled. But the most of the persons who were found there, were, like Madame Beauharnais, the victims of political events; honourable but painful recollections were all that were left them.

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Madame de Fontenay had been transferred from the prisons of Bordeaux to that of the capital. Robespierre employed every seductive means in his power to persuade her to denounce Tallien and Irabeau, then on a mission into the Gironde. Thirty thousand francs and a passport to Spain were offered to this interesting woman, if she would make herself agreeable to Maximilien, and become subservient to his views. She asked eight days to reflect upon the proposal. As her imprisonment was rigorously kept secret, and as she was deprived of all the means of corresponding with any one, she concluded to ask her jailer for a brush and paints, assuring him that she could paint his portrait to the life. François believed it all, but refused to give her pencils or paper. She, however, wrote upon a piece of linen cambric, a letter to Tallien, and contrived to send it to Mademoiselle Montensier, the old directress of the theatres of the court, then detained in the same prison. It was shown to the most determined opponents of Robespierre in the convention. For some days, Madame Fontenay expected to be put to death, having refused to sign any declaration which was against her principles and sense of justice. Fortunately, her secret communication was made known to Tallien, who saw at once the depths of the abyss on whose brink he stood. He then exerted himself to the utmost to hasten forward the events of the 9th Thermidor, which were to save the *élite* of the French generals, and the most talented promoters of the arts.

On the 11th Thermidor, the gendarmes came to the prison to conduct Madame Fontenay to the bar of the convention. She was unwilling, owing to her painful situation, to appear there alone, and requested Madame Beauharnais to accompany her. The gendarmes then searched out the disconsolate widow, who, of course, supposed herself about to be led to the scaffold. But both of them appeared at the bar. The more rational portion of the assembly became indignant when they heard of their unmerited sufferings. They lavished their consolations upon them, promised them much, and, as is usual in revolutions, ended by forgetting all. But Tallien acknowledged the debt of gratitude due to them both. He married the one who had shown such a deep interest in his welfare, and protected the other by all the means in his power.

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Just before being called to the command of the army of Italy, Bonaparte slyly insinuated to Madame Tallien, that, if she would consent to be divorced from her husband, he would be highly pleased to offer her his hand, and would insure her a life of happiness. That famous woman, who was then the charm of the capital, was much surprised at the proposition, and refused it. The young Corsican became highly incensed, and swore vengeance against her. He kept his word. After he had become emperor, he frequently forbade Josephine to receive visits from that old



friend of hers. He had been in love with her, and, as he could never pardon her for the dislike she had manifested towards his person, he was induced, by a sense of wounded pride, to refuse her for a time the honours of the palace. "Had she wished it," said he to Josephine, smiling, "she might have reigned in your stead: we should have had fine children. But after all, she did rightly in keeping her vows to Tallien; that's all well enough;—but, not to have perceived what I was worth, *either for the present or the future*, that is what wounds me. Happily, I am indemnified for her disdain by the consciousness that the woman who has replaced her in my affections, equals and even surpasses her in many respects."

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When Marie Antoinette of Austria was transferred to the Conciergerie, she was confined in a room called the *Chambre du Conseil*, which was regarded as the most unhealthy room in that horrible prison, always humid and infectious. Under the pretext of giving her some one to whom she could make known her wants, they sent her a man to act as a spy over the unhappy queen. His voice and face were frightful, and he was charged with the most filthy and disgusting offices about the prison. His name was Barassin, a thief and a murderer by profession, who had been convicted by the criminal tribunal, and sentenced to four years' confinement in irons. The keeper of the prison being in want of an additional *watchdog*, had procured this wretch, Barassin, a cunning knave, and placed him in the Conciergerie, where he still had his galley-slave's bench. Such was the honest personage who acted as valet-de-chambre to the Queen of France!

Some days before her death, this highway-robber functionary was removed from her, and a gendarme stationed in her room as a sentinel, who watched night and day by her side, and from whom she was not separated, even while asleep upon her bed of rags, except by a miserable screen which was in tatters. In this dismal abode, the daughter of the Roman Emperor had no other clothing than a black gown half worn out, which she was obliged to mend every day in order to hide her nakedness from those who visited her. She was even without shoes to her feet. Such was the end of Marie Antoinette, before whom all Europe had bent the knee, on whom every honour which can be rendered to a mortal had been lavished, and for whom the world's treasures had been open.

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Madame Beauharnais was still in prison when she learned from a report brought her by some unfortunates who were compelled to share her imprisonment, that a certain young woman had foretold to Maximilien Robespierre, St. Just, and another whose name was La Fosse, and who was the administrator of the central bureau, that they would all be tried and condemned within the year, but upon different charges. While waiting for the fulfilment of this astonishing prediction, those virtuous citizens thought it prudent to shut up a familiar *dæmon*, who had promised them that, as a recompense for their revolutionary labours, the *lex talionis* should be applied to them. This report greatly excited the curiosity of the female prisoners. Each one of them, for herself, wished to consult the prophetess, but the Parisian oracle was doing penance for her veracity in the *Petite Force* prison. They contrived, however, to send her all the

documents necessary to enable her to take a perfect horoscope.\* Made-moiselle Montensier, who was in the same prison with her, charged herself with taking it down. After many scientific calculations, a response was given to each one of them according to what her fortune indicated. That of Madame de Beauharnais was the more strange, that she was apparently on the eve of sharing the awful fate of her husband. But happily, point 99 settled in her favour the question of her future lot. It was then predicted that she was about to experience a most terrible catastrophe, but that she would survive it, and marry another man who should astonish the world. Such was the substance of the fortune as then told her. Some months after her liberation from the Carmelite prison, she chanced to be at Madame D\*\*\*'s, where the conversation was upon bad fortunes. "Mine is not so," said she, "and yet I have never known anything but grief;—will you believe it, I have had the curiosity to attempt to lift a little corner of the veil which conceals the future? A female prisoner has repeated to me word for word, in a writing which I have here, what was told me in my childhood. I should like to know whether that woman is still alive." One of the ladies present replied, "I'll wager 'tis Made-moiselle Lenormand. Yes, I am well acquainted with her handwriting—this is hers!"

"Let's go, then," said the charming widow. "Do you know her address?"

"Yes, rue de Journon," was the reply; and off they went through the faubourg St. Germain in search of her, and stopped at No. 1153, (at present No. 5.)†

On seeing these strangers, I could not help feeling surprised, because I had taken good care not to admit into my presence any except such as came recommended. The reason was that I was anxious to avoid new persecutions, and I therefore, at first, refused to receive them. They, however, satisfied me of the purity of their intentions, assuring me, in the politest manner, that I need not suspect them of a design to denounce me. Alas! during those unhappy times I felt suspicious of everybody, and could trust no one.

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People flocked to the Directory to admire the elegant style of dress adopted by our five new monarchs. Unhappy France, since 1793, had had for masters none but men dressed in *carmagnoles* of sheep's gray, with a cap to match. But now, gaudy plumes were seen floating on the heads of our five governors, and the richest embroideries sparkled upon their mantles. The directors spoke a pure and correct dialect, and listened with grace and good nature to the claims of the numerous victims who had escaped from the prisons. Paris might have yielded itself up to a feeling of security after the fall of our *Sylla*; but the population, as

\* The month and day of the applicant's birth, the age, the first letters of the pre-nomen, and the birth-place; the favourite colour, the animal preferred, the animal most disliked, and the favourite flower.

† The empress used to relate, seriously, the fact that Bonaparte once took the notion into his head to consult the Parisian Oracle. It was at the time when he thought of playing, at the Court of the Grand Sultan, the part of another Count de Bonneval, being then unable to obtain employment from the French Government. The response given him by the fortune-teller was this:—"You will not obtain a passport; your destiny calls you to act a distinguished part in France. A widow woman shall there be your happiness; through her influence you shall attain an elevated rank; but beware you do not become ungrateful towards her—it will go well with you then if you remain constantly united; but"—(*she did not finish.*)

during the days of the League, were in want of all the necessities of life. Everything was at the *maximum*, and with the maximum, people were in want of everything. In every household there was stuck up a certificate showing the number of persons composing it. Fortified by the certificate, which was signed and delivered by the police commissioner of the ward, people flocked to the doors of the bakers' shops to take their turn according to their number. The baker distributed a kind of black, miserably-baked bread, at the price fixed, and at the rate of two ounces and a half for each mouth per day. It was sometimes necessary to fight for one's place at the door or in the shops; for it often happened that the last half of those who had hold of the rope, were compelled to go away without bread. Although these are painful recollections, it is impossible not to laugh at the characteristic gayety of the French, a quality which never belies itself, even in the most distressing circumstances. Women would often put bundles, or even earthen pans under their petticoats, giving themselves the appearance of being *enceinte*, in order to secure a passage through the crowd. And the same people who, during the forenoon, had gone hungry, while waiting two or three hours for a couple of ounces of badly-cooked bread, would, in the evening, hasten to the theatres, to see played *La Parfaite Egalité*, or the *Thee and Thou*; the *Jugement dernier des Rois*; *Tarquin*, or the *Abolition of Royalty*; the *Apotheosis of Marat*, and other revolutionary pieces; so that it might then have been truly said of the French, that "the proud Romans wanted only shows and bread, but the French content themselves with shows without bread."

The most unfortunate class of persons manifested little respect for the five directors. "This palace of the Luxembourg," said they, in mockery, "is but a waxen building; a single ray of the summer's sun will melt it down with its new inmates—they will remain there no longer than their predecessors."

At the bottom of a picture, on which were painted the five directors in a group, some wag had painted a caricature full of point, representing a *lancet*, a *stalk of lettuce*, and a *rat*, perfectly executed, the meaning of which was, that the year VII. should kill them off.

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That enthusiasm which is so prevalent among us for gymnastic exercises is inherent in our national customs. The horrors of the French Revolution, the recent loss of so many heads of families, should, perhaps, have lent to the national character an air of gravity, which it did not before exhibit. "At all times," as Brantôme says, "the sons of Gaul have carried everything, even *their griefs*, to extremes; and yet, pleasure must ever predominate among so fickle and frivolous a race." After the 9th Thermidor, nothing was more common than for the accuser and the accused, the executioner and his victim, the assassin and the daughter of the murdered father, to meet together in the same company. The balls *à la vic-time* were much in vogue, and the most piquant anecdotes were related of what took place at them. Families vied with each other in attending them, and it often happened, that the son of a member of the Convention of 1793, took the *pas du schal* with the daughter of some emigrant marquis. The most ferocious men of the time became tame and tractable while waltzing with the niece of their old seigneur; their hands, still stained with the blood of her relations, would press hers most affectionately. What they had been was all forgotten in what they now were—



the past was thrust aside in order to fly upon the wings of the present. In a word, the then Paris did not resemble the Paris of former days; everything was metamorphosed—even sorrow itself underwent a transformation. The social circles were brilliant, the re-unions were numerous; everybody strove to appear *à la Grecque*, and to forget the misfortunes of the Trojans.

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This was a very laborious man, and a sincere friend to the fundamental principles of liberty. Incorruptible, and worthy in every respect of the confidence and esteem of the public, though he had not the talents of our great orators, he left them far behind in probity. Napoleon esteemed him for his honesty, although he did little for him. "He is a good man," was his language, "*I have nothing to fear from him.*" Letourneur's last years were passed in sorrow and bitterness, but happily religion came to his aid, and surrounded him with all her consolations. He died the death of the righteous; for God, more merciful than man, can pardon offences, and forgive the repentant.

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At the time of the rupture among the Jacobins, Rewbel passed over to the society of the Fenillans, and, in spite of the example of all his colleagues, refused to return. "'Tis," said he, "best to be consistent." Yes, as to principles, but not errors.

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This founder of a new sect had but few followers. The Theophilanthropists permitted no external pomp; they simply offered to the God of the universe the first flowers and fruits of the season. They sang in honour of the Supreme Being, hymns expressive of their peculiar sentiments. Ceremonies so novel attracted throngs of the curious as spectators, who, when they discovered among the worshippers a leader who had been a high-priest of St. Sulpice, could not but remember that they had seen him figuring among the iconoclasts of his age. He inspired them with no respect. The greater portion of his acolytes had been members of the old revolutionary committees. They were dressed in white robes, with their waists girded with tri-coloured ribbons. To use a Scripture phrase, they were *whited sepulchres*; they raised to heaven hands still stained with their brother's blood. They invoked the King of kings, and asked Him to protect so impious a sect. At the other end of the temple of the Lord, the sounding vaults no longer rang with those sacred hymns, the only consolation of the portion of Christians who remained faithful to the worship of their fathers; they contented themselves with uttering their prayers in whispers.

Those Saturnalia were of short duration; people were left to visit *Baal*; the sectaries, reduced to themselves, merely, were forced to abandon their temple. As no miracle was wrought by the new worshippers at the church of St. Sulpice, it was not thought necessary longer to continue upon its principal door the distich that had been inscribed upon it (as also upon that of St. Medard);—

"De part le peuple, défense à Dieu,  
D'opérer miracle en ce lieu."

St. Sulpice was re-opened to the fervent Catholics, and it was soon



forgotten, that, for some months, the Theophilanthropists had scandalized all Paris.

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This director affected an extreme simplicity. Far from imitating the luxurious habits of his colleagues, he saw but little company, and kept himself shut up, the most of the time in the bosom of his family, towards whom he was affectionate. He gave audiences, made few promises, but was obliging. When he was about to give you a favourable answer, his face became more smiling, his manners more agreeable; everything about him showed the good man. I will not now seek to condemn him, nor to absolve him from past errors—I will only say with Virgil:—

“Grandia sæpè quibus mandavimus hordea sulcis  
Infelix lotium et steriles dominantur avenæ.”—Ec. V.

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Barras was the only one of the directors who was convinced that he was in reality only a monarch *à terme*, as he laughingly told Bonaparte. It would appear that this director leaned in favour of the Bourbons; he desired their recall, and hoped, under them, to be the first person in the kingdom; but the General of the army of Italy, who had foreseen this at the time of the famous elimination of *Fructidor*, had carefully kept his eye upon him. The rumour went abroad, that he had signed a treaty in favour of the Pretender, and that he had been provided for in this important negotiation; that the sum of 600,000 francs received by him was but a prelude to what he was to receive on the same account. As to title and rank, it was understood that the *bâton* of a marshal of France was offered him. So many stories could not help awakening suspicion. Bonaparte was among the first to credit them. He stood little in fear of his patron; he was stimulated by ambition, and was unwilling to give up to others what he could keep for himself. The third place in the government did not suit him; he wanted the first; but Barras was not willing to make him such a concession. “The right of placing the crown of France on the head of the brother of Louis XVI. should,” said he, “belong to me alone, and not to others. Bonaparte is capable of guiding the re-action in favour of the Bourbons; but that task is above the strength of the director. May an honourable and deep repentance urge the general to do so of his own accord;—but as to political interests, I understand them too well not to keep him at a distance from me, or not to catch him in my snare whenever I wish.” In a few days afterwards the two friends met; they had seen each other but seldom since Bonaparte’s return from Egypt. Barras was the first to break silence. “For ten years,” said he to Bonaparte, “France has been weighed down by great evils; great faults have been committed, and men of the most consistent principles have, without being aware of it, inscribed their names on the list of the guilty. You know, general, that in revolutions, sage and rare, indeed, are those who stumble not;—for in politics, two and two do not always make four. The fall of the different governments which have succeeded the monarchy, has fully convinced me that there is but one kind of government capable of restoring to our country peace and prosperity; and that government is a constitutional charter, confided to the enlightened wisdom of the legitimate heir to the throne.”

Bonaparte could not dissemble his surprise; for a moment he thought the director was labouring to entrap him: consequently he dissembled,

and pretended to fall in with Barras's views. Indeed, he promised a great deal, and declared that "in less than one month France should see a new order of things, in which he, the general, would co-operate with all his power."

Bonaparte was far from being sincere in this; but it had the effect so to deceive poor Barras, that he promised the general anew to associate his glory with his. 'Tis well known how he kept his word.—*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire.*

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Bonaparte was presented to him by Salicetti, a deputy from Corsica. He was then a sub-lieutenant of artillery. The generals on the ground had made some bad dispositions, which Bonaparte openly and boldly condemned. In spite of the opposition of some of the old officers, he presented a new plan, which was adopted. His particular attention was directed to fort *Malgue*, &c.

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The majority of the directors disliked Bonaparte. "*The little leather-breeches*," said one of them, in a tone of contempt and buffoonery, "will give us a second edition of Cromwell, unless he's looked to. He must be kept down, and constantly watched. 'Tis enough for him to have done up the 13th Vendémiaire; to give him a superior command, will take him off too far; we must prevent his acquiring celebrity."

"I will charge myself to guide him," said Barras. "Bonaparte will never disobey my instructions. He is a man for active employment, and, unless you consent to his elevation, he will rise in spite of you."

Nor did the patron forget his protégé: but the first opportunity that presented itself, he secured his appointment as General-in-Chief of the Army of Italy.

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General Danican commanded the sections who had risen against the Convention. Unfortunately, he became an object of suspicion to both parties. In conversation with him, several of the deputies professed to desire an accommodation. Words of peace were used in toasts that were drunk, and at the moment when a favourable treaty was confidently looked for, the cry of treason was raised on every side. Danican was anxious to avert the calamities which menaced the capital; he temporized as long as possible, and perhaps too long. During the interval the party attached to the Convention became by degrees reinforced, and adopted proper measures to put down the sections. The general was abandoned by everybody. He then transferred his powers to General Menou, and retired with a sigh, well knowing that the approaching struggle would be a bloody one. The only fruit which he reaped from the moderation he had shown towards his fellow-citizens, was a sentence of death. He remained for several months concealed in the cellar of a church. He dared, however, to utter his voice from his sepulchral hiding-place, and caused to be published a curious memoir respecting the actors engaged in the affairs of that day, in which he unmasked several of the guilty;—a step, however, which did not restore his tranquillity until some thirteen months had passed. The decree condemning him to death was reviewed, and finally rescinded, and Danican was restored to his friends; but he received only a small indemnity for the ills he suffered, and the losses he sustained.

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General Charette, at the breaking out of the insurrection of the Vendéans in March, 1793, was tumultuously proclaimed chief of the Canton of Machecoult, in place of St. André, who had shamefully fled before the Republicans. Drawn into the movement almost in spite of himself, he placed himself at the head of the insurgents, immediately took possession of Pornic, a small port two leagues from Nantes, and a few days afterwards took the city of Machecoult, where the patriots left 12 pieces of cannon, 12,000 pounds of powder, 1500 men killed, and 500 prisoners. He then laid siege to Nantes, which he was prevented from taking in consequence of the defection of the troops from the right bank of the Loire, who, after sustaining several attacks, and witnessing the death of their general, Cathelineau, ran off. Charette next directed his movements against Luçon, in concert with d'Elbée, led the third attack, and was repulsed, when the latter was elected general-in-chief of the Vendéans. Charette, chagrined by this choice, as well as by the popularity enjoyed by Beauchamp and Bernard de Marigni, left them both, and raised a separate army in Lower Poitou, and, by his temporary inaction, became the cause of the check which the main army experienced. But he was for a long time successful in the country lying between Nantes and Les Sables, almost the whole of which he occupied. But he was at length beaten near the latter of those two cities, and also near Luçon. He nevertheless took possession of the isles of Bonin and Noirmoutiers, which the republicans soon after rescued from him; and while Tureau took possession of the latter island, Charette found himself compelled to fight at Marchecoult. The Convention having proposed an armistice to the royalists, a suspension of arms was agreed on, and Charette, accompanied by other chiefs, went to Nantes to conclude a treaty, which was broken almost as soon as made. He then assembled the wrecks of his army, and endeavoured, but without success, to persuade the Count d'Artois, then on the Isle Dieu with 4000 English troops and 1500 emigrants, to land upon the part of the coast which he then occupied. From this period his reverses commenced. In the latter part of February, 1796, he made up his mind to risk another battle; he was beaten, and only went on from one defeat to another until the 23d of March, on which day he was made a prisoner at La Chabotière by General Travot. Overcome by fatigue, wounded in the head and in the hand, he attempted to make his way by flight through a wood, assisted by two of his men, who resolved to share his fate. The two soldiers were brought to the ground by two musket shots from the pursuers, and Travot, throwing himself upon Charette, called himself by name, and compelled Charette to surrender his arms. He was conducted to Pont de Vic, and thence to Angers, where he was tried; he was thence transferred to Nantes to undergo his sentence. While stepping out of the boat in which he had been brought, he exclaimed, "See, then, where the English have brought me!" A priest who had taken the civic oath, attended him to the place of execution. He would neither get upon his knees nor suffer his eyes to be bandaged. Without the slightest change of countenance, and without any manifestation of fear, he looked upon the soldiers who stood ready to fire upon him, and gave them the signal. He was of the middle height and of a slender form, but of a proud bearing and stern look. He may fairly be regarded as one of the workers of the ruin of his party.—*Biographie.*



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The agitations by which empires are shaken, always produce great men, who astonish their age by the brilliancy of their achievements. The French Revolution is fruitful in examples of this kind, and it may with truth be said of it that it created men.

Lazare Hoche was born at Montreuil, a faubourg of Versailles. His mother died in giving him birth. Young Hoche at an early age conceived a taste for the profession of arms, and at the age of sixteen became one of the French guards. Some days after the taking of the Bastille, the minister of war, Servan, remarking, at a review, the fine martial air of Hoche, sent him a lieutenant's brevet in the regiment de Rouergue. He appeared at the head of our battalions with all that zeal and bravery which afterwards won him so much distinction.

At the battle of Hondscoote, he became an adjutant-general; and, about the same time, general-in-chief of the army of the Moselle. In consequence of the glorious combat in the plains of Weissembourg, and of an act of boldness which facilitated the retreat of the army of the Rhine through the Black Forest, and its junction with the army of the Moselle, he was appointed to the command of both those armies.

Soon, however, he became suspected by the Committee of Public Safety, and, like many others of our illustrious generals, shared honourable chains. The *acte* of his accusation was already drawn up, and he was about to appear before that murderous revolutionary tribunal, when the events of the 9th Thermidor restored him to liberty and to victory.

The Reign of Terror was over, but discord still agitated France. The war in Vendée, which had scarcely been lulled to sleep, now broke out anew, and spread its ravages far and wide, menacing the whole of the West of France. Hoche was at the head of the army, on the coast of Brest, stationed there to repel the English and the emigrants, who, beaten at Carnac, and forced to evacuate Aury, found themselves blockaded at Quiberon, and forced to lay down their arms.

Hoche returned to Paris, with the title of pacificator of Vendée. His name, everywhere admired, was blessed by the inhabitants of those unhappy districts. There will his memory be for ever cherished by a people who regard him as a kind parent, from whose hands they have received pardons and favours. In the midst of those desolated fields, where, for five years, crime had succeeded crime, and disaster had followed disaster, he caused peace and plenty, industry and hope, to return to the husbandman.

The Executive Directory, well aware of his courage and energy, unanimously chose him to carry the war into Ireland. The enemy were then cruising off Brest; but the French squadron managed to elude its vigilance, and put to sea. Having reached the open sea, however, the wind became contrary; it blew a hurricane, stopped the progress of the squadron, and, after the first night, the frigate which had Hoche on board, was carried to a distance from the rest of the fleet. The swiftness of her movements saved her from the pursuit of the English. She at length reached the coast of Ireland, but found no French squadron there. Hoche retired from the hostile strand with regret, and gained the open sea, where he encountered new tempests. He found himself in the midst of the English fleet, but so violent was the storm, that the *Fraternité*, the frigate that bore him, was mistaken by the enemy for one of their own vessels.

Just one month from his departure from Brest, Hoche landed at Rochelle, without having executed his bold enterprise.

The command of the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse was confided to



Hoche. He had led his warriors to the bridge of Neuwéed, and General Lefebvre's division was already at the gates of Frankfort, when the news of the signing of the preliminaries of peace in Italy arrested this new current of his triumph.

But, while hostilities were suspended in Germany and Italy, discord was rending asunder the Republic at home. Hatred and distrust presided over the deliberations both of the legislature and the Directory; that harmony, which was so necessary to the constituted authorities, was totally destroyed, and a majority of the Directory being of opinion that victory would crown that party that should strike the first blow, determined upon a *coup d'état*, and made way for the 18th Fructidor. To accomplish that unconstitutional measure, the Directory cast their eyes upon Hoche, thinking him a fit person to put down a party whom he had, while in the legislative body, accused of royalism.

Already had the troops he commanded passed the boundaries fixed by the constitution, on their way towards Paris, when the legislative body complained of this violation of law to the Directory, who pretended it was a mistake committed by one of the commissioners of war, and that the troops were destined for Brest, where they were fitting out a new expedition to Ireland.

The Directory, finding that their schemes were understood, determined to press forward their execution. But General Hoche was no longer their theme; the *five governors*, fearing he might, in his turn, use, to their disadvantage, the dictatorship they had made up their minds to confer upon him, broke the instrument before making use of it.

The sad predictions of General Charette on this subject now recurred to his mind. He saw too late that he had been serving an ungrateful party, and that they would not only refuse to thank him for the good he had done, but would render it henceforth impossible for him to attempt anything for his own glory or the national honour. Meanwhile he joined the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, whose head-quarters were at Wetzlar. But he could not endure the ingratitude of men. In vain his friends urged him to return to the bosom of his family, and recruit his shattered health:—"No," he calmly replied, "I will die in the midst of my soldiers, and want no other consolation in my last moments, than what these brave men will bestow upon me—men who, I dare hope, will drop a tear on the tomb of a general who has lost everything but *honour*."

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General Hoche, after the 18th Fructidor, fell into a kind of apathy, which appeared truly extraordinary. His health was visibly declining; he adopted and rejected, by turns, all the remedies that were suggested to him. His life was soon despaired of; and the handsomest of men presented nothing in his looks but symptoms of dissolution. He gazed upon death with calmness. His mind was struck with a prediction which Bonaparte once made him at Tallien's: and, in recalling it, he would often say—"Yes, he was certainly correct. I shall not outlive my thirtieth year! I am a victim—I shall die a victim: and I know not whence comes the blow."

The premature death of the general gave rise to numerous conjectures at the time. Some accused the Directory; others, the husband of a woman whom Hoche had tenderly loved. The truth is, his death did not seem to be natural: and hence the thousand versions which filled all the saloons of Paris. Some hours before he breathed his last, he wrote the last letter

to Madame Bonaparte, *revealing to her a famous secret*, and inviting her to make use of it, whenever circumstances should permit. The memory of Hoche was dear to Josephine; she never alluded to him but with a feeling of deep sadness. She was convinced that that old friend of hers had drank of the cup of Nero;\* but never, in any one's presence, did she hint at the name or station of his persecutor.†

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After the death of Robespierre, the principal part of those who had been most excessive in their revolutionary fury, affected to give themselves up blindly to the empire of fashion. The thick, bushy locks, dressed *à la Jacobine*, were replaced by the elegant styles of head-dress, *à la Grecque*, *à la victime*, *au repentir*. Our French dames were dressed *à la Romaine*. The *petit-maîtres*, who had sat in the different committees and assemblies of the sections, outdid themselves in this line. One would wear a powdered cue; another a collar of green velvet; another exchanged his rounded waistcoat for a square one. Apartments were decked off in the latest style, and the prices of articles of luxury rose enormously. Gold and precious stones glittered on all sides; the most sumptuous and delicate feasts took the place of those frugal repasts at which the hosts prided themselves in recalling into use the dishes of the preceding age; patron-feasts were disused, and those were multiplied, which tended to recall pleasing recollections. Men did not, like the Romans, write the names of their mistresses, with wine spilled upon the table, but drank oblivion to those unhappy times, or prolonged happiness to the present. Women became more coquettish, but more tender, and, perhaps, more faithful. The capital was metamorphosed into a new Capua; and the enormous caps with *fox-tails* behind, the great coats with huge red capes hanging upon the shoulders, disappeared from the antechambers: and in their stead were seen elegant hats and surtouts with numerous folds. The fine cassimere vest took the place of the huge coarse carmagnole jacket. The morning love letter succeeded the revolutionary protocol of "Liberty or Death." The most gallant rendezvous, the most enchanting promenades taught the good Parisians to forget that, only a few months before, there existed among them such things as clubs, meetings at Clichy, at Meot's, &c. Every one reclaimed his old character; men were the wiser for the past; wives more happy, and the health and education of children more carefully guarded.

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"There were, at this epoch, those who had lost, with their ancient *éclat* in society, that accursed fortune which is so much sighed after. Deprived of the necessities of life, they were forced to resort to means for which they felt a repugnance; and, to cap the climax of misery, they had neither understanding nor firmness enough to endure their fall with moderation."

"Tallien and you, Madame Cabarres, outdid yourselves in those calamitous times. You protected the widow and orphan; you snatched from the hand of the executioner the sword of Damocles, which threatened to decimate the people of France; and your acts of kindness, bestowed with

\* The medical faculty, at Paris, discovered no positive traces of poison, and hesitated in giving an opinion.

† This monstrous imputation is destitute of all truth or probability. See Thiers' *Hist. Fr. Rev.*, vol. iv. p. 209.—TRANSLATOR.

judgment and discretion upon many honourable victims of proscription, will form the basis of that brilliant eulogy which posterity will pronounce upon you."

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Sundry projects were presented to Bonaparte, which had once been submitted to the Directory, and to the different committees. It was proposed to raise La Vendée from the ruins under which she lay buried. Plans of several new cities were submitted to the First Consul. It was proposed not only to furnish building materials, but to guaranty the payment of the work; and the labourers employed were to be taken into the privileged class. Instead of retaining them as prisoners, it was proposed to distribute among them the necessary implements for their new occupation. A duke was to become a mason, a painter or a sculptor; Madame the Marchioness was to keep the liquor shop for the labourers, or to work at the spindle. All parties would have been represented there—all sects, patriots, aristocrats, moderates, revolutionists, priests sworn and unsworn, nuns turned out of one cloister, and again shut up as in another. All these unfortunates, in exile although in the bosom of their country, would have been confined and subjected to the most rigorous surveillance. That unhappy country would have presented, in full size, the miniature of the Cevennes under Louis XIV. Each prisoner was to receive his daily rations, and premiums were to be awarded to such as should excel in labour or ingenuity. All were to be employed in the various establishments, and at the end of ten years, the limit fixed for the completion of all the works, and for putting the manufactories into full operation, those of the colonists who should remain (marriages were to be prohibited among them), were to receive the quality of *regenerated Frenchmen*, and being henceforth treated as such, they were to become free in the eyes of the law, and to receive from the government a homestead worth 1500 francs rent annually. They were, however, to remain during the two *lustrums*, under the immediate surveillance of managers selected by the Jacobins of the old stamp, who would be able, in time of need, to convert them into soldiers for the numerous garrisons in those parts. Thus, said the authors of this singular scheme, we shall see new towns of an improved construction spring up on all sides; workshops will lend new activity to business; uncultivated lands will be reclaimed and planted; swamps will be drained—and all this will be the work of those suspicious persons who once hoped to work amidst the ruins of the land that gave them birth. Bonaparte did not approve of this rigorous policy. "I want no hostages," said he. "My actual strength shall be my power. If the nobles and the priests conduct themselves well, I shall protect them, and seek to repair the ills they have suffered; if they conspire against me, I will cut their heads off—or some strong citadel shall be responsible for them. When I want to build towns, I shall find workmen enough; and when I need their services, I shall make my generals so many Epaminondases."—Bonaparte deceived himself.

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General Bonaparte was passionately fond of the military profession; but the love of glory did not harden his heart against the irreparable evils which result from the greatest victories. Often, after describing a battle, he would trace the plan of a farm; from the map of the theatre of war he would pass to the topographical plan of the capital, and consult me as to



the improvements which ought to be undertaken. The habits of the camp by no means destroyed his love of the fine arts and of agriculture : Napoleon was extreme in everything.—*Note by Josephine.*

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As has been seen, Bonaparte was quite anxious that a divorce might take place between Madame Tallien and her husband. There was a moment when, the parties having had a slight falling out, such a proposition might have been made. Tallien adored his wife, and could not endure the thought of being separated from her. He fell sick, and the very day when Bonaparte supposed he had overcome all obstacles, and was about to receive a favourable answer, he found the pretty Spanish woman at the bedside of her convalescent husband. She was holding in her arms her beautiful boy, whom she presented to her husband, and then showed with pride to the general, saying, "Do you think, citizen, it would be easy for a mother to forsake the father of such a babe as this?" Bonaparte took it for granted, from the reception given him by his fortunate rival, that his secret was out. "She is an indiscreet woman," said he, speaking of Madame Tallien; "I only wanted to test her fidelity. She takes me for a *Renaud*—she is egregiously mistaken—never shall she be my *Armide*.—Let her attend to her household affairs—'twere better, perhaps, for both that the matter had remained within doors." But he could scarcely conceal the mortification the incident occasioned him. He was long sour towards her.

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Madame Beauharnais was intimately connected with Madame de Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\*, the daughter of Madame de L\*\*\*, her early friend. This charming and witty woman then attracted to her house the best society of the capital. It was the resort of the most conspicuous persons. Barras presented Bonaparte to her, and begged her to admit him into the circle of her friends. The director was then trying to recover a plan of the campaign which Bonaparte had prepared for the conquest of Italy, and which the famous Carnot had got possession of. The first time Madame Beauharnais saw Bonaparte, the impression she received was not at all to his advantage. She uttered some shrewd jokes among her friends at his expense. Nor was Madame Fontenay prepossessed in his favour, though the intelligent Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\* discovered something in the looks of the young Corsican, indicating an extraordinary man. "What think you," said Barras, "of my protégé—what think you of him?" "Very well," said she; "I think he will make a figure in the world." The Marquis de Maili frequented the house of Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\*. One day when Mesdames Fontenay (who had married Tallien) and Beauharnais, Bonaparte, a Mademoiselle Vanem, and others, were together, the conversation turned upon *Somnambulism*, and the young damsel was produced by way of trying experiments. She said some singular things, and among others told Bonaparte that he would become the Conqueror of Italy. From this time he took a great liking to *Somnambulism*. He so gave himself up to this interesting illusion that whenever he visited at Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\*'s, he took pleasure in putting questions to Mademoiselle Vanem. He often saw Madame Beauharnais at this place; he fell in love with her, and avowed the fact to her;—and his exile from the house was the consequence. Barras, who wanted to benefit the young man, begged Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\* to assume the office of mediatrix



in this grand affair ; but Josephine really loved General Hoche, and preferred him to the Hero of Vendémiaire. "If," said he to the interesting Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\*, "if you were free, I should certainly cast my eyes upon you; I would, if it were necessary, overturn the whole world for the honour of having you for a wife. You may, however, fulfil my wish in part—just enable me to obtain the hand of your friend Josephine, and I shall be the happiest of men." Madame Beauharnais long rejected the proposal. The friends, however, contrived to intercept the correspondence of the lovers for a month, and Josephine, piqued at seeing herself neglected, finally consented to accept the hand of Bonaparte. The latter immediately returned to Barras the plan of the Italian campaign, and added these remarkable words :—"Behold the presage of numerous victories ; as for myself, I need but one of them, and that is the heart of Madame Beauharnais, and I have gained it." The marriage remained secret for several days. Bonaparte immediately set out for Italy, leaving his wife at Paris. She for some time, in the presence of certain of her friends, dissembled the fact of her marriage, unwilling to confess that she had contracted indissoluble ties with the "*little Bonaparte*," as she used to call him.

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The hotel owned by Bonaparte, rue Chantereine, had belonged to Julie, the former wife of Tallien. That lady, wretched at finding the man she loved an ingrate, seeing her inability to entice back the most inconstant of men (who, nevertheless, paid her frequent visits), resolved to make a last effort upon his affections. Before giving herself up entirely to despair, she sent him an invitation to breakfast with her the next morning. He refused under some vain pretext, but really intended to go and take her by surprise. Learning that he had thus, as she thought, shunned her again, she was so distracted with grief that she took poison, which she had long since been keeping for that purpose. Tallien arrived punctually at the hour, and at the moment when he expected to press poor Julie to his heart, he saw her cold and lifeless remains deposited in a coffin which stood in his way. The unhappy husband uttered a cry of agony, and fell down senseless. He was with difficulty restored to his senses, and his reason was for a moment shaken. He wept for poor Julie ; perhaps he still mourns for her. A most inconstant husband was melted to pity, and he who was supposed to be insensible, showed then that he knew how to love. He rendered the last sad honours to his wife, and henceforth, whenever he spoke of that woman, so interesting for the heroism of her attachment, it was with sentiments of affection and respect.

When, on Bonaparte's return from Italy, Tallien came to visit at his house, Josephine would often say to him, with a mournful accent, "this chamber once belonged to an unhappy woman." Tallien affected to be a stranger to the remark ; but more than once did the tears start to his eyes. "I was," said Josephine, "anxious to satisfy myself whether this man was capable of cherishing a tender recollection. I had supposed his heart was estranged from all such feelings, and that the society of ladies was for him only an agreeable recreation. But the visible emotion which he manifested whenever the name of Julie was pronounced in his presence, proved to me conclusively, that, far from being cold and insensible, he was, beyond many other men, capable of a rare devotion, and of a gratitude above temptation."—*Note communicated.*

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The first battle which Bonaparte personally delivered, was that at the bridge of Lodi. He showed great personal courage, and was promptly seconded by Lannes, who passed the bridge before him. At the battle of Arcole, the courage of Augereau was decisive. Catching a standard from the hands of the ensign who carried it, he shouted out, "*Let every brave man follow me!*" In these two battles more than 20,000 Poles, who were in the Austrian ranks, laid down their arms. They were immediately enrolled in the French army, and formed into a legion, the command of which was given to the Polish General, Dombrowsky, attached to Bonaparte's staff. The latter now marched against Modena. The Prince of Modena, though not at war with France, was obliged to pay a contribution in order to save his estates from pillage.

The French head-quarters were established in the ducal palace, the duke himself having fled.

Next, the victorious general attacked the Austrians, and won the battle of Reveredo. The treaty of Scoben followed, and Bonaparte sent General Clarke to Vienna, to continue negotiations. By the treaty, Venice was given to Austria, and the general received a *douceur* of 8,000,000. He returned to Paris with 25,000,000.

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While Madame Bonaparte was in Italy, *fêtes* and pleasures of every kind followed each other in rapid succession. She visited, successively, Leghorn and Florence; though her customary residence was at Milan. One day, while she was standing by one of the windows of the chateau of Placenza, she noticed several men and women of a singular and grotesque appearance, passing along. They were quite small, with large heads, great eyes, short and ill-formed statures, and crooked legs. She remarked that this must be a choleric, evil-minded race, and that it was surprising that such persons should be permitted to marry. A certain Milanese lord, who happened to be standing by, called her particular attention to one of those hideous-looking creatures, who pretended to be accompanied by a familiar spirit, subject to her orders. His lordship then remarked, in reply to Josephine: "That is a keen-sighted sprite, but of a character utterly unquiet and bizarre; the woman makes use of her knowledge, or of chance itself, as the case may be, to disseminate the most extravagant ideas. The government tolerates her, because she exercises a great influence over the class of persons who are the most ready to get up a rebellion. Hold," said he to Madame de Camb\*\*\*, "she seems to fix her attention particularly upon you." The "*Sorceress of the Alps*" (for thus she was called), on seeing the company standing on the balcony, and Madame Bonaparte among them, cried out, "Retire instantly—a great evil threatens you!" And, indeed, at about the same moment, an arch, which sustained a kind of exterior terrace, gave way, and several persons were precipitated and dangerously wounded. Fortunately, Madame Bonaparte rushed to the opposite side, which still stood, but was tottering to its fall. Assistance, however, arrived in time to rescue her, and the ladies of her suite, from the danger. The next morning that extraordinary woman was brought to her. Madame Bonaparte told Madame Camb\*\*\* to pretend, in the presence of this stranger, that they were both from Lucca, and had been compelled to fly their country for reasons of a serious nature. All the women who remained with

Josephine at the time the strange woman arrived, were frightened at her. She had a wen which hung down to her middle, and led along by the hand a little *Crétin*,\* who resembled herself. All wanted to consult her: she was deaf—spoke with great difficulty—and her whole appearance indicated extreme imbecility. Nevertheless, she understood her part. She prepared sundry herbs, asked for some fresh eggs, and drew three pails of water. After mumbling over some barbarous words, unknown to the company, she said to one of the officers, "*You will be killed in a battle;*" to another, "*you will perish with cold and hunger.*" When she came to Madame Bonaparte, whom she intentionally omitted till the last, she told her that she should one day be *crowned*; she then showed her, in the water-pail, that the eggs had formed themselves into *fleurons*, which, when they thus touched each other, were a sign of royalty. "I behold two of these crowns," said she, "but you will obtain but one." "One is quite enough," said Josephine, "and too much to afford me security in a republic. I am quite obliged for the bauble; offer it to the Germans." All were eager to see this fragile crown; and on examining it attentively, it was found to be set with seven clusters of diamonds. Little Crétin (a name given, in the Valais, to a sort of dwarf, who is held to be the guardian angel of a family) made a sign of approbation. The "Sorceress of the Alps" was dismissed with a handsome present. On her second visit to Italy, Madame Bonaparte inquired whether she was still living at Milan. But she was not there. Josephine adopted a *Crétin*, in this way paying for that most singular prediction. There are many witnesses who can attest this fact. The Empress related it many times to her intimate friends. Without placing the least confidence in it, she often said, "Three persons have predicted that I should reign; but they did not tell me that I should transmit my crown to my descendants. Probably my royal qualities will not be of this world; for the humblest Frenchman leaves his inheritance to his children. As to my own, it appears that their virtues must, in the end, be their most brilliant appendage—that the dignities which I am to enjoy are to cease during my lifetime. Yet there is something to console me, nevertheless; it is, that, after I am gone, my actions may revive my memory in the hearts of my friends; and I love to persuade myself that I shall leave some friends behind me."

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The enormous contributions levied in Italy, as the price of armistices, or of treaties, broken as soon as signed, seemed, to the victorious general, preferable to continued war. At the commencement of the Italian campaign, the soldiers of the new Hannibal were absolutely in want of everything; but after some millions had been put into Bonaparte's treasury, his chief care was to provide for the wants of those valiant men. Italy afforded so many resources, that the French soldiers readily forgot all their fatigues and privations in thinking of their triumphs. This country seemed to them a Promised Land,† but their chief gave them no repose, and each day brought with it its combat and its victory. Rome would have been conquered, had Bonaparte really willed it. But he left to others those sad laurels, contenting himself with executing his own mission, which, as he often said, was to reap the fruit of his own labours,

\* A kind of dwarf often met with in the *Valais*.

† It was so in reality.—TRANSLATOR.



and to gain partisans in the countries he was conquering in the name of the French Republic. He was willing to profit by the spoils of nations, but his real object was to enrich his own country with the master-works and monuments of art which he found among the vanquished, and thus to win a reputation for *moderatism* which might, afterwards, open the way for the accomplishment of his vast designs.

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We will explain the organization of the *Cispadane* and *Cisalpine* Republics. To the first, the General-in-chief of the army of Italy united Romagna and Modena; Reggio, Massa and Carrara to the second. He also laid down the plan of the new government which he had resolved to establish over the Genoese. This was done at Montebello, in presence of the Genoese deputies. Certain of his emissaries then slipped into the Valteline, which declared itself a republic, and asked for his protection. Thus, in the space of less than one year, two crowns disappeared from Italy. That of Tuscany, it was plain, would not be long in tumbling; and the principality of Lucca, in its turn, was compelled to submit to a second contribution, much larger than the first.

Politicians should have foreseen that a war would soon break out all over Italy, the more bloody, on account of the civil and religious discord which should feed it. They might have anticipated that Europe would present a spectacle more terrible than any since the commencement of the Revolution, for the French Directory set no bounds to its pretensions, its pride, and its menaces.

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General Paoli used all his efforts to free his country from republican tyranny. If he could have maintained single-handed the struggle against the French troops, it is probable he would have proclaimed the independence of Corsica, and, in the end, have established over it a free and moderate government. But, pressed on the one side by the patriots, and on the other by the republican army, he saw his own and his country's salvation only in the succour and protection of England. Master of the port of Ajaccio, and of several strong places, he delivered them to the English, and received them as liberators. This revolution was hailed with enthusiasm. The Corsicans flattered themselves that they should now enjoy all the benefits of the English constitution; and perhaps Paoli himself entertained the idea that he should obtain the title of Viceroy. His own hopes, and those of his fellow-citizens, were not realized. Only a small portion of the liberties of England was granted to her new subjects in Corsica; they were only allowed a house of commons, and the vicerealty was conferred on a British subject. In order to subdue the island, bloody and frequent battles had to be fought. Bastia defended itself with great obstinacy; Calvi was reduced to ashes; and the English rendered themselves so hateful to the people by their exactions, their avarice, and their pride of dominion, that the most determined enemies of the French Republic, in the end, regretted their old masters.—*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire.*

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The name of this adventurer was Theodore New-Hoffen. He was the son of a Westphalian baron who settled in France. In his youth he had



been page to the Duchess of Orleans; afterwards retired into Sweden, then into Spain, and then into Italy. He was a man of an ardent imagination, almost bordering on insanity, and his head was every day filled with some new project. He made a voyage to Tunis, and persuaded the bey that if he would give him a vessel with ten guns, 4000 muskets, a little money, and ammunition, he could make him master of the island of Corsica. The bey, in the simplicity of his heart, listened to the proposal. Theodore embarked for Leghorn, where he met with a few Corsicans, and told them that if they would recognise him as their king, he would deliver the island, and insure them the assistance of the European powers.

The wildest ideas are almost always sure to succeed in revolutions. The proposal of the Westphalian baron was accepted. In the month of March, 1735, he landed at the port of *Aleri*, clad in a long scarlet robe, lined with fur, wearing on his head an extensive perruque and a cocked hat with a broad brim, with a long Spanish sword by his side, and a cane in his hand with a crow's beak handle, which served him as a sceptre. He also brought with him 200 fusees, the same amount of pistols, certain sabres, a modicum of shoes, very little cash, but an abundance of promises.

The Corsicans hailed him as their **LIBERATOR**, and in an assembly, held on the 15th of April, 1736, he was elected and proclaimed king. A new constitution was drawn up, which the new monarch swore to support. The ceremony of his coronation took place in one of the churches of the Franciscans, and as there was no crown of gold to give him, his subjects contented themselves with giving him one of laurels.

Theodore's first care was to form a court, raise a regiment of guards, and create counts, barons, and marquises. *Giafferi* and *Paoli* (the father of the one above mentioned by that name) received the title of "*Your Excellency*." Coin of silver and copper was struck, bearing the likeness of the new sovereign, who, to make trial of his power, had a couple of Corsicans hanged for fighting a duel. In the first moments of enthusiasm, he assembled together a considerable number of troops, and obtained some advantages over the Genoese. He never approached the shore of his dominions without being armed with a huge spy-glass, which he would bring to his face as if expecting to discover at sea the succour which he was to receive from the leading powers of Europe, to whose cabinets he pretended he was daily despatching the most important diplomatic papers. He received couriers without number, and obtained from them the most satisfactory accounts of the state of his negotiations. This comedy lasted for eight months. The Genoese, getting alarmed, set a price upon his head; but their fright was of short duration. The monarch began to be pinched for money, and the public enthusiasm diminished with his finances. To avoid more serious consequences, he concluded to quit his estates, and go in person to accelerate the supplies which he expected. Arrived at Amsterdam, one of his creditors threw him into jail. But sustaining this trifling reverse with the dignity of a king, he opened and conducted with great ability a negotiation with a Jew, and obtained from a mercantile house the sum of five millions, with which he paid his debts. and laded a vessel with arms, powder, and all sorts of military stores. The Jews now flattered themselves that they should monopolize the commerce of the island, and Theodore did not doubt but that, on his arrival home, all the Corsicans would range themselves under his banner. Both the Jews and himself were deceived. He was not able to land in his estates. He was arrested at Naples, and fled to London, where, hav-

ing contracted new debts, he was again thrown into prison. Here he must have died in jail, had not the singularity of his adventures awakened an interest in his behalf. Sir Horace Walpole could not bear to see a king dying in chains, and proposed to get up a subscription on his account. The amount was soon raised; his Corsican majesty was liberated; but soon after, in December, 1746, died in misery and chagrin. He was interred in the church of St. Ann, at Westminster, with the following inscription upon his tombstone:—

"Fate poured its lesson on his living head,  
Bestowed a kingdom, and denied him bread."

*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire.*

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Josephine always wanted to follow Bonaparte in his campaigns. Refuse her as he might, he could not convince her that the only effect was to expose herself to danger without glory. It was rare that she did not share some of his danger. In order, however, to disgust her with it, he once placed her in front of the enemy's battery, where she heard the cannon roaring in her ears, and saw the balls falling at her feet. When the general passed along the lines, or climbed up the breast-work to reconnoitre the enemy's position, Madame Bonaparte, unaccustomed to walk a pavement slippery with human gore, stopped short and fell. He laughed at her. "This is war, madame," said he, standing at a considerable distance;—"courage, madame, courage; laurels are not won on beds of down. To be worthy of me, you must attend to the sick, and dress their wounds with your own hands; you must set your women to scraping lint."

On another occasion, he had led her on further than usual (for he commonly left her in the last frontier town); a shell burst near where she was standing, and struck a number of persons. She uttered a piercing cry, and, disengaging herself from Bonaparte, who held her by the arm, was about to fly, but he held her by main strength. "You will never," said he, seriously, "be a Jeanne Hachette. A ball frightens you." "If," said she, with gravity, "it should be necessary to defend my fireside, I should undoubtedly imitate the example of Clisson's sister, who fought against the English; but, my dear, you are now tormenting peaceable persons for the sport of winning a great reputation. For my part, I have neither a relish nor courage for that." Josephine was so overcome at the sight of the blood, which flowed from off those who were injured by the shot, that she fainted: she looked imploringly to Bonaparte, and saw he was deeply moved. He did not leave her until every aid in his power had been rendered her. He then committed her to the care of those who were about her, ordered the wounded to be taken care of, and swore that henceforth all women, and particularly Josephine, should be kept at least twenty leagues from head-quarters.

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In the midst of the alarms created throughout Europe, by the French Revolution, the Cardinals at Rome reflected upon the events that were passing in Italy. They looked upon our soldiers as well-meaning men, constrained by necessity to change their characters. The revenge which the priests might have wished to inflict upon them, arose more from fear than from a determination to resist. Their conduct betrayed weakness. The most of them fled to Naples, and other places; they trembled at the approach of the French, while the leaders of the party attached to French

principles, were formidable to none except those whose avarice rendered them imprudent.

Bonaparte thought that, by using other means, he could inspire other sentiments. He resolved to hazard an experiment, and began by obtaining from St. Peter, a declaration that all the nobility of the ecclesiastical states should give up their plate. All vagabonds were driven from the Roman territory, and it was enjoined upon all convents, all churches, all *monts-de-piété*, to furnish within five days an inventory of the wealth they possessed. He then demanded several legations, and manifested a desire that the wealth of the state should be placed at his disposal; further still, he wanted indulgences to be issued, and that *Te Deum* should be sung in honour of this happy event. On these conditions he promised the most perfect security to Rome, and was to take the French emigrants under his protection.

The General displayed as much of suppleness and complaisance in his negotiations with the cardinals, as he had of haughtiness in his negotiations with the representatives of kings. He spoke to them with an air of kindness, mourned with them over the calamities which menaced the estates of the church, and admired the unshrinking fortitude of the head of the church, under circumstances so trying. Seeking to render himself useful by tendering his kind offices, and amiable by demonstrations of attachment to the Holy See, he was listened to with respect, and finally regarded as a godly man. He foresaw that Pope Pius VI. would not be long in sinking under the outrages inflicted upon him, and took it for granted that he should be able to controul the new conclave. "If," said he to his most intimate friends, "I can put the tiara on the brows of Chiaramonte, I shall necessarily make him my friend. I shall give him such a direction as I please.—I want help in order to arrive at the point I aim at, and I have told *Immola*, who must succeed in the apostolic line;—he will have it in his power, if he pleases, to avert the storm which has long threatened the capital of the Christian world. 'Tis to Paris—in my palace—that he will one day come in order to obtain from me positive instructions respecting the means of preserving himself there. The pontifical throne will resist the shock only so far as I will it, and it will be in the power of the new pope to confirm, by his good conduct towards me, my friendship for him. But my vengeance, should he adopt a line of conduct opposed to my own, will be terrible to him, and place him by force among the number of the holy confessors."

At this period, Bonaparte seemed to foresee that the humiliation and the good of the church, would prescribe to the new pontiff, duties of which he might, perhaps, see occasion to repent. Napoleon long caressed the idea that the Holy Apostolic See would one day be established in France, and that the Roman states would form a part of the latter country.—*Note by Josephine.*

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When *Notre-Dame de Loretto* was broken into, Bonaparte carried off its wealth: contenting himself to send the *Madonna* to the executive Directory. On the day of its arrival in Paris, Barras gave a great dinner. The *black virgin* was set upon the table, and the director said, laughing, "Bonaparte has done well to send us the miraculous statue: but has taken good care to retain her clothing." Massena replied, "You would be astonished, indeed, gentlemen, if the *Madonna* should, on the instant, escape from your hands, and return to Loretto."



The directors indulged themselves in various pleasantries over the account given of the general; but it was easy to perceive that they already stood in fear of him. "I understand the character of Bonaparte," said Barras; "I have studied it. What he wills, he wills, and, perhaps, he will one day will to subject us to his authority, and, following the example of Cromwell, say to us—'Ye are no longer directors! do ye hear? I tell you, ye are no longer directors; fy, fy, for shame—retire; give place to others;—the Lord hath chosen other instruments.' Then will he, with his soldiers, drive us pell-mell before him, shut the doors of the Luxembourg, and deposit the keys in the Tuileries, and give them afterwards to a conservative senate, who will not have the talents to conserve themselves."

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Cardinal Mattei understood the character of Bonaparte better than any other man. He had, on an occasion of great peril to himself, skilfully checked the torrent of his anger. The cardinal was at Ferrara, at the time the French, without a previous declaration of war, entered that city. Bonaparte arrived at the prelate's palace—attacked him with a shower of reproaches, and threatened to shoot him on the spot. The cardinal, without showing any symptoms of intimidation, and opposing to the general's wrath nothing but kindness and resignation, asked, in a calm tone, only a quarter of an hour to prepare for death. The self-possession, the dignity of the prelate, the virtues that gleamed in his looks, disconcerted the unpitied general.

The life of Cardinal Mattei was spared, and, in a few minutes afterwards, a friendly conversation ensued between them. "Why," said the cardinal, "wage this war on the Holy See, who is at war with nobody? What crime can be charged against him?"

"What would you?" replied the general; "I am exercising the right of the strongest, and cannot conceal from you that I am not without my anxieties for Rome herself."

Cardinal Mattei, in communicating the news of the treaty of peace to Cardinal Bosca, secretary of state, wrote as follows:

"The treaty is signed; I send a courier to carry the news to your eminence. The conditions are hard, indeed; and, in every respect, very like the capitulation of a besieged city—so the conqueror often expressed himself. My heart palpitated; I trembled, and tremble still for his Holiness, for Rome, and for the whole of the papal possessions. Rome, however, is saved, as well as the Catholic religion, notwithstanding the great sacrifices which have been made."—*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire.*

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"Peace between the French Republic and your holiness has been signed. I congratulate myself in having been able to restore your holiness's tranquillity. I venture to ask your holiness to distrust certain persons now at Rome, who are sold to courts hostile to France; or who give themselves up to the guidance of the passion of hatred, which always draws down ruin upon a state. All Europe is aware of the pacific intentions of your holiness; the French Republic will, I hope, be one of the most sincere friends of Rome. I send my aide-de-camp, chief of brigade, to express to your holiness my perfect esteem and veneration



for your person; and I pray you to believe me animated with a desire to give you, on all occasions, proofs of respect and veneration.

“BONAPARTE,  
“General-in-Chief of the Army of Italy.”

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When Bonaparte was preparing for his triumphant entry into the capital of the Roman Empire, he felt secretly touched with remorse for having persecuted with so much vehemence, an old man who, by his virtues, deserved a better fate. Whether his native penetration enabled him to foresee that the Sovereign Pontiff would one day elevate him to the high rank of the “eldest son of the church,” or that the counsels given him by his wife, recurred to his mind, he appeared struck, as with a ray of light, at the moment he transmitted to his government the treaty of peace which he had concluded with the pope’s envoys. The General-in-Chief of the army of Italy, from this time, grew cold towards the “*one and indivisible republic*,” and began to think more favourably of monarchy.

However the case may have been, he confined himself, for the present, to the establishment of peace with the Holy See. The unhappy Pius VI. was, at first, thunderstruck at the hardihood of the French general. It seemed to him impossible that a youthful warrior, thirsting for glory, and devoured by ambition, should possess enough of generosity and greatness of soul to respect an aged sovereign, now falling from power, and his soldiers, who were ready faithfully to execute his orders. And, in his council, the holy father could not forbear to repeat, “Since untoward circumstances have subjected us to the French yoke, we must make a virtue of necessity; let us support it with courage, and not lose time in uttering useless regrets. As long as I enjoyed my liberty, I defended it with all the means which God had placed in my power; now that he afflicts me, I must endure, with patience, the heavenly rod. Let us, therefore, be resigned.”

Thus did this new martyr of the faith bow his august head under the weight of adversity. It was thus that, in the last moments of his exile, he exclaimed, in sadness and sorrow, and when about to enter upon a happier life—“*There is no people who have not their period of disgrace as well as of glory.*”

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The General-in-Chief of the Army of Italy, in collecting together for the republic, the objects of curiosity which Colli, the pope’s general, had not time to carry away from Loretto, found certain portable articles which were used for the purpose of imposing upon the public credulity, and which consisted of—

1. A pretended miraculous wooden image of the Madonna.
2. A piece of an old camel’s-hair robe, which was said to have been worn by the Virgin Mary.
3. Three cracked earthen porringers, of poor material, said to have formed a part of her household stuff.

This carrying off was effected by citizen Villetard, in presence of citizen Monge, and citizen Moscati, a physician of Milan. For fear people might call in question the authenticity of these articles, the seal of the general-in-chief was placed upon each one of them, in red wax, in a style similar to that of a writ. Bonaparte afterwards restored the

statue to Pope Pius VII.; but he sent it to him naked, and never dreamed of restoring the plate and treasures he found in the chapel.—*Mém. pour servir à l'histoire.*

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Bonaparte was naturally jealous. One of his aides-de-camp, Marshal L\*\*\*, who was wounded at the Bridge of Lodi, gave him a faithful account of the smallest actions of his wife. Sundry letters which she had received were exposed to the general; he pronounced them criminal, although they were really but mere trifles, or utterly unimportant. Then commenced a misunderstanding between them which gave rise to serious apprehensions on the part of Josephine. But the general merely sought to frighten her. In a moment of wrath, he kicked to death a pug-dog, to which she was much attached. The poor animal had been given her by General Hoche, of whom Bonaparte was the fortunate rival. After a few days, he appeared to be ashamed of his sudden impulse of rage, and, in order to repair the injury he had done, caused a monument to be erected to the little victim. This friendship-gift from General Hoche reposes in the gardens of Mondoza, near the city of Milan.

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Bologna is a large town, but so regularly built that it seems monotonous. Almost all the streets are bordered, on each side, with pilasters and columns, which render it very commodious for foot passengers, who, by that means, are protected from bad weather. Hence few carriages are seen in the streets: and, for the same reason, the shops and *rez-de-chaussées* are quite dark. It is not pleasant for strangers, who look in vain for houses, and see nothing but arcades. The Cathedral is a magnificent building, in the Gothic style. Its handsomest ornament is the *meridian*, traced by the celebrated Cassini, in 1680, and reaching 178 feet. The skull of St. Petronius was exhibited to Bonaparte and to his wife. It is kept locked up under three locks, the keys of which are intrusted to the most aged senator, to the dean of the chapter, and to the oldest of the family of the Aldrovandi. Bonaparte took in his hands this death's head. At first he was for placing it among the rich curiosities which the French were daily carrying off by his orders. But there was a general fright among the clergy of Bologna. They had scattered off on a pilgrimage to the chapel of the Madonna, built upon a mountain about two miles from the city, in the construction of which it was necessary to excavate a steep rock. But Bonaparte only wished to frighten the devotees, and preferred riches, which were more substantial than the upper jaw of a great saint. The principal part of the best pictures in the churches of Bologna were sent off to Paris, but the relics remained, save the jewels which adorned the inside and outside of the shrine, which were all confiscated for the benefit of the victors.

Bonaparte was struck with the singular appearance of two towers, which were so leaning that they seemed ready to fall upon the beholders. But when he was told that, according to tradition, they had been built seven hundred years, he remembered that Dante had done them the honour to make mention of them in his poem, and designated them under the name of Asinelli and Gariscadi. They then told him the story respecting them. It seems that two young architects had fallen in love with a young lady, whom her father promised to the one who was most skilful. One of them then built an oblique tower, and the other, in order to outdo

his rival, built one still more inclined by its side. Bonaparte laughed heartily at the strange vanity of that wealthy lord, who knew no better way to display his magnificence than to build these monuments, utterly useless and ridiculous; and who, in order to attain his end, excited the emulation of the two architects, resolved, however, to take back his promise the moment the gigantic structures were completed.

Bologna has but few inhabitants, though you find here several grand theatres. You see no such social meetings as you find in France; you receive pious invitations (*invito sacro*) to go and worship the image of a Madonna who has cured some fever. They post up in public the first mass said by a young priest. Josephine was distressed at the importunities of the prisoners, who, so to speak, were groaning all around her. These unhappy wretches were seen through the iron grates of the windows. They would pass through the bars little baskets or hats, which they hung down by means of packthread, imploring the charity of the passers-by, especially of strangers, whom they know perfectly how to distinguish from others. Those who refuse to give them anything they cover with insults. These gloomy asylums were surrounded by women who watch for a favourable moment to catch a glance at their husbands or lovers, or to utter a word of consolation. After the establishment of the viceroy's government, these abuses began to disappear: the discipline of the prisoners became more salutary, and the fare more palatable. K\*\*\*.

(81) Page 167.—FLORENCE.

Florence, that ancient, spacious, and admirable city, owes its origin to the legions of the bloody Sylla, who, having resided a while on the banks of the Arno, left there this monument of their leisure, and gave it the name of *Fluentia*. The famous triumvirs themselves sent hither a colony. Its first laws, its first institutions, proceeded from those three cruel men, one of whom outdid his rivals, and became the master of the world he had desolated.

This flourishing town was levelled to its foundations by the barbarian Totila, but was rebuilt, repeopled, and fortified, 250 years afterwards, by Charlemagne and his descendants, and became the chief town of a powerful republic, which bore in her bosom the seeds of dangerous civil strifes. The rich and the poor, the nobles and the plebeians, ever irreconcilable enemies, formed themselves into parties under the names of "*Guelphs* and *Ghibellines*," *whites* and *blacks*, a designation of mournful celebrity.

Meanwhile Florence was not to perish; she had one firm support. The family of the *Medicis*, who had been settled there since 1250, were all powerful. One of the *Medicis*, the famous Anselmo, had defended Alexandria against all the assaults of the Emperor Frederick I. But John, the son of Malatesta de Medicis, surnamed the "Standard Bearer," was the man who contributed most to the elevation of his family. This man, though spending his life in the midst of civil feuds, thought only of the public welfare. He sought to inculcate, both by precept and example, sentiments of moderation. Cosmo de Medicis, who afterwards won the glorious surname of *father of his country*, was the worthy son of this extraordinary man.

John crowned his illustrious life by the sage counsels which he gave to his two sons, Cosmo and Lorenzo. He died, carrying into the tomb the heartfelt regrets of all the true friends of his country. He esteemed men



as his brethren; he succoured those who were in need, took pity on the evil-minded, and never sought to obtain riches and honours. He left behind him a spotless reputation.

Cosmo knew the value of such an inheritance; he showed himself as humane, as generous, as condescending as his father, whom he surpassed in activity, in solidity of judgment and force of character. His immense wealth, however, created enemies, who, by casting suspicion upon his popularity, caused him to be arraigned and banished for one year. But to drive a strong man into exile is always to prepare for him a triumph. It resulted, that, after having been everywhere received with the highest marks of distinction; after having been treated, not as an exile, but as an illustrious man, by the Venetians, Cosmo re-entered Florence in the midst of cries of joy and acclamation, hailing him as the father and benefactor of the people.

Cosmo waged no contest with intrigue, when it sought to dispute his power;—and this mere indifference rendered him far more powerful and more beloved. For thirty years did this wise citizen enjoy the reputation of a man of universal talents, receiving letters from every prince of Europe, Asia, and Africa, sustaining upon his shoulders, and without effort, the burden of a turbulent republic, building churches, and founding monasteries and hospitals. It was he who had the glory of being the first to invite artists and men of learning to Florence. In 1439, having often listened to the lectures of a Greek, called Gemistus, on the philosophy of Plato, he conceived the idea of founding a Platonic school, and, for the purpose of establishing it, fixed upon one *Marsile Fici*, to whom he gave a delicious retreat, with that view, at Carreggio;—but this praiseworthy enterprise was not fully accomplished until the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent, who completed it.

It was certainly a curious spectacle to see a simple wool-dealer surrounded by a whole people, who all looked up to him for their safety, their nationality and their welfare. Alas! What cannot genius and virtue achieve! They elevate the man in the most insignificant states; they render him capable of the greatest and the sublimest efforts. Cosmo died, and Florence was in mourning. His death disclosed the true value of his actions. Peter, the son of Cosmo, must have felt the truth of these words, when, on examining his deceased father's papers, he found almost every citizen in debt to him.

This son afforded little promise, being weak in body and mind; though, by the aid of true friends, he made himself respectable. He had to struggle against envy, and triumphed over it. Had he possessed a firmer physical constitution, perhaps his fine mind would have come up to the standard of his ancestors; for he was at heart a true Medicis. He died at fifty-five, leaving two sons, Lorenzo and Juliano. The latter was assassinated in the horrible conspiracy of the Pazzi; Lorenzo, who had the good luck to escape, became the chief of the republic. He protected the arts, encouraged talents of every description, and founded an academy for painters and sculptors, which was the cradle of the famous Florence school. It was Cosmo I. who, in the 16th century, employed Vasar to construct that superb gallery which is now the admiration of all travellers. The Grand Duke Leopold did, perhaps, still more, in separating the interest of his family from that of the state, and declaring the gallery national property.

Lorenzo de Medicis proved himself worthy of the title of Prince of the Republic by his great qualities, and especially by the noble use he made



of his wealth. He was, also, surnamed the Prince of the Muses, in reference to the patronage he extended to men of learning. He afforded protection to such persons as were compelled to fly before the fury of the Turks. He collected a vast number of manuscripts, established an academy, and prepared the way for that resuscitation of the arts and sciences, which, a few years after, shone out with so much lustre at Florence. He died in 1492, leaving two sons, Peter, who was exiled in 1494, and died in 1504, and John, who became pope under the title of Leo X., and who, by his genius and the influence he exerted in the affairs of Europe, reflected so much glory upon his family and his pontificate.

Pope Clement VII. contributed still more to the glory of the house of Medicis, by marrying his niece, Catharine de Medicis, to the second son of Francis I., who, unable to resist the repeated applications of the Pontiff Alexander, a natural son of Lorenzo II. de Medicis, Duke of Urbino, was declared Duke of Florence in 1531. He was assassinated in 1537. Cosmo I., belonging to a branch of the family of the Medicis, succeeded him.

This prince was one of the greatest men of his age. Never had philosophers or artists a more ardent patron; he was attached to them—attracted them to his court, and contributed liberally to their support. He died in 1574.

John Gaston, the seventh grand duke, was the last of the house of Medicis. Several years before his death, his estates were sold. He left no successor. He died July 9th, 1718. The infant, Don Carlos, son of Philip V., King of Spain, was designed to be Grand Duke of Tuscany, as being the nearest of kin on the side of his mother Farnese. In 1732, he succeeded in persuading the Florentines to swear fealty to him; but on becoming master of the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, the possession whereof was guarantied to him by the treaty of peace of 1736, he renounced all right to Tuscany, in favour of Francis, Duke of Lorraine, afterwards emperor, to whom Tuscany was ceded as an equivalent for the duchy of Lorraine, which he gave up to France.

The Medicis reigned for 200 years; and although the Florentines could not but remember the loss of their liberties, they could not but love and be attached to them. Rent by continual factions, the republic stood in need of zealous defenders who could shield her from the attempts of faction. And had that illustrious house, who ever seemed to understand the public wants better than anybody else, and were fully able to defend the state, been content to be its protectors, and to leave to their country the title of a republic, with the liberties which pertain to that title—a thing they might have done without lessening in any degree their power over it—they would have been still more illustrious.

In parting with their liberties, the Florentines received for their masters princes, who aimed at nothing but the public good. Their rulers had the address to govern them as much by their acts of kindness as by the splendour of their fortune, and the energy of their authority. The Medicis had the art to cover with flowers the chains they imposed upon their country. They patronized the fine arts, and, in so doing, elevated the artist to a level with themselves, and made him instrumental in extending their own popularity and fame. It is to their taste for the arts and sciences that we owe that splendid collection of curiosities which is now contained in the gallery of Florence.

“The situation of the city is magnificent; it is surrounded on all sides by mountains and hills, covered with villages, country seats, groves of

olives, and fruit trees of every description. It was the birth-place of Michael Angelo, where he spent a part of his days, and where his patriotic hand gave the finishing touch to one-half of the palaces, temples, and monuments which adorn it. That hand has everywhere left its impress—an impress which even the hand of Time itself has not as yet been able to efface.”—*Origin of Florence.*

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The sight of this famous hospice, consecrated to the relief of the lost or distressed traveller, made a deep impression upon the sensitive heart of Josephine. She was impatient to pay a visit to the retreat of the men who had thus devoted themselves to the offices of humanity.

The general-in-chief was received by them with marks of distinction; and his officers were treated with simple, but true hospitality.

The abbé soon made his appearance, with countenance expressive of a noble Christian resignation. His features were after the Grecian model, with black eyes full of fire, and rendered the more expressive by the paleness of his cheeks, which lent him an air of austerity.

Josephine attentively surveyed the head of the cenobite, worthy of the pencil of Raphael: and, seeing him clad in a black gown, similar to those worn by the city priests, which exhibited his person at a disadvantage, she asked him why he did not wear the long white robe, which was in use among the followers of Rancius, and so much admired for its elegant simplicity? He replied:

“Madame, we have dispensed with that as inconvenient in the discharge of our present duties. Obligated at all seasons, and all hours, to afford aid to travellers wandering upon these mountains, among chasms and avalanches, this simple black robe is much more adapted to our present functions than the one you mention, both as to form and colour.”

Bonaparte then addressed him some questions, respecting the internal and external government of the hospital, which were answered by the monk in a clear and precise manner. “Your words,” said he, “proclaim your love of humanity. As to us, General, we have doomed ourselves to live in solitude, but our prayers for our fellow creatures are not confined to its gloomy limits: they know no bounds; they will accompany you wherever you may go.”

Josephine noticed upon the chimney-piece, in the stranger’s apartment, a beautifully wrought image of the Virgin, which she much admired. Bonaparte asked the price of it. “Alas!” said the abbé, with some hesitation, “it is all we were able to save from an ancient asylum in France; I am attached to that article, sir, as to the last particle of the wreck which remains to us.” The conqueror was moved; he bowed to the monk, and gave him three times the value of the image. He then inquired respecting the wants of the establishment, and said to the pious man—“Father, never, during my life, shall this image be removed from your house.” The abbé replied by a gesture, expressive of admiration and gratitude, and accepted the gift—an evidence of French honour. “I have,” continued the hermit, “uttered a prayer that the chief of this valiant army may yet repose in the shade of Valombrosa, in that part of the desert where neither tree nor bird can subsist, but where the traveller sometimes, for his comfort or relief, finds the productions of the two worlds.”

(83) Page 168.

Bonaparte laid heavy taxes upon the principal Italian families; not that

he entertained direct designs upon their property, but because he wished to compel them to apply to him. He gave them to understand that they must address themselves to his wife. Josephine would make them fair promises, but afterwards tell them, with affected sadness, that the *General would not consent to it*. The consequence was that they would intreat her to redouble her efforts with him; and the confidence they thus bestowed upon her, enabled her to penetrate all their secrets; she finally, in this way, succeeded in obtaining from them all the archives of the state, which, on the entrance of the French army into their territory, they had made way with, and put out of sight. Bonaparte thus found himself possessed of all the documents necessary to carry on his administration. In public, however, he disapproved of the favour which Josephine showed towards the Italian nobility. "They will," said he to his generals, "obtain nothing from me. I have no favours to show to the great; their fortunes shall answer for their submission." But to Josephine he held a very different language. Their policy was known only to themselves. Thus did Josephine manage for him the conquest of Italy: and it is not improbable that without her aid, he would never have adorned his brow with a triple diadem. For a moment he debated with himself whether he should seat her upon the new throne; but she was universally adored in the newly acquired provinces, and Bonaparte, naturally suspicious, was a little afraid of her popularity. He wanted to put an end to the Cisalpine Republic, and reign alone. Wishing to pay a compliment to the best of mothers, he summoned Eugene, her son, to come and share with him his immense power. The latter obeyed, and became Viceroy of Italy.

(84) *Page 170.*

Hortense Eugenia de Beauharnais was endowed with rare qualities. She was humane, charitable, and ever ready to oblige. Her temper was quiet and noiseless, and her character such as necessarily to be easily governed. Yet she loved to be independent, and her soul was restless under oppression. She clung with tenacity to the habits she had once formed, and easily returned to her early impressions. Her early education was entrusted to Madame Campan, who had charge of the famous boarding-school at St. Germain-en-Laye. She was here noted for her aptness and promptness in the discharge of all her duties, and her amiability towards the friends around her. She was, however, slow to become attached to her mother's second husband, and when she was told of his frequent victories in Italy, she would coldly reply, "there is one of them for which I cannot pardon him, and that is, his carrying off my mamma." However, she at length gave up her early repugnance to her father-in-law, on account of the man who was to exercise so decisive an influence upon their common destiny. She imitated him in the study of whatever was noble or sublime, and endeavoured to perfect herself in the fine arts, and especially painting, in which she attained a high degree of skill and perfection.

Whenever Madame Bonaparte happened to be absent for the day, Hortense did the honours of the saloon, and at her father-in-law's table. She passed her vacations with her aunt, the Marchioness de Beauharnais,\* but

\* Madame Renaudin, whose last husband was the Marquis de Beauharnais, Alexander Beauharnais's father. She seems to have been an intelligent and wealthy lady, a cunning match-maker, and full of resources in making family arrangements. Madame Renaudin was attached to her little niece, and extended to her all the affection she felt for her mother. This aunt of Josephine was one of the best of women. By nature high-minded and generous, her pleasure consisted in making others happy,



remained at the boarding-school of Madame Campan until her marriage with Louis Bonaparte, at which time she was at her cousin Madame La Valette's, (formerly Beauharnais).

Bonaparte's two brothers, Louis and Jerome, were also put to school by Josephine, under the care of Mons. Mestro, a celebrated teacher at St. Germain. Indeed, she had the whole care of her husband's family, and acquitted herself of that duty with zeal and fidelity. She would sometimes tell her friends—"Well, to-day I am going to visit my 'monastery.'" She would then fill her carriage with all sorts of presents and eatables. To have seen her preparations, one would have thought her about to undertake a long journey; and when she arrived at either of the schools, there was universal joy. In bestowing her presents, she would ask of some of the children thanks, and of some bows; and, in their distribution, was careful not to overlook the children of poor parents, who were unable to afford them expensive entertainments. The teachers also shared her generosity, and the name of Madame Bonaparte was dear to every heart. She was, in fact, adored, and deserved so to be adored.

(85) *Page 171.*

Some days before the famous 18th Fructidor, Bonaparte thus wrote to Barras:—

"You may go on fearlessly; I shall be there to sustain you. I shall send off some troops towards Lyons, under the pretence that they are hurtful to the movements of the army; but they will soon be at Paris, ready to back you."

(86) *Page 173.—VENICE.*

This immense city seems to rise out of the water. 'Tis a strand, covered with houses, palaces, gardens, vases, and statues, which seem to rise up out of the sea. What renders it more delightful is, the immense number of boats and gondolas, which pass and repass continually. Its population is numerous, and, while you are on your way through the city, you meet them everywhere offering you flowers, fruits, pastry, and refreshments of all kinds.

The streets are canals; the carriages, boats; the caliches, gondolas. You see neither horses, asses, oxen, nor mules. There are few direct streets; the town is a vast labyrinth, with an infinite number of bridges, the most of which are of marble, with but one arch, and no railing, and which form the communication with any part of the city. Everything is done on the canals. Provisions and merchandise are carried from place to place in the gondolas, which stop at every house. The inhabitants alone have any use for legs, being compelled to travel immense circuits, in order to find their way to the place they start for. The gondolas are all alike: all hung with black, in order to banish every appearance of extravagance and inequality. For five francs, or for six at most, per day, you can have yourself carried by two rowers, and find yourself on a level with the first characters of the republic.

and the happiness she conferred upon others was a source of the highest enjoyment to herself. Note (6), page 271, is incorrect as to certain particulars respecting Madame Renaudin, and especially the character of that lady. M. Renaudin, her husband, was closely related to the Marquis de Beauharnais, but was not his business agent. The property of that family was situated, not at Martinique, but on the island of St. Domingo. M. Renaudin, the husband of Josephine's aunt, was in the receipt of an annual income of about 150,000 francs; and his wife did not go to France till long after Beauharnais had left the colony.—*Note communicated by the family.*



This pleasant and commodious kind of conveyance is a boat five feet wide, and twenty feet long. You are seated in a small, square apartment, with rounded angles at the top. The seat, made to accommodate two persons, is a cushion covered with black morocco leather. The door, the sides, and the back of this little apartment are all furnished with windows, which the occupant may, if he wishes, remove, and substitute for them curtains of black crape, which completely shut out the light.

But since the French were at Venice, luxury has made rapid strides, and you now see gondolas of all colours, loaded with ornaments, and covered with the richest drapery, floating majestically upon the water.

Elegantly dressed gondoliers have taken the place of those who once were seen with the short sailor's jacket and round cloth cap. Formerly, none but the doge's family had the right to clothe their gondoliers in livery, but now the people are at liberty to adopt any kind of livery their fancies may suggest.

This class of men are remarkable for their fidelity. They shoot by each other, on the canals, with a swiftness which frightens those who have never witnessed their movements. They run into the narrowest channels, and handle the oar with so much dexterity that, whether by night or by day, they never run foul of each other. They execute justice among themselves, and it is said that, whenever a gondolier is guilty of any cheat or trick, his comrades will drown him on the spot. Their gayety is likewise a remarkable trait, which they exhibit even in the midst of fatigue; and their discretion is inviolable. Passing the most of their lives in the presence of the best company, they are able, by their wit, to enliven the conversation of their passengers.

As it is impossible to reach Venice except by water, they are still required to render to an overseer an account of the persons they have carried, the places where they have left them, and the suspicious conversations they have heard.

The great canal which passes through the whole extent of the city, and cuts it into two equal parts, is one of its most beautiful ornaments. Its water, which is always perfectly clear, is of a sufficient depth to float the largest boats. Across this canal, a single bridge, built of marble (the famous RIALTO), the wonder of Venice, having a span of 70 feet, forms the communication between the two parts of the town. It is in the centre of the city. The other bridges, numbering more than 400, are, as I have said, simple arcades, without rails.

Of the six grand sections into which the city is divided, the principal one is that of St. Mark, whose public square, the only one in Venice that deserves the name, is a long parallelogram, twice as large as the *Place Royale* at Paris. It is equally remarkable for four things: its construction, its edifices, its throngs of persons, and its excessive dirtiness. People of all nations, all languages, and of every description of dress, form a perpetual show, and unceasingly furnish new excitements to curiosity. There is no other promenade; and you see it occupied by the *Gentil-donés* (i. e. women of the nobility), the nobles themselves, the common people, sailors, Turks, and Americans, generally with pipes in their mouths, promenading from the first of January to the last of December.

Among the churches which adorn this public square, the patriarchal church of St. Mark holds the first rank. Marble, porphyry, alabaster, oriental granite, mosaics, adorn its floor, its walls, its cupolas, its vaults, and the innumerable columns which sustain the edifices.

The front of St. Mark's, which looks towards the square, has five brazen doors, ornamented with historical inscriptions in *bas relief*. Over the middle one are the four bronze horses, the work of the celebrated Licippus. (They adorned, for a time, the triumphal arch of the Carrousel, at Paris, but like many other objects of art, were finally restored to their owners.) Tiridatus, King of Armenia, once gave them as a present to the Emperor Nero, who made use of them in erecting a triumphal arch. Constantine transported them to Byzantium, whence the Venetians brought them at the time they pillaged Constantinople.

Another ornament in the square of St. Mark's, is the doge's palace. It is a vast and majestic edifice, and, though constructed in the Gothic style, is a building of great magnificence. It is surrounded by open porticos, sustained by marble columns. The court is beautiful and spacious, and is ornamented with antique statues.

From the court you enter those vast galleries where you find the *lions' heads with open jaws*, with this inscription "*Denunzie Segrete*," the object of which is to receive the petitions and memorials of such persons as wish to remain unknown as accusers. There is a lion's mouth for each sort of crime, as the inscription written over it shows. Every citizen, whenever he is so disposed, throws in a memorial, containing his views of the public good. Members of the council, magistrates, and even the doge himself, may be thus secretly accused, and it is made the duty of the state inquisitor to examine into the importance of those "denunciations," which sometimes alarm strangers, even in the midst of their pleasures.

There is no country in the world where you are more free than at Venice, provided you don't intermeddle with the affairs of the government, and as to it you will find it necessary to observe a rigorous silence.

The famous Chamber of Justice was composed of ten members, chosen by the Grand Council. Its judicial power was supreme; no one, not even the doge himself, was exempt from it; and it pronounced its sovereign sentence upon all crimes against the state. This tribunal was an enemy to great reputations and great services.

From the council were taken three inquisitors, who had absolute authority in all causes involving state policy. They decided, in the last resort, questions involving the rights of property, the liberties, and even the lives of the citizens. If their opinion was unanimous, their resolution was carried into effect without any other formality; if divided, the question was laid before the Council of Ten. They had their spies everywhere, and so absolute was their authority, that they might enter the doge's palace night or day, without being announced, rouse him from his sleep, rummage his apartments, and even his pockets, examine him, condemn him to death, and execute him on the spot.

The other structures, which contribute to the embellishment of the square of St. Mark's, are the Library, the two Law inns, the portal of St. Giminiaro, all magnificent edifices, lending an air of gayety, as well as solemnity, to the whole scene. From these details the reader may judge of the external splendour of this celebrated square, which, for beauty and extent, is placed by the Venetians far above all other objects of the kind. Hence the ladies find no pleasure so attractive, as the promenade which it furnishes. 'Tis not, however, in this so much vaunted city that we find the monuments of the best taste; other Italian cities furnish perhaps a greater number of churches and palaces, though very

few which exhibit such a noble and regular style of architecture, and fewer still which are richer in paintings, &c. &c.

The Venetians calculate so much upon the richness and fertility of their country, that they neglect the cultivation of the soil. They never prune their fruit trees, and would not be at the trouble to pluck off the 200 peaches from a branch, in order to cull out and save the 100, which, though the best, happened to hang the highest. Though possessing the best kind of grain, and the best grapes, they are justly reproached with making the most detestable bread and wine on earth. Everything which can contribute to the comforts of life and the luxuries of the table, is produced in abundance among them; and it is an amusing spectacle to witness the immense number of boats that arrive every morning, and from every direction, laden with provisions, which are distributed through the several sections of the city. The strictest order and system prevail in respect to provisions, in so much that, in times of the greatest indebtedness, they are neither dearer nor less abundant. The common people live upon *polentie*, a species of pastry made of Turkish flour, which is sold in the streets ready cooked, and resembles a huge loaf of yellow wax, from which the seller cuts you off a slice for two cents. In the evening you find what the countrymen call *frittoli*, a kind of cake made of wheat flour, mixed with Corinth grapes, and fried in the street in a kind of nut-oil. Nowhere will the traveller meet with a more delicious variety of meats and fruits, than in Venice; pears, medlars, chestnuts, watermelons (green outside and red within, and which are sold by the slice), calabashes, cooked in the oven, and a thousand other things.

That which Venice stands most in need of is pure water, and chiefly during the heat of summer, when, for want of rain, the cisterns become dry, and the inhabitants are compelled to draw water from the Brenta, which often becomes spoiled during the transportation. The watermen carry it in butts to the city, and sell it to rich persons, who distribute it among the lower classes like grain during a season of dearth.

The Venetian ladies adopt foreign fashions, and prefer those of France to all others; since the residence of Josephine among them, they have purchased cashmeres and added to their jewelry. It may be said that they dress with taste, not when they go to the theatre, for then they dress in the greatest *negligé*, under the idea that they are incognito; when dressed in the *sindale* (a species of black veil), a common article of dress, they all appear handsome; but when in full dress, adorned with all their trinkets, the illusion vanishes at once.

Assemblies are less frequent in Venice than in any other capital. The Venetians do everything contrariwise from other nations. They enter their gondolas backwards: the place of honour is on the left hand; men wear their hats in the best company; few of the houses are open to visitors; they see each other only at the places of refreshment, for a bench costs less than a supper. Before the French gave the tone to Venetian society, giving a dinner furnished gossip for the whole town. You would hardly find a pair of chimneys in the large palaces, and in the private dwellings never more than the one for the kitchen—in which there was seldom a fire. But, at the present time, the Venetians are beginning to adopt our habits, and to employ cooks, who prepare the most delicate viands, and keep them in constant readiness. Ladies of quality very seldom come near the fire, under the idea that the heat injures the complexion; but in return they are fond of enjoying a fine moonlight upon the square of St. Mark's, whose streams of light falling from its glitter-



ing domes are reflected by the waves of the sea, bounding the square on one side. The murmurs of the waves, mingling with sweet strains of music, form a constant and delightful recreation to the fair Venetians. After enjoying this delicious scene for awhile, the crowd gradually disperse, and the signoras are conducted home in the most elegant gondolas, at the sound of enchanting vocal and instrumental music. Little attention is paid to the songsters, though the latter are quick in detecting who, among the listening throng, are persons of consequence, from the colour and magnificence of the numerous pavilions upon the lake.

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The carnival is of all amusements the least gay. It is a sort of masquerade, and commences the first days of October. The reputation it bears throughout Europe must, without doubt, have drawn thither a great many strangers expressly to witness it. It consists in wearing a black robe, or tabaro, a *Bahute*, or domino of the same colour, which covers only the head and shoulders; a plain or a plumed hat, with a white masque on the face, or one side of the hat. Thus tricked out, they pay visits to their friends during the day, and attend the theatres in the evening. This uniform, which certainly presents nothing attractive to the sight, is well adapted to freedom of movement. It confounds the sexes, and all conditions of society; for the women are dressed in the same manner, a circumstance which gives rise to much scandal. Heretofore, the monks and nuns were in the habit of putting on this disguise, and joining in the public merriment, the police shutting their eyes to their desertion from the convents;—an indulgence which made them attached to the government, and prevented them from engaging in the intrigues at the court of Rome.

The same authority which licenses these masquerades, protects the participants in their amusements, one of the greatest of which is gaming. Large assemblages are gathered in the public rooms. Formerly, two senators held the stakes; the gold is counted out in heaps, and both players and spectators observe the strictest silence—a silence unbroken save by occasional imprecations in an under tone from the losers in the game. Up to within the last eight days of the ceremony, one would not doubt but that he was attending the carnival; but from that time forth, the whole population engage in it. Everybody is in disguise, and gaming at the *ridotto* was formerly much practised. To enter there it was sufficient for one to have a false nose upon his face. But now, as these public games are forbidden, people go to the *casinos*, where even the best society do not disdain to resort for certain amusements. The Venetian belles constitute the charm of these soirées. Rendezvous, full of the ardour of lovers, often work the despair of husbands, and prove eminently favourable to secret intrigues. Shrove Thursday is regarded as the finest day; then spectacles take place in the open air, the most attractive of which is the exhibition of two bullocks, whose heads are cut off by a single blow with a sword four feet long, and four fingers broad through its whole length. It requires a most vigorous arm to raise it.

All these festivities close by a display of fire-works, played off before sunset, it being required that all should be finished by daylight. The whole town assembles in the square of St. Mark's. One of the most cherished franchises among the Venetians, is the right to wear this disguise six months in the year; and at all these singular ceremonies, every one has a right to appear masked.

Among what are called the pleasures of the carnival, the nocturnal



walks along the great canal occupy the first rank. The thousand gondolas which pass and cross each other's tracks, present a most captivating spectacle. You hear the gondoliers singing the beautiful verses of Ariosto and Tasso, in alternate couplets. Some of them even cultivate poetry. Venice, built upon piles, which leave only space enough to penetrate the town by means of boats, is really a wonder. And the poet Sannarar but uttered the truth in that well-known song of his, which ends with the following beautiful thought :—

“Men built Rome, the gods Venice.”

(68) *Page 173.*—GENOA THE PROUD.

This city is built on the side of a mountain, and rises from the bay in the form of an amphitheatre. It is more than 1800 toises in length, and completely surrounds the harbour, which is in a semi-circular form, and more than 1000 toises in diameter. The town presents one of the most magnificent spectacles the eye ever beheld, except perhaps Naples. When you are a mile distant at sea, the prospect appears the most charming. The walls are four leagues in circuit, embracing a large area, that is uninhabited. Commencing on the west at the Faubourg St. Peter d'Arna, they run north-easterly, and terminate in a point, or spur. The fortifications are strong, and well supplied with cannon. The port is formed by two moles, and at its entrance is a light-house, 360 feet high. The streets of the town are uneven, rough, and narrow, except two of them, which are called *rue Neuve*, and *rue Balbi*, which are broad and straight, and lined on each side with superb palaces. Perhaps nothing in Europe equals these two streets in beauty and magnificence. These palaces, as well as the others in Genoa, are spacious, highly decorated, and many of them rich in paintings and furniture. Columns, cornices, balustrades, walls, pavements—everything is of marble, and in a profusion which at first excites admiration and astonishment, but of which you are soon tired.

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On his return from Italy, Bonaparte's domestic situation gave him uneasiness. He listened to the lying reports made him by Ant<sup>\*\*\*</sup>, his coachman and secret spy. Josephine noticed that a fellow called Charles B<sup>\*\*\*</sup> accompanied Ant<sup>\*\*\*</sup>, whenever the latter called on the General. Charles was in the employ of Barras. The fact of their having a mutual understanding was true, but Josephine cunningly used the influence which she possessed over Charles, and drew from him, so far as was possible, the secrets of the director; and it was by this means that she became acquainted with the purpose of the Directory to get rid of the General. She even persuaded Bonaparte to make some slight concessions to the Directory, in order that she might afterwards reach her great object. In this way her slightest movements were often misinterpreted, and viewed in a false light. Madame Bonaparte might have been exceedingly unsteady, but she was never culpable.

Bonaparte was told that Josephine, under the pretext of going to the *manège*, went to visit a certain person whose society he had forbidden her to frequent. After this, he came to an open rupture with her, and a violent quarrel ensued. In a moment of passion he drove her from his house in Chantereine Street. At eleven o'clock in the evening, he gave the most positive and formal orders to his servants, not to permit her to re-enter her apartment. Josephine, in despair at finding herself turned into the street at midnight, knew not whither to direct her steps. Luckily,

however, she bethought herself of that same kind friend of hers, Madame de Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\*, and went immediately to her house, and related to her what she properly called her misadventure. And in this she was certainly correct, for 'twas to save the life of a man who was the father of a family, and who had been condemned to be shot, that she had thus left her house against her husband's orders. "Stay here," said her obliging friend; "I will set myself at work; all I want of you is, that you should say nothing in the presence of my family; for I would not, for anything in the world, have it get abroad that General Bonaparte has turned his wife out of doors. Such an act of jealousy would tarnish his glory, and injure your reputation." At the break of day, she hastened to conduct Josephine home again. On arriving there, however, the guard refused to admit her, and a few Louis-d'or were necessary to soften the heart of this Cerberus, at the entrance. At length, however, Josephine succeeded in reaching her apartment. Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\* would have felt deeply mortified at the idea that Bonaparte was aware that she knew what had taken place betwixt himself and his wife. A few hours afterwards, Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\* returned to Bonaparte's residence, as if there had been no such family rupture. As she was going up the short stairway leading into the house on Chantierne Street, she met Bonaparte. "Where are you going, madame?" said he. "To see your wife," was the answer. "She is not to be seen, madame." "Yes, she is—I may see her." Bonaparte gazed at her and replied: "You, madame, are the too officious friend who has kept her during the night. You rendered her a great service indeed, madame." Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\* stammered out a few words, pretending to be absolutely ignorant of what had taken place. "You know it, madame," said Bonaparte, again fixing his piercing eyes upon her; "but remember these words, *'for life or death.'*" "What do I care for your threats?" said she; "Josephine is my friend, and that is enough for me. As to what you say about my serving her, I neither can nor ought I to understand you—come along with me; I will explain myself to her." The intrepid woman stepped rapidly in, hurried into Josephine's apartment, and found her still in bed. "Good morning, my dear friend," said she; and to render the illusion complete, she added, "are you indisposed this morning?" Bonaparte followed close behind her, listening; but, on hearing these last words pronounced, as they were, with imperturbable coolness, he lost countenance, and perceived that he had been deceived by those two women. "*Apropos*, general," said the shrewd Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\*, "the weather is superb to-day; you had better show yourself in the *Bois de Boulogne* with your wife—that would be *laughable*, indeed, and I propose to accompany you myself." Bonaparte saw what she was aiming at. It was necessary for him to repair the errors of the evening before, and to overawe those who had been secret witnesses of the nocturnal scene. He gave the requisite orders on the spot, and Josephine remained mute with astonishment at the dexterity of Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\* in relieving her from her embarrassing situation. The husband rode out with his wife; the scandal ceased; the gossips were nonplussed, and Madame Bonaparte came off victorious. At the very moment when everybody was amusing himself with spreading the news that the Conqueror of Italy had made up his mind to repudiate his wife, both of them were seen together in public. "Certainly, ladies," said he, with an air of mortified pride which he found it impossible to dissemble, "certainly, you must admit that you are making me play a very singular part"—and,

addressing Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\*, added, "you are a most seductive woman, a most mischievous woman, in a word, a most amiable, bewitching, and detestable woman—a woman I shall always stand in fear of—a most dangerous woman." But Madame Bonaparte did not feel entirely reassured; she was afraid; she knew not what to say; but a single look from her obliging friend imposed a rigorous silence upon her, and thus prevented her from making any indiscreet disclosure of the matter.

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In February, 1798, Bonaparte left Paris in order to visit the coast of Normandy. He was received, wherever he went, with acclamations and brilliant festivities. But the joy of this triumphal passage was marred by a disastrous event. A detachment of the guides had galloped out of Rouen, on their way to Louviers, when the powder, in one of the caissons loaded with shells, took fire in consequence of the rubbing together of the gun-cartridges. The explosion took place in the midst of a village, where the houses were crowded closely together, and the consequence was that the whole village was burnt to ashes.

The Directory made a show of assembling numerous military corps on the coast of France. Numerous staffs were appointed, and nothing was omitted to demonstrate to Europe, that France was about to wield the scourge of war, which had so long desolated the continent, upon the soil of her old enemy. England began to regard as no idle menace the preparations for an expedition directed by a man whom nothing seemed to intimidate, and who had under his command the boldest and the most efficient troops in the world.

Madame Bonaparte hastened to join her husband. He had an opportunity to be present and witness the immense preparations for a maritime conflict. In company with him she visited the coasts of Normandy, Brittany and Picardy. While passing through a small village she perceived a number of peasants of both sexes on their knees, in a neighbouring field, in devout meditation. On inquiring the cause of such an assemblage, an aged man said to her:—"Our church is destroyed—our curate has fled—and for want of pastors we officiate ourselves." She promised to rebuild their communal chapel at her own expense, and told them, "I shall use my interest in behalf of your curate." The good people wanted to unloose her horses from the carriage, and draw it in triumph with their own hands, but she refused. She sent them a sum of money in advance towards repairing their presbytery, and obtained from her husband a promise that he would discharge the debt which she had contracted. Bonaparte assured her that he would do so, and they both returned to Paris without any parade or ostentation.—*Mém. pour servir à l'hist.*

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As soon as Joseph Bonaparte commenced his embassy at Rome, he sent a diplomatic note to the pontiff, in which he demanded the liberation of all the patriots who had been charged with sedition. To this the holy father consented, on condition that the punishment of imprisonment should be commuted to perpetual banishment. But this was not agreed to by the French ambassador, who finally compelled the pontiff to release them without any condition. Immediately the famous Vivaldi, author of all those movements, the leader of all the conspiracies against the government, reappeared at Rome. The fortresses and prisons of



the Roman state vomited forth a multitude of enthusiastic and fanatical demagogues, who were received with open arms by their accomplices. From this time, the fall of the pontifical throne became inevitable. Encouraged and protected by Joseph, and sustained by the French and Cisalpine emissaries, whose numbers were increasing with frightful rapidity, the conspirators began again to weave their web, and to brood over their plots, covering them, as they supposed, with impenetrable secrecy.

On the 26th of December, they assembled, during the night, at Villa-Medicis, to the number of eighty or a hundred, armed with pistols, sabres, and dirks. They mounted the French cockade, and spread themselves through the town in the midst of cries of *vive la liberté!* attacked the patrols, and put to death several dragoons of the pontifical guard. Joseph had been advised of this movement beforehand, but kept silence. The Roman government, however, being seasonably warned, had assembled troops, passed a decree against the rebels, arrested the ringleaders, and marked the rest. Its agents, also, seized an immense quantity of tri-colour cockades, which it was the purpose of the insurgents to distribute through the city. Afraid of being compromised in the insurrection, Joseph went immediately to the cardinal, secretary of state, protested his devotion, and promised to do all in his power to restore tranquillity. He pledged himself, also, that, so far from countenancing the distribution of the national cockades, he would furnish the Roman government with a list of the members of the French legation who were entitled to wear it.

He then retired to his office, where he found Generals Duphot and Sherlock. It was now four o'clock P. M., and no such list had been furnished. The insurgents, who had been dispersed in the morning, had reassembled. At their head was an Italian artist, who had been warmly patronized by the French ambassador. They paraded through the streets with cries of *vive la liberté!* and distributed the tri-colour cockade. They then proceeded to Joseph's palace, openly claimed his protection, and were admitted into his presence. He, evading any official declaration in regard to them, let them do what they would, without appearing to take any part in the insurrection. The disorder, however, was fast increasing—the throng of insurgents was augmenting continually; the papal troops were assembled, and an obstinate fight commenced between the two parties. The insurgents, pressed by the regulars, were forced to recoil and take refuge in the French ambassador's palace, continuing, meanwhile, to fight with the utmost intrepidity. The Roman soldiers pursued them even there. Joseph was now obliged to show himself. He made a sign to the papal troops to retire. They obeyed, but the insurgents keeping up their fire upon them, they returned it, and killed several of the rebels within the court of the ambassador's palace. General Duphot, and several of the French officers, now fell, sword in hand, upon the papal troops, and compelled them to retreat. This act of aggression was in the highest degree imprudent, for it was to make it a combat between France and Rome; it was a breach of treaty, and an open declaration of war. But wrath and courage seldom reason. The general pursued the regulars as far as the *Septimiane* gate, where the soldiers, indignant at being driven back by so small a force, rallied, enveloped the general, and stretched him dead at their feet, covered with wounds.

Joseph, who was a witness of this event, now fled. Duphot was his friend, and was, in a few days after, to give his hand to Mademoiselle



Clary, the sister of the ambassador's wife; and the unhappy young lady was then at Rome. The palace resounded with groans. The patriots fled; the conspiracy recoiled upon the heads of its authors, and the French ambassador was too deeply implicated to remain longer at Rome. Meanwhile, the Roman government was terrified at the probable consequences of this unlucky day's work. They presumed they should be called upon to give an account of the blood of Duphot, and that henceforth all means of reconciliation were out of the question. They hastened, however, to send an armed force to protect the Corsini palace, which was the residence of the French ambassador. The pope's secretary of state omitted nothing that could justify him to the French Republic; he conjured Joseph to remain, and despatched a courier to the Roman ambassador at Paris, to inform the Directory, and avert its wrath. But Joseph and the Directory were inexorable. The former quitted Rome, retired to Tuscany, and informed the Directory of what had taken place. Thus was consummated the ruin of the Roman government, a terrible catastrophe, which was soon to draw after it the entire overthrow of Italy.—*Mém. pour servir à l'histoire.*

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The pope was ill, but he bore his calamities with a resignation worthy of the head of the church, when General Cervoni came and announced to him that the people had proclaimed a republic; he uttered no complaint, but contented himself with inquiring what was determined respecting himself. On being answered by the general that his person was safe, and that he might remain in the Vatican under the protection of the eldest sons of the church (a title given to the Kings of France), or freely retire from Rome, and choose an asylum elsewhere, he made preparations for his departure. Some advised him to wear the tri-colour cockade, and promised to obtain him a pension, but the venerable old man replied: "I know no other uniform than that with which the church has decorated me. My body is in the power of men, but my spirit belongs to God; I acknowledge the hand that smites both the shepherd and the flock; Him do I adore, and to his will am I resigned. I am in need of no pension. With a sackcloth for my covering, and a stone on which to rest my head, I am fully supplied; they are enough for an old man who seeks only to end his days in penitence and sorrow." A few days after this he left the place which he had honoured with his virtues and loaded with benefits, and retired to Sienne. Twenty-seven cardinals followed him into exile.

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When Bonaparte had become emperor, he readily forgot the respect he had once paid to this spiritual prince, whom he, like all the rest of Europe, had admired for his pious and touching resignation. When he began to dream of seizing all the sceptres in the world, his conduct towards the holy father underwent a visible change. At first, he saw in Pius VII. nothing but virtue in affliction; but afterwards, he persecuted both him and the sacred college. Under his reign, the church triumphant, unhappily, became a church afflicted.

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In order to ascertain the purposes of the Directory in regard to himself,

the General-in-Chief of the Army of Italy pretended to propose to some of its members the expedition to Egypt. His idea was, in case the command of the expedition should be forced upon him, and he should not be able to sustain himself against the beys, whose power he designed to overthrow, to obtain the support of the successor of Mahomet, and thus derive resources from Turkey. Like Catharine of Russia, he dreamed of conquering that beautiful country. "Perchance," said he to me, laughing, "perchance I shall succeed in erecting the standard of the Cross upon the dome of St. Sophia—who knows? But that is not the most pressing matter for me. I have begun to undermine the power of the Directory. 'Tis not by half-way measures that an enlightened nation is to be governed. You must have strength, consistency, unity in all your public acts. The feeble Directory are devoid of all energy in carrying out measures. And, besides all this, there can be no republic in France. In such a country, republicanism is but the quick-step towards anarchy. Where will you find Spartans in such a country? Spartans will never rise up among the Gauls. Habits, customs, education—everything republican is at war with the national character. The Frenchman is impetuous, fickle; he must have a government that he loves. The austere manners, the inflexibility which, in ancient times, characterized republicans, are as uncongenial to the feelings of the descendants of the ancient Gauls, as would be the slavery of antiquity, should it be attempted to be re-established.

"The French love war; nothing can check them in rushing towards their object, though they easily pardon an offender. The Frenchman is proud, independent, impatient of restraint, ready to undertake anything, even the boldest innovations. The people have a sense of their own dignity; they believe themselves superior to everybody else; and imagine that all the light which shines upon Europe, emanates from their own firesides. Enthusiastic to excess, they will, of their own accord, break in pieces the statue which they have just been worshipping. There were those who, during the Revolution, were carried in triumph on the shoulders of the populace, and who, in a few months, could not find six feet of earth to serve them as a tomb: witness Petion and others, who were deprived of every asylum, and not permitted to die in the midst of their household gods. The most of the popular orators came to a miserable end, in the midst of lands upturned by the ploughshare of the country labourer, with nothing but birds of prey for their funeral train.

"The French reflect but little. The love of glory and the attractions of novelty are the strongest motives to impel them to action. With such subjects a king may undertake anything—provided he bases his power upon good laws, guaranties individual liberty, and imposes his taxes with equality and justice; and, provided, also, the shadow of liberty which he grants to them is not eclipsed by the tyranny of the *grande*es. The Frenchman, like his ancestors, is fond of being summoned to deliberate upon the choice of the depositaries of power, and of discussing his own interests, which are those of the nation. It is true that a benevolent sovereign must yield up a portion of his sovereignty to him who aids him in the administration; but he must never show pusillanimity: a single step out of the line that is marked out for him, may overthrow him. The chief functionary of France must possess power enough to make himself obeyed; and woe to him who is afraid of the people!—Party spirit is immediately aroused, and puts the kingdom in imminent peril; wise men will mourn, false republicans will triumph, and base intriguers alone profit by the public disorders. Such is the see-saw game of politics, and it befits them won-

derfully. I love to recall that *bon-mot* of Mazarin; it characterizes the Frenchman of the sixteenth century. But he is the same to-day; if he is satisfied that the public authority is determined to cause his private property to be respected, that it protects trade, and, above all, leaves him in the peaceable enjoyment of the free suffrage, which he imagines he possesses, or which he claims, all is well."

The Italian minister, a short time after the famous days of the *barri-cades*, said to *Maria de Medicis*, "The people *chante*, madame; they sing; they will finally submit;"—at present, all parties are singing, but by persuading them to make some concessions to each other, the smouldering embers of the revolution, now ready to blaze up anew, may easily be extinguished—a new conflagration will bring on a universal explosion of all parties and all powers.—*Note by Josephine.*

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Bonaparte had determined to take Josephine with him to Egypt. But the new disputes which arose between them inflamed the old discord that had reigned for some time. After she had embarked on the *Orient*, which was then ready to set sail, she received orders to return to Paris immediately (the result, probably, of a secret understanding between them); and, while the one commanded the ship he had gone on board of, to turn her prow towards the East, the other returned quietly to Paris by stage, regained her fireside, and rejoined her friends.

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The insurrection at Cairo broke out on the 30th Vendémiaire (21st Oct.), one month after the celebration of the annual fête in honour of the French Republic. At first, the assemblage of persons gave Bonaparte but little inquietude. He supposed that a few pacific words and some flattering promises would suffice to put an end to all discontents. The divan listened to the complaints of the people, and promised to present them to the Commander-in-Chief of the French army. In the morning, Bonaparte started out of the town with General Cafarelli, to go to Gizeh. His aide-de-camp, Junot, remained alone at head-quarters, and the moment the insurrection commenced, he sent off a courier to Gizeh, to give information of what was passing at Cairo. The insurrection was assuming a frightful aspect. The insurgents were rapidly increasing in numbers. The boldest of them, and those who were best armed, assembled in a burying-ground. General Dupuis, the commandant of the place, thought at first that a few simple patrols would be sufficient to disperse the rabble; but seeing that the disorder had become menacing, he sallied out of his house, preceded by his *bastoniers*, and followed by a detachment of one hundred and fifty dragoons. He had with him his aide-de-camp, Maury, and M. Beaudouf, a French merchant, his interpreter.

Notwithstanding the mob which filled the streets, he succeeded in reaching the part of the town occupied by the Franks, and in dispersing several bodies of the insurgents; but, on arriving at the street of the Venetians, he found his passage obstructed by a multitude fully resolved to defend themselves. He at first addressed them in a friendly manner, but finding they refused to listen to him, he placed himself at the head of his dragoons, and charged them with energy. In a moment, he was surrounded by the enemy, and covered with wounds. The point of a lance struck him in the breast, and opened an artery. At the same



instant, his aide-de-camp fell from his horse, while reaching out his hand to enable the general to remount. But in vain; Dupuis was carried to the head-quarters of his friend General Junot, where he expired a few hours after. The news of this untoward event spread universal alarm. The roar of artillery increased; the French army marched out of its encampments, and the combat became bloody through all the streets of the city. The inhabitants, from the tops of their houses, poured down a perfect shower of stones upon the French soldiers. The insurgents, supposed to number some 15,000, recoiled and sought refuge in a mosque, where they intrenched themselves to give time for their friends to rally and join them.

Bonaparte with his guides now presented himself at the gates of Cairo, but was not able to enter. He found the same resistance at the institute, and was unable to penetrate into the town, except through the gate de Boulak. But all communication was now cut off, and he was fairly put upon the defensive. General Bon temporarily took the command of the place. The streets of the city became the theatres of the most terrible and bloody conflicts. The French who were settled there, were surprised and massacred in their houses. The house of General Cafarelli was surrounded and broken open by the mob. Several French officers of distinction defended themselves there with rare intrepidity; but, overcome by numbers, they paid the forfeit of their lives for their courageous resistance. The institute was attacked, but not carried. Darkness suspended the fury of the insurgents, and Bonaparte took advantage of it to despatch an order to the troops that were stationed round Cairo, to march to it without delay.

The next morning the city presented a still more menacing aspect. The Arabs had joined the insurgents, and the capital was fast filling with peasants, armed with clubs, pikes, sabres, and all kinds of instruments which they could use, either in attacking the French, or defending themselves.

In this crisis Bonaparte and his generals displayed extraordinary presence of mind, and a resolution worthy of all praise. Generals Lannes, Vaux, and Damas sallied out of the city, at the head of their troops, in order to keep back reinforcements from the country, and forced a great number of them to retire.

During the night, General Daumartin passed round the city with several pieces of artillery, and posted himself at Mokattan in such a manner as to command the capital. The troops took their positions in the several quarters of the town, and by means of the superiority of their tactics, and the excellent dispositions made by the officers, they were soon able to dictate terms to the insurgents. At intervals, the General-in-Chief sent word to them, offering them pardon; but this only served to encourage them in their rebellion. He then surrounded the Grand Mosque, where the great body of them was assembled, and ordered the troops in the citadel, and General Daumartin, to commence the bombardment.

At this moment a phenomenon, rarely witnessed in Egypt, intervened and disconcerted the insurgents. They became suddenly dismayed at seeing the heavens overcast with clouds. The thunder rolled through the sky; the red and rapid lightning glared among the clouds. The roar of cannon, mingling with the dreadful crashes of thunder, struck such a terror into the Mussulmans, that the remaining quarter of the city, which had not yet taken part in the general movement, did not dare show itself



in arms; and, after the bombardment had lasted for two hours, those who had intrenched themselves in the Grand Mosque, sent to ask pardon of Bonaparte. He replied, proudly, "The hour of clemency has passed. You began; it belongs to me to end it." He then increased the vigour of the blockade around the mosque; the French soldiers advanced up to its very gates, and, breaking them in with axes, penetrated into the interior of the edifice. The carnage now became dreadful; it was no longer a battle—it was a butchery. The unhappy Mussulmans sought in vain to escape. They fell beneath the bayonets of the French, and every one who was found armed with a club or a stone, was put to death without pity. Some of the insurgents, scattering in small bodies through the city, dismayed at the fate of their comrades, sought to shelter themselves in the nooks and secret hiding places in the city; but the Arabs of the desert (enemies alike to both parties), and the French cavalry, commanded by General Dancourt, drove them from their coverts into the centre of the town, where they were put to death. This bloody execution lasted from four o'clock in the afternoon until the next morning, when the French soldiers, tired with killing, finally stopped. The number of the insurgents who were slain, was estimated at 5,000. The French lost 200 men.

The next day was spent in seeking out and punishing the guilty. Twenty of the subaltern sheiks, who had shown a great hatred of Bonaparte, were charged with having stirred up the revolt. Five of them were arrested, and among them the sheik who officiated at the Grand Mosque. He was a man of considerable authority in the city, but of more boldness and independence than the others. During the revolt, he had retired to the French head-quarters, in order to give assurances of his innocence. But this trick did not avail him. The sheiks of the Divan, who were there before him, and whose secret inclinations in favour of the French he had often censured, repelled him from their ranks, and Bonaparte delivered him over to a military commission. The unhappy Mussulman was beheaded; and the four other sheiks, together with a great number of Egyptians and Turks, who were pointed out as the ring-leaders of the revolt, were shot. And thus was accomplished the reduction of a people to whom had been promised all the blessings of civilization.—*Mém. pour servir de l'histoire.*

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During the eighteen months that Bonaparte was absent on the Egyptian campaign, Josephine lived at Malmaison. She purchased it of M. Lecolteux, before her husband's departure for Egypt. Here she was able to see her friends without restraint, of the number of whom was Charles Bo\*\*\*; and she received frequent visits from Barras, Tallien, and his wife. She lived without display, although she had considerable sums at her disposal. She had nothing of her own, for such was her benevolence, such her desire to oblige others, that she often lavished her bounties without discernment.

Bonaparte's stay in Egypt began to weary her, for she really loved that man, although she had already begun to experience his despotism. She managed his interests in France, and prevented a thousand dangers which menaced them. Indeed, it would have been almost impossible for Bonaparte to re-enter France, had not an attentive and vigilant wife managed to avert the storm which was already gathering over his head in the port of Fréjus.

She went as far as Lyons to meet him on his return, but they passed each other on the way without knowing it.\* Bonaparte, whose ill humour towards his wife had now got the mastery over him, did not exactly know in what manner he should meet her. But Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\* having called upon him, spoke to him on the subject as follows: "Your wife is your friend — without her care and vigilance, you would, perhaps, ere this, have been the subject of an accusation; for, be assured, you have many and powerful enemies, and your expedition to Egypt not having been attended with the desired success, you could not probably have returned to France in safety without Josephine's aid. 'Tis she who has made friends for you—'tis she who has warded off the blows which have been aimed at you. Bonaparte!" said she with vehemence—"your wife is for you a guardian angel. She has done everything in her power to serve you, and she will continue to do so. Her heart prescribes her duties, and you will ever find in her a faithful friend." He admitted the justness of her remarks; they flowed from the heart; and from this moment he yielded his wife his entire confidence. She became his Mentor, to guide his conduct, and to direct his steps.

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On the 2d of May, 1801, I was invited to Malmaison at nine o'clock in the morning. I was utterly ignorant who the lady was that invited me, although I was pretty well persuaded it must be some one attached to Josephine. I was far, however, from supposing that, in her present elevation, she could condescend to think of me. I know by long experience that a certain kind of knowledge has but few admirers. It appeared that my illustrious *consultress*, in order to conceal from her friends what were the real revelations she wanted from me, had given out that she was anxious to discover the author of a *theft* recently committed in the chateau—this, at least, was what the lady told me who introduced me. I arrived, and found myself in the company of Mademoiselle Albertine, one of the ladies of her household. The bell was striking the hour of eleven; I had been detained, and it was now almost impossible to obtain admittance. But while waiting, a lady appeared, dressed in a modest *negligé*. She said to me, very politely, "Please inform me respecting my future lot; and tell me, truly, whether I am long to inhabit this house." I

\* When Bonaparte arrived in Paris, he alighted at a house in Ceruty street, which, before 1815, belonged to the Queen of Holland. He addressed himself to a man named St. Louis, whom Josephine had taken into her service as a cleaner of rooms—knowing that she had gone to Lyons to meet him. He asked this man whether he knew a man named Charles Bo\*\*\*, who was in the habit of paying frequent visits to his wife. St. Louis answered that he did not—that he had only seen some certain gentlemen and ladies pay visits to Madame Bonaparte, but that he had never heard this Monsieur Charles spoken of; Bonaparte replied, "That's good—go, look up my cooks." Two days after, Josephine arrived from Lyons, and joined her husband, with whom she had a conversation, respecting this pretended Charles, in reference to whom Bonaparte's brothers had deceived themselves in what they wrote to him about his movements. The object this Monsieur Bo\*\*\* had in view, was to obtain the hand of Mademoiselle Beauharnais, afterwards Queen of Holland. Bonaparte, though naturally jealous, became fully satisfied that his wife was faultless in the matter, and they henceforth had a good understanding. A few days afterwards, they went to Malmaison, which Josephine had purchased for a country seat. Arrived there, Josephine said to him, "I have purchased this little chateau during your absence, and, also, this man," alluding to St. Louis, the room-cleaner, who met Bonaparte on his arrival. The general regarded the man with a benevolent look, promising to retain him in his service, provided he would behave himself well. St. Louis remained in his service until the events of 1814, when he was put upon a pension of 200 francs a year.

looked at her with attention, and discovered something interesting, something extraordinary in her physiognomy, and I could not help betraying some surprise while gazing at her. Her brow was the seat of serenity, on which was engraved every sentiment of her soul, as if written in letters of fire upon a tablet of brass. Her eye-brows were the indexes of her affections; and nature had imparted to her eyes the signs which enabled me to develope her character. After making some examination of her features, founded upon the rules of my art, it was easy to see that this lady was called to fulfil a destiny truly extraordinary. Then, omitting further to pursue my object by means of these indications, I resorted to the sciences of *chiromancy* and *cartonomancy*, and, without further urging, proceeded to ascertain the results of twenty-five mystic pictures. I then said to her: "I tell you, again, madame, everything connected with my examination shows, that you are now deeply anxious for your husband's elevation to power, and that all your prayers aim at that result. Alas! madame, beware! for, if he ever comes to seize the sceptre of the world, he will forsake you." She laughed much at this last prediction, and told me, good-naturedly, that she was not afraid of it, inasmuch as, in order to its coming to pass, she must be a *queen*; a thing which did not then appear very probable, nor, indeed, possible; for public opinion was tending more and more strongly towards the consolidation of the republic—one, indivisible, and independent.

She asked me many questions respecting her children. She spoke of her daughter's marriage. I informed her that she would be allied to the family of her father-in-law, but that she preferred some one else. Madame Bonaparte replied that such was, also, her wish, but that the matter did not depend upon her.

Her son also became a subject of conversation. That tender mother saw nothing in the future but good fortune for the beings she loved. Her only fear was that Eugene would fall in the midst of the glorious career he was destined to run. After making some remarks on this subject by way of consoling her, I said to her—"Remember these words, madame; for you they are prophetic; a time shall come, and it is not far distant, when you shall act the first part in France." She could not then help saying to me: "*Ah bien!* your predictions, up to the present time, have all, one after another, been fulfilled; this last announces to me *the return of a man who, according to you, is to regenerate France*. My fortune is now settled; I only want to know whether it, as well as that of the First Consul, will remain unchanged, because they are inseparably connected together. Tell me, then, whether the present government, founded by his superior genius, is hereafter to defy or to incur the inconstancy of Fortune?"

After some moments of anxious and careful reflection, I replied: "No, madame, you cannot remain at the point at which you have arrived. According to your six stars, you are to rise still higher. Three extraordinary changes must yet take place in the constitution of France, before it shall acquire firmness and consistence; ah! what did I say—you will reign—you will be seated on the throne of the Kings of France. The strength and power of your attending genius promise you a wonderful, an inconceivable destiny; but your husband will one day forget his solemn vows; for, unhappily, the greater he shall become, the more will he stoop to artifice, in order to attain his ends."

At length she left me, having been, during this short interval, introduced to the daughter and niece of the wife of that great man who was soon to reach the summit of human glory. Madame Bonaparte afterwards



invited me to visit her in her apartment. I went, and found her at her toilette. A moment after, Bonaparte himself entered; he complimented his wife, and congratulated her especially upon the fact that she at that time had on a dress of our Lyons manufacture. Turning then towards me, and glancing his eye towards Josephine, he inquired, "Who is this lady?" She answered him, obligingly, that she was acquainted with me, but that she must decline to mention my name; he said nothing more, but merely contented himself with bowing to me. He then began to play with a little dog that was in the room. While I, directly after, was imitating him in caressing the animal, he said to me, "Take care, he may bite you, particularly as he does not know you." I told him I was fond of such animals, which seemed to surprise him. The sound of my voice seemed to strike him. He kept his eyes fixed on me. He then took Josephine by the hand, and led her out of the room. She returned a moment after, and said to me: "You are certainly the woman who once foretold to the First Consul his brilliant destinies, and he is completely astonished at it. But," said she, with a look of intimate confidence, "do not mention it to anybody, for these great men do not wish to be held up to the public as possessing the same weaknesses as the vulgar herd. But you may rely upon it, Bonaparte, who has a prodigious memory, will never forget your prediction."

From this time, whenever I happened to meet him, he would fix upon me his penetrating eye, and sometimes laugh at me. . . .

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From various ports in Italy and France, despatches were sent to Bonaparte. Lucien and Joseph urged him to return to France without delay, in order to put an end to the growing evils which afflicted the Republic. But the former sometimes said to those who sighed for his return, "Once here, he will imagine himself in his *camp*; he will command everything, and want to be everything."

However precarious may have been his position in Egypt, after his rash expedition to Saint-Jean-d'Acre, he certainly might have made an attempt to save the remnants of that valiant army, by an honourable capitulation. The Turks would have granted it. But the English—who had such a decided interest in continuing the coalition against France—would they have consented to the return home of that renowned general who had nearly annihilated the armies of Austria, and struck terror into the very heart of that vast empire?—of that commander whose potent voice could revive the ardour of the soldiery of France, and hurl them upon the foe in a torrent of destruction?—Probably not. Besides, what a length of time must necessarily be consumed in such a negotiation!

It was therefore necessary that he should act promptly as well as secretly. He departed, abandoning his conquests to mere fortune, which had now declared against them.

From the roadstead of Aboukir to the island of Corsica, Bonaparte, during a month's voyage, saw only one English frigate. Neptune had formed an alliance with Pluto to save him; and Madame Bonaparte had secured him friends in France, and *even in the bosom of Albion.*

Landing at Ajaccio, his first care was to make inquiry respecting the political state of things in France. He questioned the public and military functionaries, and was particularly attentive to the minute details given him by M. Coffin, the French consul at Cagliari, whom the war



had brought back to Corsica, respecting the situation of Paris. Coffin was an able man, perfectly familiar with the state of parties in France. He satisfied Bonaparte's impatient curiosity, by handing him the most recent Paris newspapers, which Bonaparte greedily devoured. Whenever, in reading, he met with a passage which seemed to favour his designs, tapping his foot on the floor, he would say,—“Ah! I shall not be there in time—I shall arrive too late!”—showing plainly, by his manner, that he was afraid the revolution which he meditated would be consummated before his arrival. Contrary winds detained him at Ajaccio for four days, and he employed this interval of leisure in taking the minutest precautions to escape from the enemy's cruisers at sea. A felucca *de poste* was made fast to his vessel, and 30 able rowers placed on board of it. Had the slightest accident occurred to his vessel, he was to throw himself into the felucca, and, by the use of the oars, gain the coast of Provence. He left Ajaccio on the 13th Vendémiaire (3d Oct.), and three days after the people of Frejus saw him land. Their acclamations rang through the whole length and breadth of France, with the rapidity of sound. At the news of his arrival, the masses began to hope, the different parties began to be busy, and the army, habituated to victory, was again filled with joy. But the political horizon was still covered with thick clouds.

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General Augereau showed himself, on several occasions, one of the most determined antagonists Bonaparte had, and was far from approving his gigantic projects. “This man,” said the revolutionary veteran, “will in the end spoil everything in undertaking to do too much. He strangles the Republic while he seeks to caress monarchy.” The treaties concluded by the General-in-Chief of the Army of Italy with different princes, showed clearly enough that the victor of Arcola possessed an ambition which placed him upon an equality with sovereigns. Beyond doubt he even then entertained the idea that he should, at no distant day, be able to dictate laws to the different nations which he conquered. The principal merit of the 18th Fructidor belonged to Augereau, and he reaped the fruits of it; he had no hand in the intrigues carried on during the Egyptian expedition. Those two generals finally forgot each other.

The events of Brumaire apparently reconciled them. The First Consul esteemed Augereau as a good soldier. “He is,” said he, “a brave man, prompt and efficient in executing a movement; but his gross bluntness displeases me. We never agreed except upon the field of battle;—he is worth nothing as courtier.”

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In a secret council at Malmaison, the scheme was seriously agitated of bringing about a second 18th Fructidor. It contemplated nothing less than the seizure, by a cunning artifice, of the persons of the five directors, in order to dispose of them provisionally in a safe place, and then to send them off, not to the island of Cayenne, but to the antipodes!—to an island which was to be discovered in the year 9999 of the Vulgar era....

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Colonel Perrin promised Madame Bonaparte to send her a company of grenadiers to Malmaison, provided she would guaranty that an order

should afterwards be sent him from General Murat. She promised it, and kept her word.—It was this company of grenadiers who, on the 2d Brumaire, came to Malmaison, and watched over the general's person.

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Gohier, one of the directors, was informed that Bonaparte was scheming to change the form of government. Gohier, finding the matter serious, sent word to Moulins to go and find him immediately. The latter was not at home, and it was not until the next morning that he called upon Gohier, who then imparted to him the information he had received the evening before. Moulins, astonished at the revelation, was anxious to speak with the informer. The latter soon arrived, but was unprovided with proofs to support his information. Gohier was in doubt; he hesitated whether he ought to arrest Bonaparte. He consulted Barras, who dissuaded him from it, and took sides with Moulins, who, at the start, was unable to yield his belief that a conspiracy was on foot. They finally decided to seize Bonaparte on his way from Malmaison, where they knew he was that day to give a dinner; but they were careful not to let the informer know what was their determination. On the contrary, they shut him up in a separate apartment for safe keeping. Gohier wished to lay the whole matter before the other members of the Directory, in order that they might all act in concert.

"No!" said Moulins, "one of our colleagues is absent; one of the remaining two is Bonaparte's friend, and Barras is his patron: without him, this general could not have been known; we need nobody whomsoever! Quit all forms; we alone are fully informed; let us act: nothing is easier than to arrest this man Bonaparte. I know of two cunning fellows, connected with the police, who, with a dozen soldiers, will undertake to execute our order for the arrest. We have nothing to fear from the consequences; the moment the general is imprisoned he will experience the fate of all unsuccessful conspirators; he will be deserted by his party—his party will be annihilated."

The two directors sallied out, and assured themselves of the services of the persons who were necessary to the execution of their projects. Up to this time all went well. But, on going to Gohier's lodgings, Moulins found that the informer, who had been shut up in a separate room, had made his escape. Not being encouraged, nor, seemingly, countenanced by the directors, the fellow believed himself in danger, and, profiting by their absence, took refuge in a family which happened to be the devoted friends of Madame Bonaparte, to whom all that had happened in the Luxembourg was, of course, immediately made known. Like an adroit woman as she was, she profited by the disclosure; while the two directors, in consternation, seeing a window in the room, where the informer had been confined, open, exclaimed—

"We are lost! this informer is a rascal, and is sold to our enemies. This conspiracy is all false and fabricated—a scheme laid for the ensnarement of our good faith; the object is to lay the general on his back, and consequently the troops. Let us hasten and revoke the orders we have given, if it be not too late already."

The orders were revoked, although one of the men employed to capture the general, had told one of his friends, who invited him to go to the theatre, that he could not that evening, having an important errand on hand, relating, as he believed, to the arrestation of a high personage. This confession of the secret agent of the Directory was mentioned in a family, who

immediately communicated it to Madame Bonaparte. She saw, in an instant, that the movement related to her husband, and, like a prudent wife, took measures for his protection. The guards of the legislative body were devoted to her; she secured the principal officers, without telling them precisely the service she might ask of them.

It is, therefore, certain, that the project for arresting Bonaparte had existed for, at least, fifteen days anterior to his triumph over the Directory on the 18th Brumaire. Without his wife, that famous event would not have taken place, and France would have passed insensibly under the yoke of some new master. The directorial government was fast verging to its fall, being utterly destitute of the strength necessary to sustain the burden of a republic which was only born to die.

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A young drummer, belonging to the regiment de Belgioioso, for some slight fault, was sentenced to run the gauntlet. Just before the sentence was to be executed, he asked permission to see his colonel. "I have," said he, "a secret of the highest importance to communicate to him." On being brought before the colonel, he declared himself to be the dauphin, the son of Louis XVI.; that, until that moment, he had kept the secret buried in his own bosom; that he had resolved never to let it be known, even to his own sister, but that, being about to be subjected to a shameful punishment, he could not bear the idea of such a humiliation, and, therefore, had made the disclosure. He entreated the colonel to examine the proofs, which he was ready to produce, and to suspend the punishment to which he had been condemned.

The colonel, struck alike with his fine countenance, facility of expression, polished manners, and the accent of truth which animated his speech, concluded to submit the question to the general-in-chief, whose head-quarters were then at Turin. He accordingly treated the young prince with particular attention, and sent him to Turin in a coach and four. At Asti, an old Swiss soldier, of the Chateau of Versailles, hearing the rumour, hastened to present himself before the son of his old master, recognised the boy, and, weeping, threw himself at his feet.

The moment the news of his arrival got abroad at Turin, the ladies all disputed with each other the honour of looking at him. He was handsome, well formed, intelligent, rich in all the advantages which may attract the interest of the fair sex. Being urged to recite his adventures, he gave the following narrative:

"When I was a prisoner in the Temple, I was, as you know, confided to the care of a shoemaker named Simon. This man was a brute in his appearance. He often abused and maltreated me in the presence of the Commissioners of the Commune, in order to satisfy them of his fidelity; but he secretly pitied my hard fortune, and, in private, gave me proofs of the tenderest affection. I could not doubt the sincerity of this man's desire to save me; but unhappily great difficulties were in the way, and the convention, at length, made up their minds to take my life. As they were afraid to do this openly, they gave secret orders to Simon, to poison me in prison. My generous keeper was horrified at this proposal. He procured the dead body of a child, which he put in my place, and presented to the commissioners; and, as the resemblance was not very striking, he explained the matter on the ground of the violent action of the poison upon the system, and which, he said, had caused my looks to change. He intrusted me to a friend of his, who at first took me to Bordeaux, and after-



wards to Corsica. Fate, which had been so unkind to me, now willed that he, who had been my Mentor, should be removed by death. I was soon compelled to pay out the small sum of money which I had, and, pressed by want, I went into the employment of a coffee-house keeper, as a mere waiter. I knew that my sister was at Vienna, and I never lost sight of the purpose I had formed of joining her. With this view I left Corsica, and came to Italy in order to pass into Germany. Italy was occupied by the Austrians. I fell in with a party of infantry, who endeavoured to compel me to enlist; on my refusal to do so, they plundered me of whatever I possessed; and, at length, in order to escape a worse fate, I agreed to become a drummer, not being then much above fourteen years old. Since that time I have done my duty punctually; the fault for which I have been condemned is the only one I have committed; the punishment is humiliating; all my hope is in the protection of the Emperor."

The story, related as it was with a touching simplicity, produced quite a sensation. Several persons, who had resided at the old court, remembered that the dauphin had a scar upon him, occasioned by falling down stairs; the young drummer bore the same mark. The public rushed to him to pay their homage, and he was addressed by the titles of "*my lord*," and "*your royal highness*." The commander-in-chief thought it his duty to write to Vienna for instructions on the subject, and, in reply, received an order to send the pretended dauphin before a court martial for the purpose of investigating the truth of his story; to pay particular regard to his safety and honourable treatment, in case he told the truth, but to punish him with severity if he turned out to be an impostor.

The young drummer, frightened at the experiment of which he was about to become the subject, admitted, it is said, that he was the son of a watchmaker at Versailles, and that he never should have resorted to this stratagem, but to avoid undergoing the debasing punishment which had been pronounced upon him. And yet, notwithstanding this inquest by the court martial, some persons persisted that they saw in him none other than the son of Louis XVI.

The court, however, ordered him to undergo the sentence, though, at the solicitation of the ladies, his punishment was reduced to running the gauntlet once instead of three times.

This event, published in numerous journals, made a good deal of noise, and, although it possessed all the characteristics of a romance, the lovers of the marvellous still persisted in the hope of one day seeing in him the legitimate heir to the crown. It was said, that, when the corporal was stripping off his clothes, for the infliction of the punishment, the young knave exclaimed, "*what a fate for a Bourbon!*"

This extraordinary scene took place at Turin; the foreign journals published all the details, and, in spite of all the care taken by the Directory to conceal them, they were soon known all over France.

On the other hand, some of the inhabitants of the western provinces flattered themselves that they had among them the son of Louis XVI. It was pretended that he was recognised in the person of a young workman, who, under his simple dress, concealed the evidences of his illustrious birth.

Thus did everything tend to encourage the popular illusion, while that dark and tyrannical government called the Directory, trembling at the sound of every leaf agitated by the wind, persecuted with the utmost hatred the distributors of a prophecy, in which were recounted their dif-



ferent fates, and which was read the more it was proscribed.—*Mém. pour servir à l'histoire.*

(105) Page 219.—MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

This mountain, called by the Romans *Mons Penninus*, is the highest pinnacle in that long chain of the Apennines, which separates Switzerland from Italy. Nature herself seems to have placed it there, like a huge giant, to check the audacity of man. Whatever can freeze the courage is seen there. Snows as ancient as time; rocks hanging in precipices; immeasurable gulfs; mountains of ice ready to crumble beneath your tread; excessive cold; not a trace of vegetation; no human footprint; a vast and profound solitude, whose silence is only broken by the falling of the avalanche, the roaring of the winds, the thunderings of the distant cataract, and the yells of wild beasts. Such are the elements of the scene. 'Twas at the foot of this formidable barrier, that all the artillery and ammunition were collected. But by what art were they to be got over? Courage and industry supplied all. The guns were dismounted, trunks of trees were hollowed out in the shape of troughs, and the cannon placed in them; the ammunition was loaded on the backs of mules. The axletrees and caissons were placed upon litters and sledges. The men harnessed themselves to the cannon, and drew them along the perilous path. But they could proceed only one by one; the moment any one undertook to pass by his comrade, he was sure to be precipitated into the depths that yawned below, never again to rise. It was through dangers like these, continually presenting themselves, that it was necessary to open a route for the army for six miles of its march. The columns became fatigued and desired rest, but the least pause in the march would have drawn them to the foot of the heights they had scaled. They were seven hours in reaching the summit, and, after unheard-of efforts, the advance guard arrived at that celebrated *hospice*, which Christian charity has consecrated to the august duties of humanity. Here, in this frightful solitude, in the midst of eternal snows and ice, deprived of all the charms of human life, a few men, animated by a divine spirit, have, so to speak, buried themselves alive, in order to afford succour to their fellow men, and to exercise towards them the most generous and the most touching hospitality; here, their ingenious industry has trained the dog even to share their pious duties—to visit the most distant and solitary points of the mountain, to catch the cries, or the slightest groan of the bewildered traveller, to encourage them by their caresses, and to hasten back to the convent, and bear back to them on their necks, bread, liquors, and whatever can restore or preserve animation. With what joy did the French army receive from the hands of these pious monks, the succours which the most active charity could bestow!—and how precious, how wonderful did religion then appear!

After a short halt they proceeded, and were soon able to measure at a glance the remainder of the route. How steep and rapid was the descent—what frightful precipices skirted their downward path—what a dismal fate awaited him who should make a misstep! The snows began to melt; the winds, in hurling the huge drifts from their places, disclosed the most frightful chasms. The march was almost headlong down the mountain, the troops sometimes standing erect, and sometimes supporting each other with their hands or their weapons. The least misstep precipitated men and baggage down the steep, amidst rocks, icebergs, and heaps of snow, into the gulfs beneath. The army left the hospice at noon,

and did not reach the foot of the mountain until nine at night.—*Mém. pour servir à l'histoire.*

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The battle of Marengo decided the fate of France. Three days after the victory, hostilities ceased. The fortified places in Piedmont and Lombardy, the cities of Genoa, Savona, and Urbino, were delivered up to Bonaparte, and the Austrians retired beyond the Oglio.

The treaty of Lunéville was but a momentary truce; the victories of Moreau over the Austrians menacing Vienna itself, determined Austria to conclude that treaty.

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Arena was in the enjoyment of a handsome fortune and an honourable rank. He had embraced the profession of arms, and risen from grade to grade, until he reached that of adjutant-general in the service of the French Republic. His bravery at the siege of Toulon, in 1793, procured him to be honourably mentioned to the government; having passed into Corsica, he was elected a deputy to the Council of Five Hundred, from the department of Golo, for the session of 1796. He made but a small figure in that body, and nothing attests his labours there except a report upon the reduction of the Corsican rebellion, made at the sitting of the 28th October, 1797. On leaving the legislative body, he was made a chief of brigade in the gendarmerie, which post he resigned in consequence of the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, not being willing to serve under Napoleon. The latter feared him still more as a Corsican than as a mere personal enemy. He was leagued with other wretches, and became the author of a foul conspiracy to murder Bonaparte at the opera, at the first representation of "*the Horatii*," the 9th of November, 1801. Delivered over to the criminal tribunal of Paris, together with Ceracchi, Topino-Lebrun, Demerville, and Diana, the trial was like to be spun out to a great length for want of evidence. But the explosion of the *infernal machine*, on the 3d Nivôse, indicating the vast extent of the conspiracy against the life of the First Consul, put an end to this affair at once, and on the 9th of January, 1802, sentence of death was pronounced against Arena. He was executed on the 30th of January, and showed considerable courage on the scaffold.—*Biographie.*

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It seems quite certain that Josephine would, in the end, have prevailed on Bonaparte to recall the Bourbons;—she knew that he had promised it on his return from Egypt. During the first months of his consulate, he often said to her—

"The most of those who now lavish their incense upon me, fatigue and disgust me. They think themselves so many *Deciuses*; but I may find amongst them another *Brutus*, should I ever think it worth while to imitate Cæsar. I must reduce them to order;—perhaps I shall in the end strike some great blow, which shall place my name in the ranks of the immortals." Often did he converse with his spouse respecting the ills growing out of the French Revolution, and she seized every opportunity that presented itself to demand of him the erasure of some name from the list of emigrants. "You fatigue me," said he, with good humour; "you are always at this—you are always beginning the same thing again—always."

"Ah," said she, with a good deal of emphasis, "why not pass a decree recalling them all home? You, Bonaparte, ought to do that which the Directory had not the courage to attempt."

"To satisfy you entirely, madame," he replied, "I ought, perhaps, to re-establish the monarchy."

"And you, general, would be its firmest support—its chief ornament. Should you hesitate, one of your generals may, perhaps, be bolder than you. Moreau, for example."

"He has neither the power nor the disposition to do so. Such a stroke of policy seems to me to be very difficult," was his reply.

"I will," said she, "second you with all my power."

"Very well—very well, madame," he replied. "It seems to me you are almost ready to beg a stool to sit in the royal presence at Versailles."

"That's another thing," was her reply. "I should never wish to exchange the position I now hold as the wife of General Bonaparte,—a title which would insure me, with the *sovereign*, every privilege I could desire, without becoming attached to the court. I never should wish to show myself among courtiers; I hate their maxims, and always distrust their sincerity."

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Under whatever aspect we view the awful events of the 3d Nivôse, we find it impossible not to weep over the results of that guilty conspiracy. How, indeed, can we estimate the evils which would have resulted from it, had it proved successful? The French people, just escaped from the din of utter anarchy, worn out by so many commotions, were just beginning to respire more freely, when, all at once, they saw themselves ready to be replunged into all the horrors of revolution. Bonaparte, at that time, was regarded as their real saviour, commissioned by an inscrutable Providence to rebuild their prostrate altars, and restore happiness to millions of citizens. Had he perished by means of this terrible explosion, his death would have been a public calamity, followed, perhaps, by consequences the most disastrous to France; while, on the other hand, the hydra of Jacobinism was raising its crest, and with one hand grasping at its lost power, and with the other sharpening the guillotine in order to take vengeance on those who had abandoned its worship and resisted its tyranny. In swearing the destruction of Bonaparte, the wretches should have had the courage to attack him alone. But crime, if it be not atheistical, is always cowardly. Fear of consequences paralyzes the assassin's arm, and prevents him from dealing the blow with directness and boldness, and hence he resorts to unusual measures. Some genius, steeped in atrocity, conceived and executed the infernal machine; and other geniuses, not less satanic, by means of the horrid invention, sent death, desolation, and mourning into the bosom of numerous families, and involving multitudes in that deadly revenge which was aimed only at one man. How can such human tigers exist on earth? It is, alas, true, that Nature hath, in all ages, given birth to monsters having the face of men, but it is only during political convulsions that such beings dare show themselves in the light of day. Darkness is not their only element; they are amphibious; in the day-time they swim along under the surface of the water, and the eye of the good man is to them Greek fire, which penetrates and consumes them. Woe to the nation that contains in its bosom these fire-brands of discord!—woe to the prince who has to govern such detestable subjects—and woe to the age which they were born to afflict! It is to be feared their descendants may sweeten the poison of democracy.



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The declaration of the special jury *d'accusation*, in the matter of the 3d Nivôse (infernal machine), was, that there were grounds of accusation against *Francis Jean Carbon* (otherwise called *le Petit François*); *Joseph Pierre Picot Limocleau* and *Pierre Robinault* (called *St. Rigent*); *Coster* (called *St. Victor*); *Edward Lahaye*, (called *St. Hilaire*); one *Joyau*; *Ambrose-Marie-Songé*; *Louise Manguet*, wife of *Leguilloux*; *Jean Baptiste Leguilloux*; *Adelaide-Marie-Champion de Cicé*; *Marie Anne Duguesne*; *Catherine Jean*, wife of *Alexander Vallon*; *Madeline Vallon*; *Josephine Vallon*; *Aubine Louise Gouyon*, widow of a man called *Beaufort*; *Basile Jaques Louis Collin*; *Jean Beaudet*; *Mathurin Jules Lavieuville*; and *Louise Catherine Cudet Villeneuve Lavieuville*; all accused of having contrived the plan of murdering the First Consul of the Republic; of having, for its execution, collected a quantity of arms and ammunition; of having prepared and stationed the infernal machine; and of having, by means of its explosion, caused the death of several persons.

The most of the accused were acquitted of the charge brought against them. *Pierre Robinault* and *Francis Jean Carbon* were condemned to death, and certain others of them to undergo punishment in the house of correction, &c.

*Mademoiselle de Cicé* had held a correspondence with her emigrant brothers, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, the Bishop of Auxerre, and *Augustin de Cicé*. The last named had settled at Hamburg, where he was doing a small grocery business. His wife, modestly resigning herself to the duties of her new vocation, devoted herself to manual labour, and became a seamstress. The eloquent counsel who defended *Mademoiselle de Cicé*, made a skilful presentation of the facts in her case—which was certainly an interesting one; he gave in evidence her piety and many personal virtues; he depicted her own protracted and unmitigated misfortunes growing out of the Revolution; he painted in glowing, but truthful colours, the miseries of the members of the family, who, long exiled from their native land, and inscribed upon the list of emigrants, had no other consolation in their solitude than the news sent them by a beloved sister, who, as if by an interposition of Providence, had escaped from the terrible revolutionary tornado which had swept away everything.

“I am speaking before an assembly of philosophers,” exclaimed he, in those persuasive tones that reach the heart; “to an assembly of men who do not regard opinion as a crime, and who are true to their own sentiments—to a tolerant and generous government, which holds all doctrines good, provided they inspire an abhorrence of crime and a love of virtue!”

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*Bonaparte* having become First Consul, changed entirely his mode of living. He was affable and easy of approach, his looks serene and full of frankness. In a word, everything augured favourably for his administration. *Madame Bonaparte* became completely necessary to him, and he was much in the habit of listening to her advice. She had brought home her daughter, whom she had educated at the famous boarding-school of *Madame Campan*. The young *Hortense* had a good deal of difficulty in conquering her antipathy for *Bonaparte*. However, by degrees, and in order to satisfy her mother, she became more respectful towards him. *Josephine* well knew that her husband did not pride him-



self much upon his fidelity, and that his manner with ladies was polite and captivating. But he always stood in fear of them, and swore many a time that he should never suffer himself to be subjected by what he called the "perfidious sex." And, certainly, he kept his word, for never for a moment was he off his guard against the weapons of female beauty, for fear he should become its slave.

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The First Consul had been long calculating the chances which fortune had for him, and preparing the minds of his colleagues to meet favourably the occasion which might possibly demand the re-establishment, in France, of the government of one man. To remain the chief of a triumvirate struck him as too small a business for such a man as he. He felt himself an Atlas, indeed, with boldness and strength sufficient to sustain upon his shoulders the weight of a vast empire. He had by nature an extreme love of domination. "I cannot be neutral in politics," said he; "such is the activity of my imagination that, should I once make the throne of France my *point d'appui*, I should, perhaps, in the end dream of a universal republic. Seneca was right, when he said '*Prospera animos afferunt*,' (success imparts boldness;) but I am far from adopting the maxim of a certain prelate: '*one head less, and I am master of the world*.' On the contrary, I cherish that maxim of Lucan—and the more, because I think it well founded—*Nil pudet assuetos sceptris*: (Nothing shames those accustomed to power.)"

## (113) Page 233.

The infant, Don Louis-de-Bourbon, eldest son of the Duke of Parma, was called by Bonaparte to the throne of Etruria. The Prince of Peace was charged by the First Consul of the French Republic to give the new king to understand that it was necessary he should take the road to Paris, because the Consul desired to see what effect the presence of a Bourbon would produce in France. On the entry of the Prince and Princess of Parma into the French territory, they were met by a French general, who accompanied them to Paris with a guard of honour. They were lodged in the hotel of the Spanish minister, treated with the greatest attention, and invited to numerous fêtes and spectacles. They remained twenty days at the French capital, and then set out for Tuscany, escorted by another French general. The evening of their departure, Bonaparte said to his wife—

"Madame, one would judge, from the ardour of the Parisians to get a sight at a *sovereign*, that they were already famishing for *royalty*. All right—they shall have it. I only wanted to assure myself what would be the effect produced by the presence of a Bourbon in Paris; and the people have been on the point of shouting *Vive le Roi!* That's enough. I now understand how to appreciate the favour as well as the constancy of our Catos. A republic that is supported by reeds, requires a political Hercules to sustain it. Where can he be found except in the army? In taking the title of Emperor, I shall put an end, at least ostensibly, to the increasing interest in favour of the ancient dynasty, overthrown by order of Messieurs the members of the Convention. The new kingdom of Etruria, that I have erected, is but a coquettish fancy. I was merely making an experiment of my power. I shall not, I assure you, maintain this mighty kingdom of Etruria any longer than it is necessary to my purposes, and in order to help me in their prompt execution."

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The Concordat had the effect to put an end to the schisms in the church throughout France, though they exist, at present, in several departments; witness the discussions among the theologians respecting the efficacious virtue of *the great and the little church*. At hearing them, one would suppose the important question was again in agitation which decided the fate of Port-Royal, and brought together the two great orators of the reign of Louis XIV., the mighty Bossuet, and the modest Fenelon.

(115) *Page 234.—TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.*

The early part of the life of a slave is of no interest. Toussaint remained unknown until the age of forty-five. His countrymen merely inform us that he had a very particular affection for animals, and that he was endowed with wonderful patience. At the age of twenty-five, notwithstanding the license that prevailed all around him, he attached himself to one woman, and had several children by her, whom he tenderly loved.

His good conduct gained him the esteem of the *bailli*, or director, named M. Bayou de Libertas. This gentleman taught him to read and write. Some say, however, that he obtained whatever education he possessed without any assistance from others. Besides learning to read and write, he made some progress in arithmetic. Among ten thousand negroes there was not one who could boast of these acquirements, and the consequence was that Toussaint was looked up to by his companions in slavery. He attracted the attention of M. Bayou, who took him from the field labour, and made him his postilion. Compared with the condition of other slaves, this was one of dignity and profit. Toussaint employed all the leisure time afforded him by his new occupation, in improving his mind, and in acquiring that knowledge which did so much to improve his understanding and his manners, and prepared him for the high part he was to act.

When the black insurrection broke out in 1791, Toussaint was still a slave on the plantation where he was born. Among the chief conspirators were several friends of his who urged him to take part with them. But, whether from his native humanity he was shocked at the bloody spectacle of murder, or whether his love for his master hindered him from rushing on inevitable destruction, it is certain that he refused, obstinately, to take part in the first revolutionary movements. His master, not having fled at the breaking out of the rebellion, was in danger of falling a victim to it. Indeed, his death seemed inevitable; but Toussaint did not, in this critical moment, forget the humane treatment he had received from him. He resolved to save him, even at the risk of incurring the vengeance of his own countrymen. He made all the necessary preparations for his escape; and, having found means to ship off a considerable quantity of sugar to aid him in his exile, he sent him, with his family, to North America, taking all proper measures for his personal safety. Nor did Toussaint stop here. After M. Bayou had established himself in Baltimore, Maryland, Toussaint availed himself of every occasion to afford him some new proof of his gratitude. It must be confessed, that even the very best treatment which a slave can receive in the West Indies, demands but little gratitude; but a truly noble soul does not measure its acknowledgments by the benefits it has received. Toussaint forgot that he had ever been held in bondage, and only remembered his master's

kindness in alleviating the burden of his chains. Bayou had the good fortune to experience, in a negro, much more humanity, and much more gratitude than are often found in the most polished Europeans.

Having discharged this debt of gratitude, Toussaint no longer hesitated to enroll himself in the army that had been raised by the blacks, and which had now begun to be disciplined. He joined General Biassou's corps, and was appointed his lieutenant. Biassou possessed great military talents, tarnished, however, by a native ferocity. His cruelties rendered him odious. He was degraded from his rank, and the command given to Toussaint. The latter displayed high qualities; and, in the midst of prosperity, ever preserved the same humanity which had marked his conduct in adversity. Far from imitating the other chiefs, who flattered the mass in order to excite them to vengeance and crime, he endeavoured, both by precept and example, to inspire them with a love of virtue, order, and labour. The fertility of his genius, the solidity of his judgment, his untiring zeal in the discharge of the complicated functions of general and governor, with which he was charged, excited the admiration of all parties.

The following picture of him is from one of his enemies :—

“He has a fine eye; his look is keen and piercing. Scrupulously sober in his habits, he follows up his plans with an ardour which nothing can abate. He is a fine horseman, and rides with inconceivable swiftness, often travelling 50 or 60 leagues without stopping. His aides being unable to keep up with him in his rapid progress over the country, he often arrives at the end of his journey alone and unexpected. He usually lies down in his full dress, and gives but a very small part of his time to eating and sleeping.”

But Toussaint's integrity was remarkable. The Creoles, as well as the English officers who fought against him, jointly testify that he never violated his oath. Such was the absolute confidence placed in his word, that a great number of the planters and merchants who had taken refuge in the United States, returned to St. Domingo upon a mere promise of protection from him. He restored to them the property of which they had been despoiled, and ever afterwards showed himself worthy of their confidence.

As soon as Toussaint was invested with his new dignity, the war betwixt the negroes and their old masters ceased, and the French commissioners, who desired nothing so much as to get possession of the government of the colony, assented to the enfranchisement of the negroes, and assured them they would use all the means in their power to maintain their freedom. But a new civil war soon broke out between the partisans of *royalty* and those of the French Convention, and for some time the two parties fought each other with bloody obstinacy. Men of all colours flew to arms, and those two parties (royalists and republicans) embraced both whites and blacks in nearly equal numbers. Toussaint declared in favour of the royalists, and, by means of his courage and good conduct, that party soon became as successful and as powerful in St. Domingo, as it was unsuccessful and fallen in the mother country. Such were his eminent services during this war, that the King of Spain, having abandoned the coalition which the principal powers of Europe had entered into against the French Republic, gave him the grade of general in his army, and decorated him with the ancient military order of the country.

But Toussaint was not slow to perceive that sound policy forbade him longer to resist the French Government. The planters and royalists solicited aid from England, but by no means with a view to the enfran-



chisement of the blacks. The majority of these men yearned to see the British flag floating at St. Domingo, but much less as a means of re-establishing the Bourbons in France than themselves on their plantations. Toussaint saw himself reduced to the necessity of either receiving and recognising the republican commissioners, or joining the English and the French royalists, whom he knew to be actuated by a deadly hostility to the freedom of his countrymen. He did not hesitate a moment, but gave peace to the republicans, whom he had vanquished, and submitted to the authority of the Convention.

Though long invested with absolute power, Toussaint was never accused of abusing it. If at times he adopted vigorous rules, it was because he was driven to it by the laws of war or other circumstances, for he was by nature inclined to clemency. Many a time, although fully authorized by the rules of military discipline to take vengeance upon his enemies, he displayed towards them a generosity worthy of the most enlightened monarch in Europe. The following anecdote presents a memorable example of his clemency.

Four Frenchmen, who had played the traitor to him, fell into his hands. They all expected a cruel death. Toussaint left them for some days in a state of utter uncertainty as to the disposition he should make of them. At length, on the following Sabbath, he directed them to be taken to church. When that part of the service was pronounced which refers to the forgiveness of injuries, he went with them to the altar, and, after endeavouring to impress upon them the heinousness of their crime, he ordered them to be set at liberty, without inflicting any other punishment.

With such qualities, it is not surprising that he was beloved by the negroes who chose him as their chief, and esteemed by all strangers who had any connexion with him.

Toussaint retired to a plantation which bore the name of L'Ouverture. But the moment General Le Clerc, Bonaparte's brother-in-law, saw the black chieftain in his power, and tranquillity established in the colony, he resolved to seize him, and send him to France as an hostage.

About the middle of May, the frigate *Creole*, accompanied by the *Heros*, a ship of 74 guns, left Cape François during the night, and cast anchor in a small bay in the neighbourhood of Gonaïves. Several boats filled with troops passed to the shore. The troops landed, and immediately surrounded Toussaint's house, while he and his family were in bed. He was in a profound slumber, utterly unprepared for the danger which menaced him. Brunet, a general of brigade, and Ferrari, Le Clerc's aide-de-camp, entered his bed-room with a platoon of grenadiers, and summoned him to surrender, and go with his whole family on board the frigate. Toussaint saw at once that resistance was useless, and submitted to his fate, imploring his captors, however, to suffer his wife and children, more feeble than himself, to remain in his house. This was refused. Considerable force now arrived from the ships, and, before the alarm had time to spread, Toussaint and his whole family were carried on board the frigate. They were then transferred to the *Heros*, which immediately sailed for France. During the voyage, Toussaint remained shut up in his cabin, the door of which was carefully guarded, without being permitted for once to see his wife and children. The vessel arrived at Brest; he was put on shore, being only suffered to converse on deck, and for but a single moment, with his wife and children, whom he was no more to see. He was then placed in a close carriage, and conducted by a strong escort of cavalry to the Chateau of Joux, on the confines of Franche Comté and Switzerland.



He remained imprisoned here for some time, with only a black servant, who was as closely confined as himself. His wife was kept at Brest for two months, with her children, and afterwards sent to Bayonne—and was never heard of again.

On the approach of winter, Toussaint was transferred from the Chateau of Joux to Besançon, where he was confined, like the lowest criminal, in a dark, cold, and damp dungeon, which might have been regarded as his tomb. Let the reader picture to himself the horror of such a cell, to a man born under the sunny skies of the West Indies, where the want of air and warmth is never felt, even in prison. It is affirmed by some who are worthy of credit, that the floor of his cell was submerged by water. He lingered through the winter in this deplorable condition, and died the next spring. The French journals announced his death on the 27th of April, 1803.—*Hist. de St. Domingue*.

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In order to please her husband, Madame Bonaparte was obliged to sever the bands of friendship with some of her old acquaintances. Of this number were Mesdames Tallien and Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\*. The former had piqued the haughty sultan, by rejecting his love, and the latter was guilty of the far more heinous offence of penetrating his secrets. "I fear those two women," said he to Josephine, "and that is a strong reason for admitting them but very seldom into your presence." 'Twas necessary to obey the master; and thus the wife of the Consul, thwarted in all her attachments, deeply mortified and afflicted by these restraints, endeavoured as often as practicable, to indemnify herself at Malmaison, for the want of society at the Tuileries. But whether here or there, she was incessantly watched.

One day her friend, Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\* wrote her an affectionate letter, which reached her through the medium of a third person. Sure that her husband would know all about it soon after, she told the messenger who brought it, and in a loud tone of voice—"Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\* wants a favour of me—here is the answer," handing him a purse—"tell her I am very happy to oblige her." But the fact was not exactly so, for Josephine was, on the contrary, owing her for some trifles, and had not paid her. The former calculated upon having some future opportunity for explanation. But the present she sent was of course coldly received, and Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\*'s delicacy deeply wounded. They afterwards came near having a quarrel about it, and Josephine had to confess that she had not the courage to resist the despotism of her husband. They remained a little cold for a time—the one not being able to forgive Josephine for having humiliated her, and the other entertaining the idea, that, having arrived at the highest rank, a present from her hand was honourable under any circumstances. And in all this, the whole subject of difference was the mere manner of giving and receiving it.

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Madame Bonaparte was very fond of children, and had them always around her. She loved to put to them a thousand little questions, which she often accompanied with presents. One should have seen her on New Year's day. Her apartment was a perfect bazaar;—playthings of all kinds, every variety of sweetmeats, tasty stuffs, jewelry, and arms of the

most polished workmanship, were here seen in abundance. The manufactures of Sevres, Versailles, &c., shone here in all their splendour. Schoolboys received from her tokens belonging to their future professions;—some would get maps, some cases of mathematical instruments; others swords, pistols, &c. The young ladies would receive elegant combs, watches, necklaces, &c., which Josephine would present to them with that enchanting gracefulness of manner which ever characterized her. The children would then accommodate themselves with drums, helmets, fusees, dolls, and things for housekeeping. The joyous group would become obstreperous with laughter and noise; the mothers, who were, for the most part, the wives or the sisters of generals, all went away pleased and satisfied. This system wrought wonders. In delivering her presents, she was always careful to speak a kind word to the receiver, which was always remembered by his family, and served to unite the military gentlemen still more closely to her husband. Nor were the officers' wives without their share in her collection of New Year's gifts. In a word, the company left the chateau, enchanted with their reception, and each one singularly flattered by the marks of personal favour he had received. Each one appropriated to himself what was, in reality, only the fruit of an adroit policy, previously concerted between the First Consul and his wife.

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Switzerland had as yet remained such as it was during the French Directory, but the First Consul was now anxious to give it a new form of government—and twenty-four hours sufficed for the accomplishment of his ends. On the 8th of August, 1800, the Executive Committee of Switzerland signified to the legislative body, that the time had come for them to abdicate their authority, and presented to it the draught of a decree for the organization of a provisional government. Measures had been taken beforehand to insure success to this movement. The garrison was under arms, patrols stationed through the town, and strong detachments of infantry and cavalry guarded the entrance to the hall of deliberation. The Council was intimidated into obedience. A *miller*, from Zurich, was the only man who dared attempt any resistance; but he was soon forced to yield to numbers. The Senate, more courageous, referred the draught of decree to a committee, for examination. But they were told to deliberate on the spot, and not to wait for a committee to report. Twenty-five members separated themselves from their colleagues, and the rest, broken and dispirited, yielded to necessity. The public tranquillity was not disturbed for an instant by this Revolution. Thus did everybody submit to the government which Bonaparte saw fit to establish; his will was the law, so powerful were men's hatred for the past, and hope for the future. France, haughty and exulting in the success of her arms, secure now against the excesses of the revolution, and tranquil at home, enjoyed a secret pleasure in seeing her tyrants humbled, and returned with joy to her cherished tastes and employments.—*Mém. pour servir à l'histoire.*

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Forced alliances are subject to the vicissitudes of war.

“That a free nation (like the descendants of William Tell), secure in its independence, should have resolved to maintain it; that such a nation

should be able to do so, and should still renounce the duty, and barter away by treaty its most important right—a right whose inviolability it had so solemnly proclaimed—is a thing to be conceived of by those only who hold that public virtues exist only in theory.”—*Thoughts attributed to Sir Robert Wilson.*

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The following is the formula of the oath taken by Priests, according to the 6th Article of the Concordat:—

The clergy, before entering upon their functions, shall take an oath of fidelity to the First Consul, which shall be expressed in the following terms:—

“I do swear and promise to remain submissive and faithful to the government established by the Constitution of the French Republic. I engage, also, to hold no correspondence, to be present at no conversation, to form no connexion, either within or without the Republic, which may, in any manner, disturb the public tranquillity; and, in case I discover in my diocese, my parish, or elsewhere, anything prejudicial to the State, I will immediately communicate to the government *all* the information I may have,” &c.

Gonsalvi was, at this time, the negotiator on the part of Rome. He was an old friend of Cardinal Chiaramonti, who, having become pope, elevated him to the purple. Lucien Bonaparte took part in the negotiation as a diplomatist, although he attended to whatever seemed proper and necessary to give it complete success. 'Twas necessary to call home the prelates, embittered by a long persecution, to reconcile them openly with the new political system, without restoring to them what that system had taken away—in short, to bind the ministers of a holy religion to the new government of France, and thus to render them useful allies of its authority. To this Lucien wholly devoted himself, and succeeded. His delicate attentions, his polite and obliging manners, contrasted strikingly with the mal-address shown by Bonaparte himself, who, on these occasions, was sure to make it known that, having reached the pinnacle of power, he was exempted from all constraint, and from all those attentions which convenience and politeness require. We will cite an example.

He gave one day a great dinner, at which several of the newly promoted bishops, and of the old French clergy, were the principal guests. It was arranged that the First Consul should receive them with the greatest respect and politeness. Nothing in particular occurred at the table to show that he had forgotten himself; but, on the company's leaving the room, Bonaparte, full of the idea of the part he was to act, hurried up to the new Archbishop of Tours, and, with a sort of caressing air, said to him: “*Eh bien*, Monsieur de Boisgelin, did you relish your dinner?” He could think of nothing more happy for the occasion than that question.

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The declaration of Georges Cadoudal was, that Pichegru and Moreau had not become reconciled, and that they did not therefore meet; that, as to himself, Georges, he denied ever having seen Moreau in his life, previously to the day they were seated together at the trial. Pichegru, on being asked whether he was acquainted with Moreau, replied: “The whole world knows that I am acquainted with him.”



“Why did you conceal yourself?”

“Because,” said he, “if I had not concealed myself, I should have been arrested on the spot—a proscribed man must conceal himself.”

“Why did you not return into France like so many others of your countrymen, whose names were stricken from the list of emigrants during the events of Fructidor?”

“Many Frenchmen returned into France because they were recalled. I was not;” and added: “I quitted Germany only because I was pursued there. An attempt was made to arrest me at Baruth; I was obliged to take refuge in England.”

Pichegru’s firmness made Bonaparte fearful lest he might rise up in the midst of the accused, and make some terrible revelations respecting the events of the famous 13th Vendémiaire and 18th Fructidor, and his secret contrivances to obtain the supreme power.

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The death of the Duke d’Enghien was a political crime. Bonaparte having become First Consul, aspired to the crown. To succeed, he had to rely upon a part of the revolutionary chiefs who surrounded him. He made them take part in his project. The cowards who had a hundred times sworn to die for the independence of their country, sacrificed, without hesitation, her interests to their own elevation. Without hesitation!—I am wrong; they, indeed, felt an anxiety, but it was for their personal safety. Several had voted DEATH. All had a hand in the deed. Hear the language of one of them to Bonaparte—*ab uno disce omnes* :

“Nobody doubts that *liberty* in France is a chimera, and that the present constitution is an aberration. To repair our disasters, and prevent new ones, we must have a supreme chief; and who deserves the station more than you? But who shall unveil to us your whole mind? Who can assure us that, after having smoothed the way to the throne, you will not take it into your head to imitate MONK, and place the sceptre in the hands of the Bourbons? That would be a fine part for you to act—the sword of ‘*Constable of France*’ would await you. But for us, proscription would await us—the scaffold would claim us. Prove to us, then, that in aspiring to kingly power, you have no other wish than to preserve it; and we, your earliest subjects, will fall at your feet.”

What stronger proof could Bonaparte have given them of his desire to grasp the crown for himself, than the assassination of a prince of the blood? That of the Duke d’Enghien, or some other one, was resolved upon; and, because he was nearest to France, he was, finally, selected as the victim. It is well known who was to take him, where he was taken, the general who presided over the court martial, and the *favourite* who had command of the musketeers who shot him.

The prince, fatigued by a long and rapid journey, on arriving at Vincennes threw himself on a bed. He was asleep when he was called, and told he must come down; he was conducted into one of the trenches belonging to the chateau; it was dark; descending by torchlight through a subterranean way, and along damp stairs, he supposed they were taking him into a dungeon. “Why not,” said he, “shut me up in the dungeon where my grandfather (the great Condé) was confined?” He received no answer. Arrived at the last door, he saw a newly dug ditch, and a band of soldiers ready to take aim at him. “I wish to speak with Bonaparte,” said he. “That cannot be,” was the reply. “May I not have a con-

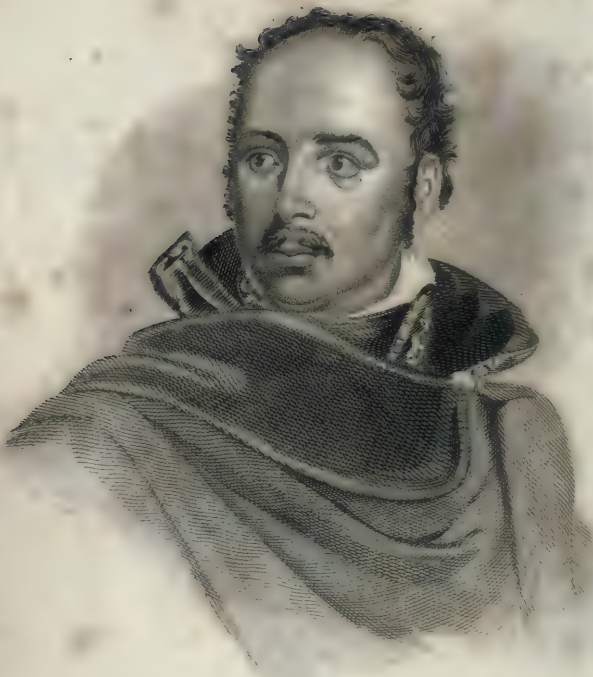


fessor?" he asked. "It is not possible, at this hour." A handkerchief was then offered him to bandage his eyes. "No!" said he, "a Bourbon looks death in the face." He then shouted "long live the king!"—and fell. A soldier threw himself upon the body in order to carry off his watch; the *favourite* repelled him with a blow of his sabre across the back, which broke the weapon in two; and then caused a heavy stone to be thrown upon the prisoner's head, in order to finish him, should life still linger. After his exhumation, this stone, which struck him on the top of the head, was deposited near his cenotaph. — *Mém. D. S. L. D. Lan.*

END OF VOL. I.







EUGENE BEAUHARNAIS.



HISTORICAL  
AND  
SECRET MEMOIRS  
OF THE  
EMPRESS JOSEPHINE,

(MARIE ROSE TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE.)

FIRST WIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY M<sup>LLE</sup> M. A. LE NORMAND,

AUTHORESS "DES SOUVENIRS PROPHETIQUES," ETC.

She is no more, that woman whom France hath surnamed the Good; that Angel of Goodness is no more. Those who knew her can never forget her. She dies regretted by her offspring, her friends, and her coteremporaries.

*Words of the Emperor Alexander.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY JACOB M. HOWARD, Esq.

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HISTORICAL AND SECRET  
MEMOIRS  
OF THE  
EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

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CHAPTER I.

“OF that time do I now behold the half-dubious path of events marked out by the Fates; for when thy years shall have accomplished eight times seven departures and returns of the sun, and those two numbers, each whereof, but for a different reason, is held to be a full number, shall, by a natural concurrence, fulfil the great destinies reserved to thee by the Fates. Then shall the state cast its fortunes wholly upon thee and thy name; then shall the senate, then shall all good citizens, then shall our allies, and all the people of Latium, turn their eyes to thee. Upon thee alone shall then depend the safety of the state. In short, thou alone, clothed with the power of Dictator, shalt be the support of the republic, if thou shalt but escape the impious hands of thy relations.”—SCIPIO’S DREAM.\*

A SINGULAR succession of events was now preparing the way for Bonaparte to seize the crown of his exiled masters. Like Archimedes, he only wanted a fulcrum and a powerful lever to raise the globe. He found both, the one in the adulation of

\* The following is the original passage:—*Sed ejus temporis ancipitem video quasi fatorum viam: nam cum ætas tua septenos octies solis anfractus viditusque converterit, duoque hi numeri, duorum uterque plenus, altæ alterâ de causâ, habetur, circiutu naturali.*—*Sammam tibi fatalem con-*

the Tribune, the other in the enthusiastic devotion of the army. With such supports, he had it in his power to shake all the monarchies of Europe, as a skilful mechanic, by means of his ropes and pulleys, raises and lets down the greatest weights. It was easy to see that the docility of the one, and the love of glory of the other, would enable him to do whatever he pleased. They were, indeed, useful instruments in his hands. They were ready to be put in play whenever he should loosen the springs which moved them. In vain would they have attempted to resist the motion communicated to them; they had to obey it, and it was useless for them to think of avoiding the onward movement.

That which consolidates a military state, is obedience. 'Tis that which makes all the members of the body politic co-operate to preserve a single head; 'tis that which annihilates individual interests, and establishes on their ruins one common cause. It closes every eye while it puts every arm in motion. It serves the twofold purpose of a bandage to hide the precipice, and a curb to restrain reason when she would talk of self-preservation.

Probably Bonaparte did not foresee the enormous power which the title of Emperor would give him. Everything leads me to believe that he was made giddy by the immensity of that

*fecerint, in te unum, atque in tuum nomen, se tota converterit civitas; te senatus, te omnes boni, te socii, te Latini intuebuntur: tu eris unus in quo nilatur civitatis salus; ac ne multa, dictator rempublicam constituas oportet, si impias propinquorum manus effugies.*"—*Opera Omnia Cic.*, vol. xii. p. 199.

This curious passage must not, however, be regarded as a prophecy. The Roman orator merely puts it into the mouth of Scipio Africanus, whom he introduces in a dream to Publius Cornelius Scipio, just before the latter destroyed Carthage, and while he was heading the expedition against that injured and ill-fated country. The old Africanus, in the same interview, gives utterance to a sentiment which, though perhaps less orthodox than patriotic, seems worthy of being quoted as applicable both to Napoleon and the false friends who deserted him in his hour of need.

"*Omnibus, qui patriam conservarint, adjuverint, auxerint, certum esse in cælo ac definitum locum, ubi beati ævo sempiterno fruuntur,*" &c.—

TRANSLATOR.



power. He was about to found an empire, and to give to it his laws. It was not enough, however, for him to be both prince and legislator; his subjects must be accustomed to submission. Those who had nothing to expect from court favours, soon learned to mourn over that shadow of liberty which they had enjoyed since 1789. They secretly leaned in favour of every attempt to restore that liberty, and the republican spirit of many among them kept alive the hope of one day re-conquering it. Still, the interior of France was shielded from the scenes of blood which might have been provoked by the audacity of some and the weakness of others, had the reins of government been in different hands. Bonaparte contented himself with sending a few intriguers into exile—a punishment to which even the cabals they belonged to could not reasonably object. He was not actuated by the wanton and cruel motive of fighting battles, merely to try the strength of his throne. He could at any moment send his orders through Europe, and cause them to be repeated by millions of mouths, and defended by millions of arms; and it was not necessary for him to prove to the world, his perfect ability to maintain his domination over the ruins of a republic whose conflagration began at the first moment of its existence, which was the murder of the king, and whose ruinous walls, still smoking with the blood of the august victim, were ever ready to tumble down and crush their founders;—a just, though tardy chastisement from a protecting Providence, who opened men's eyes, to make them the witnesses of their own punishment.

Bonaparte received continually the highest marks of confidence and good will from the two councils. For the rest, he remembered that, although he had not been proclaimed First Consul by their unanimous vote (a fact that gave him little concern), he had received that honour from the hands of the people, a circumstance that flattered him greatly. He said, correctly, that men of true courage seek for no other recompense than the glory of serving their country. "Men will for ever talk of me," said he; "posterity will remember me." "Yes," said I,

“you would be immortal if you had less ambition.” “Hear me, Josephine,” he replied;—“I would willingly place the brother of Louis XVI. on the throne, because that is just, and ought to be; yet I should always tremble before him, for, whenever he saw me, he would be forced to say to himself, ‘He who has had it in his power to place the crown upon my brow, is also able to remove it.’ Do you think a sovereign could be very fond of so dangerous a man? In me, the people hate what they would not hate in a legitimate monarch; in their eyes, I am nothing but a soldier. Do you think I could always stem this torrent of hatred, and from the height of honours descend into obscurity—be nothing, less than nothing, after having been everything?—languish on in the repose of a quiet but unknown existence? However delightful such a life might be, it could never blot from my memory the brilliant scenes I have enacted—scenes which would be for ever recurring to my imagination. No, such a life would make me miserable. I have been long reconciled with the republicans, and your husband, madame, will soon be seated upon the most splendid throne in the world.”

Carnot was one of those men whose opinions do not change with circumstances. An enthusiastic supporter of the new Republic, he used all his efforts in opposition to the imperial government. But, like so many others, he was constrained to bow down before the idol he had sought to overthrow. My husband never pardoned him for giving utterance to sentiments so contrary to his interests.\*

\* While I would render the fullest justice to the profound knowledge and acquirements of Carnot, I am constrained to say, that I never heard his name announced without a shudder. I had not forgotten the part he acted in the death of my first husband. His memory was ever dear to me, and when I saw one of the men approach me, who had confirmed the order for his arrest, my heart felt wounded, my eyes were bathed in tears; it recalled the memory of those mournful times. And yet, in his presence, I affected a sort of serenity, though I found it impossible to feign good will towards him. The terrible words “*Committee of Public Safety*”

Meanwhile the criminal court was proceeding with the trial of the conspirators against the life of the First Consul. General Moreau, having been committed to prison in the Conciergerie, and hoping for no favour after so bold a step had been taken against him, now busied himself in preparing his defence. His confinement was not so strict but that he was permitted to see his wife and to communicate freely with his counsel. Yet, too proud, as he himself said, of the testimony of his own conscience, he walked with head erect, and more resembled a general enjoying a triumph, than a prisoner accused of high treason.\*

Pichegru had also been arrested. It was known that for some time this general had been living in Paris, and the hatred of his enemies was not slow in taking satisfaction upon him. The unfortunate man was committed to the Temple. Sustained by a sense of his innocence, he supported this calamity with courage, less affected by his own humiliation than by the danger which menaced his country. He sent me a letter, confidentially,

still rang in my ears; and I used to feel really fatigued at the close of those interviews, which were so painful to all who wished to forget that dreary and melancholy portion of the past—a period painful, indeed, to a majority of the French people, who had been forced to endure the horrors of the Revolution.—*Note by Josephine.*

\* Moreau had certainly performed distinguished military services for the Republic. The following battles attested his bravery:—

Battle of Rastadt, July 5th, 1796, against Latour.

Battle of Ettingen, July 9th, 1796, against the Archduke Charles.

Battle of Biberach, Oct. 2d, 1796, against the Archduke Charles.

Battle of Hohenlinden, Dec. 3d, 1800, against the Archduke John, in which General Richepense was slain.

But all his military services for France were, surely, no excuse for his counselling with the known royalists and traitors Pichegru and Georges, and much less for his wearing Russian epaulets at the battle of Dresden, (where he was mortally wounded;) a fact which sufficiently confirms the previous charge of treasonable intentions, for which he was banished by the First Consul.—Traitors deserve no mercy. The safety of a state necessarily depends upon the fidelity of its subjects.—TRANSLATOR.

and I took good care not to let Bonaparte see it. I saw no means of saving him, and was afraid lest my own zeal in his behalf might prove fatal to him, in which case I should have had to reproach myself with accelerating his ruin. I thought it my duty to advise him to address himself directly to Fouché, promising to unite my influence with that of the minister, to obtain leave for him to reside in America. But his evil star, that had led him to bestow his confidence on a man whom he had the misfortune to regard as his friend, induced him to neglect the salutary hints which were conveyed to him by my orders; and I soon saw that the illustrious Pichegru had but a short time to live. (1)

While cowardly courtiers were employing all their arts to effect their criminal objects, Bonaparte, influenced by their advice, urged on with more earnestness than ever the trial which was to destroy the most faithful of Frenchmen. The Consul could not pardon Moreau's apparent modesty; "He is," said he, "an ambitious man; he would, if he could, place himself at the head of a party, and put down my authority; I intend to overthrow him. This I cannot fail to do by extending my conquests still further. I am always afraid of finding in my way a warrior as enterprising as myself."

I tried to correct his opinions as to the intentions of the general, who, by his implacable enemies, had been represented to him as burning with the thirst of power, and aspiring to the throne of France. But when I intimated to him that Moreau would not be convicted, he became enraged. "The proofs," said he, "are as clear as day. I well know what my duty imposes upon me, as the magistrate charged to watch over the safety of the state." He then, after some moments of reflection, consented that the judges should give him their private opinions as to the punishment to be inflicted upon the general.

France is well acquainted with the letter which the illustrious prisoner sent to Bonaparte before his sentence was pronounced. He preserved his dignity throughout, and gave the new emperor to understand that it had once depended upon him whether



he should obtain the supreme power. Napoleon could not dissemble his rage. "As long as Moreau lives," said he, "he will be my most formidable rival. Two suns cannot shine together upon the same horizon. One of them must be eclipsed, and my star must triumph over his." Fouché, who was present at this conversation, ventured some observations, to which I joined my own, telling my husband that he ought not to descend so low as to attempt to gain the opinion of the judges against Moreau, and give his agents such orders. "Fear," said he, with energy, "fear, madame, that I may increase their severity! Keep silence, at least, and do not provoke me—your audacity has already destroyed every disposition on my part to overlook his faults!" "I do not ask any indulgence for him—I never will ask any for his judges, if you will only do justice," said I, with a feeling of profound indignation.

This important matter continued to be discussed for several days before the criminal court, and the public had full time to form their conclusions before the argument ended. But few persons, and only those who were particularly designated, were permitted to enter the Tuileries. Bonaparte was afraid the conspirators would obtain some advantage, either by means of their intrigues, or by furnishing hints to the counsel who were engaged in the defence. Never did accused persons present more grounds to interest others in their favour. The courage of Georges Cadoudal, the grief of the two Polignacs, who, though born on the steps of the throne (as their counsel eloquently said), found themselves, by means of a terrible revolution, seated in the criminal's box;—Moreau, renowned for his victories—Moreau, who, had he not been paralyzed by a want of means, might, perhaps, have surpassed the conqueror of Italy:—all this, said the people who attended the trial, all this disproves the charge; the very appearance, the known virtues, the greatness, the honour of the accused, preclude the idea that they can be guilty of the crimes laid to their charge.

Alas, they had not uttered one word in their own defence before the spectators had made up their minds that they were inno-

cent—the public, I mean, who seldom err in their judgment if unseduced by others. Not one of the accusations was sustained by clear proof. The counsel for the prisoners shed a flood of light upon a part of the case; but the counsel for the government, in closing the case to the jury, replied, “You have been listening, gentlemen, to a tissue of gross lies, which I will not take the trouble to unravel; let it suffice to know that nothing is more false than what these conspirators have set up in their own defence, and in defence of their accomplices. — I demand that the question be put to vote.”

The vote was taken, and, as was to be expected from the prejudice existing against Moreau, whom to defend was to condemn, a majority of those cowardly creatures sentenced him to death.\* “When ambition engenders crime,” said they, “we must not wink at, but punish it.” The minority were in favour of imprisonment, some for a longer and some for a shorter time.

But the First Consul did not approve of the sentence of death, and when I heard of this I felt a sincere satisfaction, not only on account of Moreau, but on account of my husband and his safety. I had heard that the greater part of the spectators of that trial wore arms upon their persons, and that, had any signal been given, they were ready to leap over the feeble barriers which separated them from the General, and form around him a rampart of their bodies.

Who knows but those same arms might be directed against the life of his persecutor, and be instrumental in producing the most terrible catastrophes! I felt it my duty to warn Bonaparte of the possibility of such an outbreak; he pretended to believe nothing about it until Murat presented to him a report upon the state of public opinion, by which he was induced to save

\* Moreau’s trial made a great noise. Pichegru’s death gave rise to a thousand conjectures. Some said, “the satellites of Bonaparte have strangled him.” “No,” replied others, “he has committed suicide.” Whatever may have been the fact, the public settled down in the conviction that this atrocious act was to be attributed to Bonaparte’s advisers.

the life of his great rival in glory. A most touching scene took place in the criminal court. Scarcely was the terrible sentence pronounced, when the two young Polignacs threw themselves into each other's arms. "Save my brother—save my brother!" exclaimed the younger, in the most heart-rending accents;—"he has a wife to support; as for myself I have felt nothing but the thorns of life, and I shall meet death without fear and without reproach!"

The famous Georges Cadoudal, with extraordinary self-possession, dared to assert, in the face of this terrible Areopagus, that "*he who becomes a conspirator, ought to know how to die and hold his tongue.*" Speaking of the First Consul, he said: "Thou deceivest thyself, Bonaparte, if, in the excess of thy hatred, thou thinkest that, in dooming me to death, thou hast triumphed over me; on the contrary, I triumph over thee by dying with firmness. I give up to thy steel a head which life would, to a convicted man, only expose to vulgar insults—a head which, when lifeless, will, upon the scaffold where thy cruelty exposes it, be thine accuser rather than the evidence of thy successful vengeance. After having lived so long for the glory of my country, it only remains for me to die for her defence."

Charles d'Hozier thus apostrophized his judges: "You condemn me to-day; your turn will, perhaps, come to-morrow. But there is an avenging God, who will know how to punish you." All the accused displayed an imposing dignity, the badge of innocence.

Bonaparte did not take pride in the judgments which were pronounced. "I should," said he, "have pardoned certain of them for form's sake, and scarcely any of them deserved so severe a sentence." He could have wished, also, that Georges Cadoudal had so far humbled himself as to ask for a commutation of the capital sentence pronounced against him, to that of imprisonment for life; but the Vendéan chief preserved all his hardihood and all his pride. He even tore to pieces a memorial which was addressed and presented to him, in which his friends

tried to persuade him that he would obtain pardon, provided he would ask it.(2) It was not thus, however, with others of the condemned. The Duchess of Polignac used all her efforts to save her unhappy husband. She was presented to me; she spoke well, and expressed herself with that warmth of feeling which electrifies those to whom it is addressed. It doubtless cost much of her pride to be reduced to this kind of humiliation.

I wept with her, and concerted the means of introducing her to Bonaparte, who, during those mournful trials, had remained altogether unapproachable. I presented myself first; he put me off, without showing any symptoms of pity. I returned to that afflicted woman. "I hope everything from your goodness, madame," said she. "Alas!" I replied, with eyes filled with tears, "my feeble influence over the Emperor leaves me scarcely a ray of hope; nevertheless, I will again try to change his mind;—follow me." At the moment we were stationing ourselves in such a manner as to meet him as he passed, we heard the people's shouts, proclaiming the sentence of death against those unfortunate persons. "In a short time," exclaimed I, without noticing Madame Polignac, whom I had upon my arm, "in a short time the most of them will cease to live!" My husband was passing out of his cabinet to give some order. His severe, dark physiognomy expressed the displeasure he felt at seeing us. Madame de Polignac scarcely breathed. She instantly threw herself at the feet of the new Cæsar. While all France was burning incense to Bonaparte, why should she, a woman overwhelmed by the deepest distress, a wife and a mother, with every possible reason to deprecate the blow that was about to fall upon her—why should she rebel against the universal enthusiasm which he inspired? Her soul was full of feeling and confidence; she was sick, afflicted with physical suffering, mental anguish, and deep despair; she was alone, feeble, dying—passing into oblivion. Alas! with a wife so afflicted, how could Polignac be guilty? "Save him! save him! sire," she exclaimed in a voice of agony; "establish your



power upon the basis of clemency!" "Begin," said I, by way of aiding her suit, "begin to be generous. One word from you, Bonaparte, will restore to this weeping wife the being she most loves upon earth; the most lovely prerogative of a sovereign is the power to pardon! Use it—use that sublime faculty to perpetuate your glory, and let the first days of your reign be distinguished by deeds of charity and kindness!" I knew well the effect which these energetic words would have upon him, and was not deceived in my expectation. He promised to save Polignac. "I can pardon your husband, madame," said he to the duchess. "He has offended no one but me. A few acts of clemency at the commencement of my reign cannot hurt me." He seemed for a moment melted to pity; but, fearing we might think he was about to extend the like indulgence to others of the condemned, he quitted us, casting at me a glance which seemed to say, "I hope you, at least, are satisfied; but spare me, henceforth, such applications." His air became more tranquil, and he strove to hide the tumultuous thoughts which agitated him.

I could not but testify to Madame Polignac the happiness it gave me, to have been selected as the advocate of her cause; and assured her that certain powerful personages had united their efforts to afford her, in the midst of her ills, all the succour, or, at least, every consolation in their power; and that the preference which she had seen fit to give me in the matter, was justified by the zeal and sincerity which I had consecrated to her service.

At that time, how many circumstances were there to awaken my surprise and my sensibility! I felt unwilling to leave the other proscribed persons, in their present cruel situation. I directed one of my most faithful people to repair in disguise to Moreau, in order to persuade him to solicit permission to go to America. I had conferred on the subject with Fouché,\*

\* Fouché did not approve of Napoleon's extreme measures—"We must temporize," said he;—"violence is an approach towards weakness, and an act of clemency will do more to restrain them than the scaffold."

and was convinced that this proposition, if made by some other person than myself, would meet the approbation of my husband. While waiting for my messenger's return, I sent to beg General B\*\*\*, the commandant of the chateau of Vincennes, to treat his new prisoners with humanity, and permit them to communicate freely with one another. As to Georges Cadoudal, he was tired of life. When he was about to mount the scaffold, a last proposition was made to him. He replied with the frankness of a hero, who feared nothing but the reproaches of his conscience. "Bonaparte," said he, "would do wrong to pardon me; our mutual dislike does not permit us to resort to dissimulation; from what I have attempted to do, let him judge of that I am capable of undertaking;—it will show him that he must regard me as his most constant but generous enemy, so long as a Bourbon shall exist on the face of the earth. I dare speak to him the severe language of truth. After all, he is but a man favoured by fortune. In the eyes of legitimate monarchs, Napoleon can only act the part of a Julius Cæsar, and I foresee that he will in his turn come to a deplorable end."

Bonaparte's advisers did not pride themselves upon a scrupulous fulfilment of their engagements;—or, I should rather say, faithlessness formed the basis of their characters. They flattered themselves that their master, while he seemed to consent to Moreau's departure to the United States, would easily find means to render that part of his punishment illusory by covering with ambuscades the road he was to travel. These satellites "took it for granted, that Moreau would perish before he reached the place of his destination." But they were mistaken; never did Napoleon conceive such a thought. The moment it became apparent, that Moreau's friends would present to him that sort of capitulation, he ordered the commissioners of the marine to make every preparation for the voyage of the illustrious exile. With a sentiment of pleasure which he could not conceal, he hastened to inform me, that the ocean would soon place betwixt him and his rival, a barrier which he

regarded as eternal.—He was then far from perceiving the secrets which the dark future concealed from him.(3)

This sentence did not, of course, satisfy the different parties, who, unenlightened by it as to their respective destinies, explained it each in their own way, and with reference to their own intentions. They flattered themselves that these reflections would open to them the cave of Trophonius.\* Every situation in life has its lesson for man, and he is truly worthy of the name of man who receives the favours of fortune, or meets the frowns of adversity with unruffled brow.

Like all persons, I then supposed that none but Moreau could fall from the Tarpeian rock without abandoning all hope of the future success of his cause. The moment of misfortune is the one when the truly great man displays the highest energy. Do not let me pretend to pity him; when I saw him struggling with adversity, I could not but admire him.

“Whatever may be the moral force which we receive from nature and from virtuous habits or education, it is hard, indeed, to forgive either men or one’s country for having prevented

\* That famous oracle of Bœotia was upon a mountain, in an inclosure of white stones, on which were erected brazen obelisks. Within this inclosure was a cavern shaped like an oven, hewn out by human hands. The descent was by means of a small ladder, there not being room enough for stairs. At the bottom of the first hole, which was very narrow, there was another cavern still narrower, into which the visitor was compelled to crawl. He was required to carry in each hand a kind of composition of honey; he passed his feet into the aperture, and immediately felt himself drawn downward with considerable force and rapidity. Here the future was made known to him, sometimes by seeing, sometimes by hearing. He then crawled out of the cavern feet first, and was immediately placed upon the stool of Mnemosyne, where he was questioned as to what he had seen or heard. He was then taken, half-crazed, into the temple of the Good Genius, where he was left to recover from his fright, and required to write upon a tablet what he had seen or heard, and which the priests appeared to interpret in their peculiar manner.—What increased the horror of the cavern was that the penalty of death awaited those who presumed to interrogate the god without making all the requisite preparations.

one's doing the good he aimed at." Such were the well-founded reflections of Moreau, when exiled from France. He for a while hesitated between the desire to vindicate himself in the eyes of the companions of his glory, and the necessity of respecting the circumstances which commanded him to be silent. He dared make no explanation in the presence of the guard by whom he was surrounded; and his sad looks betrayed the deep anguish of his soul. But he should have told them "that the victories of Bonaparte would yet be strangely inflated by his self-love, and that, like other conquerors, he would finally depart from the way of prudence and moderation: That the greatest misfortune which can befall a sovereign is to lend a complacent ear to the advice of the dangerous men who surround him. One of the greatest faults of a sovereign is ingratitude, which makes him forget the services of the brave men who by their courage have contributed to the prosperity of the state. Whenever Napoleon is guilty of injustice, he will alienate the hearts of his new subjects, and lose all right to their respect, their love, and their fidelity." And thus he did speak, when, having passed the seas, he landed upon that happy shore where a free, generous, and hospitable people now reigns.

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## CHAPTER II.

BONAPARTE, now become Emperor, was far from acting the part of Cromwell. He was altogether a stranger to the crimes of the different factions which succeeded each other with such rapidity since the destruction of the monarchy. On the contrary, he had in some degree restrained them. What pains had he taken—what care had he bestowed, in endeavouring to extirpate the hydra which had for fifteen years been devouring France, and ravaging without pity her most beautiful provinces!



—My husband, I say, who had in reality never, in the slightest degree, contributed to the misfortunes of the Bourbon family, by no means resembled the famous Protector, stained with the blood of his king. But would the modest title of Protector have been sufficient for Bonaparte? Might he not rival the most trifling sign of royalty without destroying his work? His position was utterly unlike that of Cromwell. While he remained the chief magistrate of the new republic, he was constrained to recognize its principles, and caress its founders. To use an expression of the good Henry IV., “the most of them smelt of the old leaven of the League.” But those “*incorruptible citizens*” were no strangers to the crimes of the Revolution. They had not yet forgotten the famous “committees” of that period, and sometimes, even in my husband’s presence, argued that they had rendered eminent services to the country, and done much towards introducing liberal ideas. This was enough to excite the natural jealousy of Napoleon against them; he was afraid some new Catiline might start up among them; and, consequently, declared war upon those sons of Brutus, and especially those of them who disapproved of his re-establishing public worship in France, and affording a degree of security to the Catholic clergy. The pompous words Liberty and Indivisibility, did not awe the head of the French government. He had arrived at his object, and meant to sustain himself. He ridiculed the authors of the recent law. He caused to disappear those disgusting images representing what was called the *Goddess of Liberty*. Nobody dared any longer use the hideous costume of 1793; the famous red caps were removed from the tops of the public monuments, as they had for some time past ceased to be worn on everybody’s head.

Bonaparte now contented himself with displaying a kind of popular talent, although he was secretly and really engaged in diminishing the immense power of the different popular parties. “I will,” said he, continually, “establish a solid government; but I stand in need of good workmen. Among those whom I despise, there are some whose talents I admire, but whose prin-

ciples I detest. I intend to use them as machines, necessary in erecting and sustaining the edifice of my power. So long as I was Bonaparte, they were my equals ; but, become Emperor, I must make them subjects. The most of them owe their fortunes to me ; the rest, in order to preserve the fruits of their speculations, will, by a sense of their own interests, be compelled to hoist my banner. It will be a curious spectacle," he added, with a smile, "to see such and such ones bedizened with lace and covered with *cordons*. I shall assign each his part in the play." Then, immediately resuming his serious air, he said—"Do you think I will yield them my entire confidence? Never! But unless I affect to give them some useful employment, those political chameleons will become dangerous ; and the moment they shall accept the titles I intend to give them, those proud republicans will become my slaves. It is my purpose, however, to establish a kind of set-off for them, and the chains with which I destine them to be loaded, shall glitter with the baubles of favour. The philosopher and the scholar will see nothing about them but the evidences of a change in their opinions, and the badge of their ancient servitude." Thus reasoned my husband only a few days after he was proclaimed an Augustus.

The plan was ably conceived, and he certainly did not overrate his power, when he foresaw that it would be adopted both by his friends and foes.

I employed the language of Bacon, and said to him—"Every one, in his own fancy, builds a little world whereof he is the centre, around which revolve all kinds of opinions, crossing each other's orbits, eclipsing, avoiding, approaching each other, at the will of the grand motive power, self-love. Truth sometimes gleams out in the midst of these confused and tangled motions ; but it appears only for a moment, and passes on,—like the sun at noon, we behold it without being able either to stay or follow its course."

"Peace now exists ; and peace is in itself a thing so lovely that nothing ought to be omitted to preserve it, or at least the





MURAT.



hope of it. Why sound the alarm?—why sow the seeds of distrust and excite animosities? Is it a sure method of preserving peace, to abdicate the modest title of consul, and immediately assume one more pompous? Is it, moreover, consistent and prudent, while you are setting forth the causes of war, to labour to show that all power is now lodged in the hands of the conqueror of Marengo? \* that he is ready to aggravate his provocations towards Germany, by seeking to demonstrate to her that all the strength will henceforth be on one side, and all the weakness on the other and that she will probably find herself without resources to sustain the conflict? Hear me further; You well know that true valour detests butchery as much as it loves glory;—does an enemy yield? She ceases to strike;—she covets not blood, but honour, and even her enemy becomes dear to her if victory has cost her a great effort.”

He replied with ill-humour—for I began to embarrass him:—“As against the passions,” said he, “what is mere gallantry without courage? It is their slave; courage is their master.”

This conversation was without any result. I saw quickly that it was against his views, and particularly when I spoke in favour of the French princes. Their return had become the more difficult that he was in possession of their throne. To excuse himself in a manner to those who could not reconcile the idea of his virtues with his enterprising character, he said,

\* After the battle of Marengo was gained (it is known to whom it belonged), the First Consul, leaving his suite by themselves, went into one of those small houses which are built among the vines for the purpose of protecting them. He strode rapidly lengthwise and across the room, which was neither long nor broad, and seemed absorbed in a profound revery. General Lacué, his aid-de-camp, entered to make him a report. Bonaparte heard him, but with marked inattention, and recited to him, in a loud voice, and with great warmth, the following lines from the “Death of Pompey:”—

“J’ai servi, commandé, vaincu quarante années,  
Du monde entre mes mains j’ai vu les destinées;  
Et j’ai toujours connu qu’en tout événement  
Le destin des états dépendait d’un moment.”

with an air of frankness, "What would you have me do? The throne has been vacant since the death of Louis XVI. The Jacobins disdained to sit upon it; I have taken possession of it in order to exterminate those sons of Brutus." To others he said, "I have written to the Pretender, but his answer is not at all such as I wished it to be. Besides, the people have sucked the milk of the Revolution, and henceforth a Bourbon will be a stranger among the French." Whenever I was present, I exclaimed against such revolting injustice, and pointed out to him how dangerous to himself might be the consequences. "Who can tell," said I, "where your dynasty will end? Perhaps it may soon fall to a *woman*." This remark made him furious. "I shall know well, when the time comes," said he, "how to choose a successor." Long did he cherish the idea that the eldest son of Louis Bonaparte should inherit his sceptre and his power.(4)

I was not now unhappy; but I perceived that I was by degrees becoming so. Napoleon dreamed of nothing but invasions. The whole extent of Europe was too circumscribed for his exploits. "I mean," said he to his courtiers, "soon to be sole sovereign of the world. My house will one day occupy the principle thrones on earth." His hearers sometimes admitted the possibility of such a result, and sometimes smiled with pity at hearing him reason thus. He was not a man to take a single retrograde step when he had once begun an undertaking. Discreet by nature, the conquests which he meditated were never known to others. He possessed the art of looking through the characters of men.\* He despised them,

\* "I despise men," said he to me, one day, "because almost all those who surround me are vile and corrupt. Such and such ones" (naming them to me), "are so servile towards me, that, should I order it, they would sacrifice the peace of their families, and their dearest affections. I admit, it is very flattering to me to inspire such a blind confidence. Duroc, Berthier, Caulincourt, have often used the language of remonstrance, for which they have certainly lost none of their master's esteem. I am sure of the attachment of those three persons. One of them, you know, madame, has given me the

but was, at the same time, master of the wonderful faculty of making them subservient to his purposes.

The nearer my husband approached the highest step to which inconstant fortune sometimes elevates men, the dimmer became the last gleam of earthly happiness which shone around me. 'Tis true, I enjoyed a magnificent existence. My court was composed of persons of great name, of ladies of the first rank, who all solicited the honour of being presented to me. To some of them were assigned honorary situations in my family. The Duchess of Rochefoucauld was appointed *dame d'honneur*, and Madame Wals de Seran her attendant. I could no longer dispose of my time.(5) I was constrained to submit, at all times, to the rigorous usages of etiquette; and the Emperor directed that it should be as severe as it had anciently been at the chateau of Versailles.\* Of course, I was surrounded with all the appliances of the old monarchy, a thing which I perfectly understood, and which I was glad to see adopted. I also saw

most striking proof of it, and that under circumstances of the gravest character, which I could sincerely wish, for the honour of the age, to forget. The great, when they command an act of injustice, are too faithfully obeyed. We are certainly bound to resist courageously the public authorities, when they abuse their powers, powers intrusted to them only to protect the people, and sustain the dignity of the state. Caulincourt has, I repeat, served me too faithfully. He has occasioned, both to himself and me, eternal regrets. You alone, Josephine, were right; and I will here say to you, what Louis XVI. said, in speaking of her whom he regarded as his best friend:—'Madame, your *solidity* is worth more than that of most of my counsellors.' I am willing to admit the principle, that your sex is sometimes more clear-sighted than ours. But, madame, don't let this flatter your vanity, for your faults are repeated so often. . . . .''—*Note by Josephine.*

\* The Emperor held to every one's doing his duty, and always sternly insisted upon it. He wanted every one to attend to the service with which he was charged, and in the minutest details. He sometimes growled, and especially at the women. If, however, the person complained of had courage enough not to be awed by him, but to show him that he was without fault, he would become good-natured, and say no more about it.—*Note by Josephine.*

those *new men* who were infected with the crimes of the Revolution, coming humbly to solicit a look from the new queen. Oh ! how despicable did the human race then seem to me ! I could not help bestowing some of my thoughts upon my old friends, who, like myself, disapproved of Napoleon's surrounding himself with such an infernal set. He was infinitely afraid of them, and I could not help telling him that, had he consulted me in selecting the persons for the discharge of the highest functions, I should have exacted from many of them a strong guarantee. He was so struck with the justness of my observations, that it became extremely difficult for him to find proper persons to be appointed to the different places in the imperial administration. Nevertheless, in a career so new to him, he displayed the vast genius of Cicero, and discovered, in the mere civil administration, new fields of glory. He proved himself as able an administrator of the government, as he had been an intrepid warrior, with one hand boldly sustaining the dignity of the empire, and with the other repairing the wrongs and errors of a government as pusillanimous as it had been culpable. In the midst of this enormous labour, his mind often became a prey to the most melancholy forebodings ; he was afraid of losing, in a moment, the fruits of eight years of victory ; and this fear rendered him, at times, extremely unhappy.

He read but little, though he was fond of perusing good authors. A few days after his elevation to the throne, chance threw in his way an extract from some one of the Chinese writers on morals. He met with the following passage :—

“The intriguer sometimes meets with great success, but he is subject to great reverses. The man who is straightforward, and without ambition, rarely acquires a great fortune, but he has few disasters to fear.”

He threw aside the book with an air of indignation. “I am,” said he, “above fear, and I prefer the first part to the second,” I recalled to his mind this maxim of Seneca :—“The light stucco of the outside imposes upon few ; truth, on whatever side it is viewed, is always the same ; falsehood has no con-



sistence ; a lie is transparent ; a little attention enables one to see through it."

"Seneca," said he, with some warmth, "may have been right ; but Seneca would probably have been my dupe ; I have become able so to counterfeit myself as to give the lie direct to the philosopher of Cordova."

Meanwhile, he was receiving from every part of France congratulations upon his advent to the throne ; while I myself sighed in contemplating the immense power he had acquired. The more I saw him loaded with the gifts of fortune, the more I feared his fall. I did not dissemble my apprehension that his phantom of a government would always rest upon pillars of clay. I knew that those who expected no favours from the court, who still mourned over the loss of that shadow of liberty the vague idea of which they had once so fondly caressed, must always lean secretly towards whatever tended to restore it—a temper of mind which had long been strengthened by that boldness of thought which is peculiar to republican principles.

I did not cease to impress upon him the difficulty of managing the thousand interests which agitate an extensive empire. "There are some men," said I, "who are intimidated by the mere contemplation of events from which others are able to derive great advantages ;—and such is precisely the history of modern France."

"Of course," he replied, "there will be agitations on all sides ; but my government will be firm and vigorous ; it will impose silence upon every one ; perverse and wicked men will perhaps labour in the dark to destroy it ; hatred will lie concealed, in the expectation of being sooner or later enabled to take advantage of some possible relaxation of the military discipline, and to raise rebellions in the provinces. But I shall see that justice reigns. I shall protect the people, because they, in their turn, protect me, and I shall take care not to trust too much to my courtiers, preferring to sound the depths of truth with my own hand."

I certainly encouraged such sentiments ; they aimed at no-

thing but the welfare of France;—and on that point we were always agreed. Whenever he withdrew himself from that herd of flatterers who perpetually besieged him, and did me the honour to yield me his confidence, I found in this same Bonaparte\* the soldier's father, the nation's faithful and generous protector, and the most determined enemy of faction.

In order to give an air of legitimacy to Napoleon's accession to power, he thought it necessary to go through the ceremony of a coronation, and commenced the requisite preparations for that event. There was not, however, according to his ideas, any bishop in France worthy to place the crown upon the head of the French Cæsar. No one but the sovereign pontiff was competent to preside at the triumph of the modern Charlemagne. There was, however, a good deal of difficulty in determining the common father of the faithful to legalize in any way, by his presence, this *worldly usurpation*. But, happily, the plan was managed with so much adroitness, that Napoleon was enabled to congratulate himself upon the blind submission of the sovereign of Rome. It was, certainly, to triumph over a great danger to receive, so peacefully, the patrimony of Henry IV.; but it was a far more difficult and signal achievement to overawe the Vatican, and to constrain the successor of the pontiffs, who had so often menaced the most absolute kings with the Apostolic thunders, to come and humble himself before one who would fain have been looked upon as the hero chosen by Providence to chastise men, re-establish religion, and rebuild her temples.

\* The Emperor on parade, and the Emperor at home with Josephine, were two such different persons that they would not have been taken for each other. The former wore a sad, cold, serious, and careworn countenance; the latter, almost always an air of gaiety and good humour, enlivened with a smile. He had, as everybody knows, the finest teeth in the world, and was well shaped, notwithstanding his short stature. He had a delicate and well shaped hand, and knew it, and took great pains with it. His leg and foot were also elegantly shaped. His stockings were neat and generally a good fit, though he seldom wore them tied.—*Note by Josephine.*

Napoleon, now at the height of power, could not but be agreeably surprised at this passive submission of a venerable old man. "I shall, madame," said he, "derive a great advantage from it, and the French will not with indifference behold me labouring, in conjunction with Pius VII., again to make the Lord's vine flourish. I want him to reside in my palace; the presence of the Holy Father is necessary to the purification of that place, which, since the Revolution, has become the abode of the powers of hell."

Orders were given to meet the vicar of Jesus Christ on his way to Paris, and apartments were assigned him. "Nothing can now resist me," said Napoleon, smiling; "I shall soon rule the whole world—what did I say?—I am going to possess the keys of Paradise. What can hinder me from taking a peep in there myself one of these days, and seeing what is going on?" It was the Emperor's habit thus pleasantly to while away his leisure moments. But, for the rest, he was indefatigable at work; and in actual labour, he far surpassed his ablest ministers. The most splendid repast never saw him more than twenty minutes at table.(6) He was never in bed more than three hours during the night. At the commencement of the consulate, he would often awake me from my sleep to talk about his projects. I found, however, that these long vigils were wearing away my health, and entreated him to dream alone upon the common good of France, and certainly was not sorry when he prolonged his stay in his private study—for then I totally forgot all politics, in which I felt little interest; and gave myself up to the sound sleep whose refreshing influence I stood in need of.

Napoleon left Paris for the purpose of meeting the Holy Father. They saluted each other with the kiss of peace.\* I

\* Napoleon brought the pope from Fontainebleau to Paris in his own carriage. They sat tête-à-tête during this passage. What was remarkably singular about it, was the regiment of *Mamelukes*, who marched immediately behind the carriage, accompanied by the whole of the guard. People laughed to see the Mohammedans vying with one another in respect for

experienced real sorrow at seeing the Roman pontiff. My heart sank within me; for everything seemed to me to foretell that these two men would become enemies. The one was paying a visit to France to confirm the re-establishment of religion, while the other was intent upon nothing but the confirmation of his power and authority. Napoleon did not pretend to prop himself up by means of the pope's authority, although he was persuaded of the necessity of reverting to ancient ideas in the matter of the coronation. He would willingly have sacrificed millions to obtain from the cathedral of Rheims that marvellous *Ampula*, which religion had there preserved for the consecration of kings.(7)

The marked humility of Pius VII. did not awe the new Emperor. "He is an Italian," said he to me; "we are each seeking to entrap the other. 'Tis no matter what posterity may say about Chiaramonté; I must attend to my own business. My wish is to make the ceremony of my coronation magnificent and imposing. In splendour it shall surpass that of any of the Kings of France.\*

Deputies were summoned from every department to assist at

the vicar of Jesus Christ. The public foresaw that the followers of the prophet would adorn the triumphal procession to Nôtre Dame; and their curiosity was not on this occasion disappointed. That which many had supposed impossible, was, to the great astonishment of the Romish clergy, now realized; and on that ever memorable day, the Crescent figured by the side of the Cross.

\* The whole of the population of the capital, as well as the most distinguished citizens from the departments, were ranged along the way where the imposing cortège was to pass. The pope's carriage was preceded by a Roman prelate, bearing the external symbol of our salvation. He was mounted on a *black mule*, and his attitude seemed singular enough to the Parisians, who burst out into a hearty laugh, at seeing *Monseigneur* sitting plump upright upon his nag, and preserving, in the midst of the shouts and jeers of that immense multitude, so fond of caricature, the *phlegm* and the *gravity* required by his functions, but of which the spectators had not the slightest conception. For them it possessed only the merit and the attraction of novelty.



it. The great dignitaries of the empire appeared, surrounded with the most imposing splendour;—in a word, nothing was omitted that could in any way make this imperial ceremony recall to the minds of men the Roman triumphs. But I looked with unconcern upon the preparations for this superb fête. Indeed, I sank into a deep melancholy, and trembled at the thought of the new restraints which my husband was about to impose upon me. The luxury and *éclat* of that memorable day were irksome to me. Sometimes I seemed to behold the spirit of Louis XVI. gazing with pity upon me. Again I seemed to hear the voice of some evil demon, approaching with a design to murder me; and my anguish was increased by the apprehension that all which was then passing around me, would one day become matter of reproach. What earthly power then could have constrained me to enter Nôtre Dame, had I not made a solemn promise to do so?\*

After Napoleon had received the holy unction, and after I had been crowned by him, I was compelled to receive and respond to the congratulations of the members of the court. The uniformity of the compliments was such that I soon relapsed into the reflections which had given me so much pain and anxiety. While thus wholly absorbed, I heard a voice which was dear to me—'twas my husband's—"What!" said he in a low tone, "what! Josephine in tears?—is she alone, on this glorious day, a stranger to the happiness of him whom she alone ought to love?" He emphasized the last word; his eyes sparkled, and his brows were knitted, giving to his face an expression of sternness. General Duroc came and whispered something in his ear. I heard him answer, distinctly, "Very

\* Some days before the coronation, it was noticed with surprise that Josephine was suddenly overcome by melancholy. She herself seemed unable to assign any cause for it. Bonaparte noticed it and spoke of it; she said to him—"For a time, I flattered myself that my husband would yet surpass himself;—that illusion has now vanished." When she received the crown from the hands of Napoleon, she could not restrain her tears;—they flowed in abundance.

well ! very well !" —after which his countenance became more serene.

The part I now had to act was very painful to me. Compelled to be continually *en representation*,<sup>(8)</sup> I remembered with bitterness of heart the happy moments I had spent at Malmaison ; —and thought even of my modest hotel on Chantierne Street. I could not help comparing what I was when I inhabited it, with what I was at this moment ; and I admit with perfect frankness, that so heavily did the weight of my present grandeur press upon me, that in casting my eyes back upon the past, I deeply regretted that sweet liberty which was now ravished from me for ever. It became almost impossible for me to see my former friends ; I was anxious to contribute to their happiness, but Napoleon had deprived me of the means. The strictest surveillance was established at the chateau ; the countersign was as rigorously enforced as if his guard had been watching over the defence of a fortified town. Duroc kept a list of all those who were permitted to enter the Emperor's apartments, and every evening rendered his master an account of the events that took place. The minutest details were submitted to the Emperor's inspection, and he spent a good deal of his time in the amusement of examining them. He was offended if the grand marshal concealed from him the smallest particular. Whenever he discovered such concealment, his suspicious mind would conjure up a thousand phantoms. His imagination was filled with conspiracies, and he seized with avidity upon the slightest circumstances going to prove their existence. Hence the innumerable countersigns which followed each other in such rapid succession. There were times even when I could not admit Tallien into my presence.<sup>(9)</sup> To be thus shut up rendered me doubly unhappy, for my sensitive heart needed to recline upon the bosom of friendship.

We paid frequent visits to the august stranger who had deigned to become our guest. The Holy Father penetrated the secret designs of Napoleon, who, in his turn, made his holiness the subject of his most careful observation. That paternal frank-

ness which was at first evinced, now no longer united the two sovereigns ; nor did that mutual respect which was at first manifested, any longer preside at their interviews.

Napoleon was in the habit of visiting the Holy Father without any etiquette, though he preserved the external forms of respect towards him. It was easy to see, however, that Napoleon was becoming tired of the ceremony. He said to me one evening—"Madame, Pius VII. displeases me ; whenever the affairs of the church are alluded to, he becomes grave and silent, and seems to imagine himself still sitting upon the pontifical throne. He undoubtedly hopes to overawe me ; but Cardinal Chiaramonté knows full well that his dear brother in Jesus Christ has also had his trials and temptations : two foxes cannot long hunt each other in the same woods. The pope, for his own repose as well as mine, ought to leave immediately. The popular meetings which are now taking place at the Carrousel, are beginning to trouble me ; I am afraid of the ascendancy of the priests ;—I shall make use of them, because that is necessary ; but it has gone far enough ;—their triumph must stop here, and the Father of the faithful must return forthwith to his estates."\*

Napoleon did not long delay the preparations for the departure of the sovereign pontiff. When the latter took leave of him and gave him the apostolic benediction, the Emperor was really touched ; for myself, I was penetrated with a feeling of the deepest veneration at witnessing the holy conversation, the fervour, the disinterestedness of that worthy successor of the apostles ; and I cannot even now without emotion recall the last words he addressed to me on taking his leave :—"Madame,"

\* The pope lived in great simplicity at the Tuileries. He took his meals by himself, and said his mass at eight o'clock. Three of the apartments were generally filled with visitors, and the stairs were incumbered with them. The Holy Father bestowed his blessings, and distributed chaplets. So far did he carry his apostolic zeal, that he laid his hands upon the head of the sick, and, in order to work their speedy cure, touched them with the *annulus piscatoris*.

said he, raising his eyes to heaven, "the tranquillity of Europe, as well as my own, has induced me to yield to your husband's commands. For this, man may perhaps blame me; but God alone will be my judge."

When Napoleon saw that illustrious wayfarer depart, he was far, very far from believing in the success of his projects upon the Roman states. And yet he persuaded himself, a few years afterwards, that it would be a glorious act to undertake their execution.

He thought he should for ever travel on a thornless path; but, alas! the ambitious man possesses no assurance for the future. At first, he mounts the lowest round of the ladder; that attained, he ascends still higher; the greater his elevation, the more dangerous it becomes, and the greater his need of a firm prop to sustain him.

As wife of the First Consul, I was happy, indeed, because I was enabled to render him innumerable services; but, elevated to the rank of Empress, I found all the avenues to the throne so beset by men of every condition and of every faction, that I ceased to exert the same empire over Napoleon's mind. Having reached the height of human greatness, he thought himself invulnerable. Such, however, was my frankness, that, at times, I ventured to tell him my whole mind, and point out the ways which I thought he ought to pursue. This nettled him; and after the coronation he began to manifest a distrust of me. He was offended by the doubts I presumed to express as to the stability of his government, and became angry whenever I ventured to compare his court with the old court of Versailles.<sup>(10)</sup> In short, he told me I had better, henceforth, keep my sinister reflections to myself; and he forbade me, for the future, to censure the acts of his government.

"I shall obey," said I, "but I must reserve to myself the right to inform you of whatever scheme may be contrived against your personal safety, or against the tranquillity of France."

"At present," said he, "my power is unassailable."



“Yes,” I replied, “*while Josephine shall be your best friend*”—laying stress upon those words, prophetic of misfortune. This made him seriously angry with me. “You have lost your senses,” said he. I coldly replied: “Bonaparte, I noticed that those words made you turn pale—why should that be, if my prophecy is senseless? I see that which might escape the observation of others. I see that your looks betray trouble within.(11) What! does the puissant Emperor of the Gauls tremble at the prospect of his own ruin, in case he shall ever separate from his wife? I foresee that this terrible thought will often haunt you. Listen to me. Withhold your confidence from these new flatterers, who are vying with one another in their pretended devotion to your interests. ’Tis the thirst of power which devours them; they burn to govern in your place. Such a man as you ought, moreover, to understand the reason why his court is filled with such heartless adulation.” He cast at me a searching look, but his silence disarmed me; my courage failed me when I saw that his self-love was wounded by what I had said. I apologized, and promised to conform myself to his will, until, at least, by the excess of my zeal, I should be able to curb it.\*

Napoleon had written to the continental powers, inviting their consent to his elevation to the throne. His letter to the King of Great Britain was laid before Parliament. But he was strangely surprised on being informed that England, unwilling alone to treat with him, declined to take any resolution on the subject, except in concert with the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Sweden, who were unwilling to recognise him. This he took as an insult, and swore that “in spite of these sovereigns, he would soon wear the crown of the ancient kings of Lombardy.” He often repeated, with a sort of affectation, that

\* The Emperor was one day about to undertake an important matter, when Josephine besought him to put it off for a time, as it was Friday, and an unlucky day. “’Tis so, perhaps, to you, madame,” said he; “but it is the most fortunate in my life—I never shall forget that it was the day of our marriage.” “That is true,” replied the Empress, adding nothing further.

“but for the stubborn refusal of those powers to place his name upon the list of sovereigns, he should not have been ambitious to exercise any greater power in Europe than he then possessed.”

Some time afterwards, a deputation from the colleges and constituent bodies of the Italian Republic was admitted at the palace of the Tuileries, and made him a proposition to establish a kingdom in Italy, and to become its protector. This double title of Emperor and King, was too flattering to his ambition to be refused. On the day after the audience with them, he took his seat in the midst of the Senate, in order to state to them the fact of his advent to the throne of Italy. He pretended, in the presence of this branch of the public magistracy, that it was with reluctance that he had finally yielded to the wishes of this new nation. But his minister of foreign relations, who had long foreseen this event, in the speech which he made on the occasion, suggested, “that his defeat might commence in the moment of victory.” Napoleon told him—“You did well, sir, to speak of my conquests; but you might have forborne to present me to the nation as an ambitious chieftain.”

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### CHAPTER III.

“\* \* \* \* \* Il est beau de triompher de soi,

Quand on peut hautement donner à tous la loi.”

CORNEILLE.

“If I bound my conquests here, or if I turn my arms in another direction, I shall have, in truth, acquired but a feeble glory, and made no advance toward the accomplishment of my original purpose. Of what real use is it to me, to have borne the torch of war through Europe, if, content with having subverted empires, I neglect to establish, upon a solid founda-

tion, the one which it was my primary object to found. I have long since learned that it is not birth which gives the right to fame. The man who has courage—the man who serves his country—the man who illustrates his character by great deeds, has no need of ancestors; he is, of himself, everything.”

Thus spoke the new Emperor of the French, in the midst of his court, on the eve of his departure for Lombardy. He prepared to visit his new estates, and wanted to travel a few days in advance of St. Peter, who was then returning to his own.

The route the Emperor took, presented him with nothing but a succession of triumphs. He visited the field of battle at Marengo, fully sensible that, without the glorious success of that day, he would not now have been on the eve of placing on his head the crown which once adorned the august brow of Charlemagne. He directed a monument to be erected to the memory of the brave men who sacrificed their lives to achieve that victory.(12)

I accompanied him to Milan. The inhabitants of that city were so enthusiastic in their reception of him that they would not suffer him to enter the town through the customary gate. They opened a new one, in order, as they said, to isolate from the common way the great man whose glory and astonishing genius had elevated him above the condition of humanity.

At length I saw my Eugene again;—and how great was my joy at meeting that tender-hearted boy! Alas, how painfully did my time pass away under the purple!—tears were often my sole consolation. My husband's family had for some time past, as it seemed to me, been arming themselves against me.(13) I expressed to Madame de la Rochefoucauld my suspicions that many of them were secretly endeavouring to alienate his feelings from me; and so far had they succeeded in embittering his mind against me, that I had become the object of his most biting irony. So far had this gone that he said to me one day—“Madame, 'tis enough for you to have been crowned at Paris; you cannot be crowned at Milan. The title of *King* belongs to me alone. I shall place the crown on my head

with my own hands,"—and then, with vehemence, pronounced those energetic words of Charles XII.: "*God has given it to me—let him who would touch it beware!*" I did not share this new diadem; I was but a spectator of my husband's triumph, and from a tribune in the cathedral beheld with emotion the glory which environed him, but not *me*.<sup>(14)</sup> And yet a sense of the new position he was about to assign to my son, gave me courage to submit to my fate. I stood in need of courage to support the innumerable humiliations with which he loaded me. I was continually obliged to act as a sort of go-between to him and his officers, who found it very difficult to accustom themselves to the caprices of his temper and the rudeness of his manner.

Eugene was appointed viceroy of the new kingdom, and Napoleon hastened to give his Italian subjects a new constitution. The rights of his adopted son were not overlooked. An order of chivalry was created under the title of the *Iron Crown*.

I am still at a loss to what to attribute the extraordinary emotions I experienced when Eugene Beauharnais, as viceroy, took the oath in the presence of the legislative body;—my eyes seemed covered as with a funeral veil, my heart beat rapidly, and a voice within seemed to tell me—"This prince will never be a perjured man; he will keep his oath religiously; his devotion to his country, his respect for him who protected his childhood, and has opened to him, while so young, the path of glory, will render the viceroy of Italy a great captain, and a great prince."

What other desire could I feel? My husband's unreserved friendship might and ought to have been all-sufficient for me. I saw my children sitting upon the highest steps of Fortune's temple, whose portals they had long since passed. But Napoleon began to neglect me.\* More than one Italian beauty mo-

\* The Emperor visited Josephine regularly at her toilet,—laughed and joked with her, and uttered a thousand pleasantries about women whom, in general, he considered as fickle, coquettish and without any solidity of cha-



mentarily arrested his gaze. Constancy was not the favourite virtue of the modern Charlemagne. He was constantly flitting about, like the butterfly in the fable. But he was terribly afraid of the influence of women, and ever on his guard against allowing them the slightest dominion over him.—“You alone,” he would often tell me, “you alone continue to inspire me with confidence.(15) Between us, madame, it must be admitted that your sex are quite faithless; but I always understand how to bring them to their reason.” In case I happened to drop a remark upon the light and hasty manner he was accustomed to judge of women, he would tell me with that careless air which our intimacy justified, “That will do for you, madame; you have a right to talk thus, because I place a high price upon your attachment. But what woman shall pretend to make me her slave, or attempt to change my opinion? Such an attempt would certainly be vain. No, no, I shall never imitate Anthony. The modern Cleopatras and all those who follow in their train shall enjoy no patronage or encouragement under my reign; the only thing which flatters me is that I have inspired them with a desire to please me, but never shall I elevate to power or importance, a sultanness in the shade of a seraglio. Like most other men I may have some foibles; but Napoleon on the throne must, by his good conduct and severe principles, entirely eclipse them. Moreover, I am occupied with important business; a sovereign who seeks to hold the reins of power with a firm hand must not permit himself to play the part of a gay cavalier. “But,” added he seriously, “be easy, no other woman will ever succeed

racter. At this time, he frequently found himself in company with four or five women, and only one man (who was the hair dresser; and talked of nothing but dress and trinkets, walks and hunting parties. It is hardly to be credited that Napoleon really had such a false idea as he seemed to have, of the sex which constituted the charm of his life. I presume there were always those at hand who were ready to gather up and report whatever he happened to say, and his apprehension of this rendered his conversation quite trivial. With him, discretion was the first, as it was the greatest of virtues.

you in my affections;—as to my diversions during my leisure moments, that's another matter."

Who would suppose that such a mind as Bonaparte's was liable to be terrified by the smallest matter? \* The most considerable events would sometimes occupy his mind for days, and keep him incessantly talking about them. This man, extraordinary in everything, was of a furiously jealous disposition; often and much did I suffer from his suspicions. Naturally irritable, everything vexed him. † I could not see, I could not receive a visit from anybody, without being subject to the most unfavourable interpretation, and I found it extremely difficult to dissuade him from his unjust course of conduct towards me.—I shall always remember those journeys to Italy; never shall I forget the tears I shed. (16)

Our return to France was signalized by public rejoicings. The people at this time thought themselves at the height of felicity, and Napoleon boasted openly of the perfection of the military system which he had introduced into every branch of the administration. "This," said he, with pride, "is the only system which is congenial to my people; I know no other power than that of armies, and no other rights than those given me by the influence of arms." He said to Caprara (18) one day—"I look upon the holy father as a general. You, gentlemen princes of the church, you are his aides-de-camp; the bishops are his colonels, the curates his captains. I love to have everything around me military. You see, the drum takes

\* He detested an open door. Did you wish to announce any to him you had to knock at his door first: if he replied, "What's wanting?"—the answer had to be given through the door. If he happened to bid you come in, you had to open the door only just enough to squeeze through, hold it with your hand drawn up close against you, and thus stand until you went out.

† Napoleon did not like to meet strangers when he went to visit Josephine, and in case he did, he would scold the servants, and not be seen again for several days. Of course she had good reason for keeping strangers away when he came—which was regularly in the morning and evening.

the place of the bell in all our colleges, and who knows but in a short time even the pupils in our seminaries will submit to the manual exercise? I should like to see our youth preparing themselves to reap laurels. A pastor would only be more venerable in my eyes who should wear a cassock adorned with some military decoration won by his valour;—indeed, I think I might take a notion to have him canonized, should he live long enough to wear the *triple chevrons* upon his arm.”\*

Such were the ideas expressed by Napoleon, in presence of his courtiers. He had but little faith in our religious mysteries; and perhaps that was the cause which prevented him from approaching the holy table on the day of his coronation. “I am not a fervent Catholic,” said he, to one of the priests, who observed to him that the communion was indispensable on so important an occasion; “but,” continued he, “I have at least sins enough already upon my conscience without adding to them that of sacrilege.”(18)

Europe now saw the political horizon grow dark. Austria began to feel unquiet, and could not look with indifference upon Napoleon’s domination in Italy.

On his part, he took good care to cause it to be proclaimed abroad through the journals that all the sovereigns of Europe were in a good understanding with France. Russia, meanwhile, was raising troops in Poland; Austria imitated her example, and England appeared to be awaiting tranquilly the famous descent with which the warlike chieftain had long menaced her. During two years he had been making immense preparations, as well of transport vessels as of gunboats. He took pride in having the flat-bottom boats built under his own eyes, though he was very far from placing confidence in their future destination. Day by day, the troops sighed for the signal of departure, and that signal seemed all the while about to be given.

The powers of Europe began to be in doubt as to his real

\* *Triple Chevrons*—Three V’s, a mark of 15 years’ service.—TRANSLATOR.

intentions. His courtiers seized upon the most trifling indications emanating from the chateau, to divine his purposes. But he now became visibly affected. He could no longer misunderstand the intentions of the sovereigns respecting himself. His projects of invasion were now provoking against him a continental war. He told me he was going to Boulogne, to review his troops, and to put everything in readiness for his grand enterprise. "I shall," said he, "fix upon the time for the departure of the troops, and set them about the execution of my plan." I then seriously supposed he was about to attack the English; but, contrary to my expectation and that of the whole army, he returned hastily to Paris, and alleged to his generals that this pretended descent upon England was but a political *ruse*, employed by him in order to keep public expectation on tiptoe. "Be assured, madame," said he, "the troops quartered at Boulogne are, at this moment, ready to march to the banks of the Rhine—in squares and in the same order they have observed at the camp of Boulogne."

Resources were not wanting to Napoleon to undertake the war. A single word from him sufficed to obtain men and money. The senate was at his disposal—he commanded it as a master. All the orders of the empire were subject to his control. He only had to express his sovereign will; and, with Frenchmen, what might not the *man of destiny* undertake? To certain gentlemen he said, "I hate the *patronage* system, because I see clearly that *when place becomes the gift of favour and not the price of merit, it can only tend to ruin the country. When intrigue and importunity shall suffice to obtain the dignities of the state, all emulation is at an end. Men will cease to exercise their intellects; virtue and talent, no longer rewarded by a just tribute of glory, will lose their vigour and even their existence.* Should the nation see nothing but imbecile and corrupt protégés at the head of the administration and the army, do you imagine she would increase her wealth or achieve victories? Woe to the people who give themselves up to such ministers, or rely upon such defenders! May France



never submit to such a sacrifice! As the supreme head of the empire, I am bound to consecrate my hand, my tongue and my heart to its preservation from such vicious practices; and, if necessary, I will stand alone in the midst of my council and combat them. I well know how to hinder men in place, from misusing the power I intrust to them. My giving it to them is but a feint; the object is to make them afraid of me, and move submissive to my will."

He incessantly talked to his numerous legions about the national glory. A million of arms were thus made ready to sustain the nation's honour, and display its victorious ensigns—"victorious ensigns," "national glory," "national honour,"—what an impression did these words make whenever a general announced to his army, that it was in the name and for the defence of their country, that he was leading them to battle!

It was, however, to satisfy the ambition of only one man, that the *élite* of the nation were sacrificing themselves on the field of battle.\* Indeed, had it not been for the courage of our generals, and the valour of our soldiers, perhaps even the territory of France might have been partitioned out among the different foreign powers. The sad fate of Poland presented itself in perspective to our affrighted eyes. Perceiving this danger in the distance, he laboured to infuse new courage into the troops and seemed to inspire them with new and increasing energy. Hence the many sublime actions and feats of bravery, in repelling an unjust aggression. The Frenchman, always a Frenchman, even

\* This is an entirely mistaken view of the events of that epoch. Although *Emperor* of the French, Napoleon had not ceased to be the representative of the Revolution. The liberties created and guaranteed by that Revolution, were committed to him by the votes of the people; and it was to preserve *them*, and the independence and honour of the nation, that both he and they fought and shed their blood;—not merely to satisfy his ambition. His "ambition" was to render France powerful, independent, free, and happy. How great, how sacred, how tremendous the motives which inspired it! Down-trodden humanity in Europe has hardly yet begun to understand them.—TRANSLATOR.

in the midst of the most threatening dangers, cannot, under any circumstances, bear the yoke of humiliation ! he will never abase himself by passing through any new Caudine Forks.

A new war was ready to break out. Austria was preparing to raise the standard of Bellona ; the signal of carnage was given. Napoleon, on entering upon the campaign, sighed at the prospect of the blood that was to flow throughout Europe ; but the love of glory soon extinguished that of humanity, and he exclaimed with enthusiasm, " what, after all, does it matter to me, provided my name shall obtain an increased splendour ? " He harangued his troops—he made every man of them a hero, knowing perfectly well that the people he governed would soon forget all the perils of war when they should behold victory marching beneath our colours. On the approach of a decisive engagement, the Emperor displayed a wonderful power in rousing the courage of his troops by his addresses. Nor did he neglect any means that could conciliate the good will of his generals. To the inferior officers he held out the hope of promotion ; and such was his skill in caressing and flattering the vanity of all, that the whole army swore to die in his defence. " This success," said he, " does not crown my wishes. Not a man in the enemy's ranks must escape. Let their government, which has violated all its obligations, learn the catastrophe which has befallen it only by your appearance under the ramparts of Vienna ! "

Napoleon entertained a kind of veneration for the hero of Germany, the Archduke Charles, and did justice to his valour. He often said to me, speaking of the Archduke, " such a rival is worthy of me—he is a favourite of Bellona, and a friend of Minerva ; but I am afraid I shall not be able to outdo him in generosity. "

On hearing that General Mack commanded the Austrian troops in Ulm, he manifested profound satisfaction.\* That city was,

\* This city, one of the most considerable in Swabia, is surrounded by a broad fosse, and fortified by high walls : but its ramparts are little protec-

in his opinion, an easy conquest ; in this he was not deceived, and the famous general who commanded it was forced to capitulate. To console him for the disgrace, the conqueror remarked to him : “ I will give my brother the Emperor of Austria, a piece of advice. Let him hasten to make peace with me. This is the moment for him to remember that all the empires the world has seen, have risen to their highest degree of splendour, and then fallen into ruins.”

We took possession of, and occupied the palace at Munich, where I endeavoured to do the honours in a manner to please him. Fêtes succeeded each other uninterruptedly. Nothing was talked of but court balls and concerts.(19) But love kept watch while Mars slept. The latter had testified an unusual regard for Madame de *Mongelas*. This intellectual and charming woman gave the *ton* to society in Munich. Every assembly was graced by her presence, and she often, under the veil of an allegory, told the Emperor wholesome and important truths.

He did not however, wait long, in following up his advantage. In this new struggle the Russians were not as successful as the Austrians. The French had already reached Vienna ; Francis II. prudently retired to Brunn, in Moravia, and thence to Olmutz. Proposals of peace arrived, but the conqueror rejected them, although he foresaw that his position was becoming more difficult, especially as the Emperor of Russia and the King of

tion to it, it being overlooked by a hill, from which it may be bombarded at half-cannon shot distance. Resistance would have been mere folly, and Mack was but the victim of the timidity of the Archduke, who refused to make a sortie and dispute the heights with the French army. The garrison contained 80,000 combatants ; but they unfortunately had at their head princes, who feared more to have stains on their uniform, than on their reputation. Mack well knew this, and had received from Napoleon, after the latter had got possession of the heights, the following note :—“ If I take the place by assault, I shall be obliged to do what I did at Jaffa,—put the garrison to the sword. It is, you know, the stern duty of war. My wish is that the brave Austrian nation may be spared the necessity of such a frightful scene.” To men who had not the courage to make a sortie, such reasoning was conclusive.—*Gassicourt*.

Prussia arrived for the purpose of checking the torrent which now threatened to sweep away Germany. It is probable, nevertheless, that the cabinet of Berlin only awaited the issue of the combat, to declare herself either for or against the head of the French government.—Napoleon's only resource was victory;—'twas necessary, as he often told me, to obtain it, even at the price of the greatest sacrifices.

The army which he commanded in person ran the most imminent risks. He began to despair of his cause, inseparable at this time from that of France. He reconnoitred the position of the allied army, and judging it unassailable, he thought it necessary to retrace the false steps he had taken, and take up his encampment on more favourable ground. Here Prince Dolgorouski came to have an interview with him, and was received at the outposts. This aide-de-camp of the Emperor Alexander proposed to him, in behalf of his master, to abandon the crown of Italy, and to give up Belgium. "Go and tell him who sent you," answered the man who was accustomed to domineer over fate, "go and tell him, that should his troops occupy the heights of *Mont-Martre*, I would not sign such a capitulation." He said; and soon were the Russians convinced of their error in attacking him in his new position. On this occasion he thought it his duty again to address his soldiers in person. "I shall," said he, "myself direct your battalions. I shall keep out of the fire as long as it carries disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks; but should victory be for a moment doubtful, you will see me where the blows fall thickest." Napoleon, however, did not find it necessary to distinguish himself by any such new proof of personal courage. All the troops performed their duty perfectly, and thus was gained the memorable battle of Austerlitz, which covered the name of *Frenchman* with glory. Prodigies of valour were performed on both sides, but Napoleon remained master of that awful field of battle.

All his thoughts were now turned towards the aggrandizement of his family. "I shall begin with your son, madame,"



said he; "Eugene is single—I must have him marry the daughter of a sovereign. The King of Bavaria is under many obligations to me, and the hand of his daughter, the Princess Augusta-Amelia, must cancel the debt of gratitude he owes me." (20) My heart was really touched by this proof of my husband's kindness, not that the distinguished choice imposed upon my imagination, for I had long been living in a world of wonders; but when I reflected upon the honour which this illustrious union would confer on my beloved son, I felt the highest satisfaction. I was already acquainted with the noble qualities of the lady who was promised him as his wife, and I fancied that the match would be a happy one for him. My Eugene, said I to myself, will know how to appreciate merit, and his heart is as sensible and feeling as his mother's.

Napoleon, in adopting his step-son, did not grant him the right to the crown of Italy, except in case he himself should be without natural and lawful children. I had already begun to abandon all hope of giving him successors to the throne, a hope to which I had long and fondly clung. My vows had not yet been accomplished. The desire of becoming a father engrossed his whole heart, and our family divisions often took their rise in that disappointed hope. He finally reposed upon the flattering idea that he was the benefactor of my children. "I shall," said he, "render them innumerable benefits, but my nephew will be the object of my particular affection. Yes, the little Napoleon is, in my view, born for the accomplishment of great things; I shall, I trust, be a valuable subject for his study and meditation." (21)

This remark of my husband made me happy indeed; and I hoped to see the young child one day able to acknowledge his favours.

Preparations were made to celebrate, at Munich, the nuptials of Prince Eugene with the daughter of the King of Bavaria. Her father-in-law wrote thus to the French senate: "I contribute to the happiness of the new couple by uniting them myself; this will postpone for a few days my arrival in the midst

of my people; how long will those days seem to my heart! But, after having so constantly fulfilled the duties of a soldier, I feel a delicious satisfaction in discharging those of the head of a family."

Napoleon did, indeed, load my son with proofs of the tenderest attachment, which the viceroy on his part responded to by the most faithful devotion. For several months I felt really happy: I was, so to speak, the queen of the feast; but the praises lavished upon me necessarily redounded to the honour of the hero to whom I was united. My daughter-in-law showed me every attention, and I received every day from the good Amelia proofs of her tenderness and attachment. Bonaparte was especially attentive to her, and even outstripped my desires. Could he have remained calm in the midst of such great events, he would have been an admirable man. In his brief moments of quietude he sometimes displayed sentiments which indicated a profoundly philosophic mind; but the tumult of camps and his native ambition soon made him disdain a peaceful mode of life, and give himself up to the brilliant career of arms. Napoleon found it necessary always to appear extraordinary. Like Janus, he possessed the dangerous art of changing his face when he pleased.

All the cabinets of Europe took the alarm when he declared to them that Italy, Naples, Holland, Switzerland, and Spain, were to remain under the protection of France, not only during his life, but after his death. Some of the foreign ministers dared mention to him some objections against the duration of so formidable a power. To one of them, who appeared the hardest to convince, he replied: "As yet, it is nothing. And what would you say if I should take possession of Westphalia, the Hanseatic towns, and the Roman states? I shall contrive to add to France the Illyrian provinces, Etruria, and Portugal; —I don't know where I shall fix the limits of my empire: perhaps it will yet have no boundaries but the vast extent of the two worlds; and then, like Americus Vesputius and Co-

lumbus, the honour will doubtless belong to me, of discovering in my turn a *third* world."

Thus did this monarch, who dreamed of nothing but territorial aggrandizement, ruminate upon his schemes of unbounded dominion. But his power, like that of Charles XII., gave umbrage to the other sovereigns of Europe, and at length aroused them from the slumber in which they had been so long buried. Many of those princes were, to all appearance, sincere admirers of Bonaparte; but this fatal illusion never deceived me; I ever regarded their enthusiasm in regard to him either as a chimera or a political trick.\*

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#### CHAPTER IV.

I COME now to that period in my life when I enjoyed the most tranquillity. I had some leisure to devote to my favourite occupations, and spent it at Malmaison,(22) which place had been embellished under my direction. I took pleasure in every day contriving some little surprise for Napoleon. This pleased him wonderfully. Here, in this superb retreat, he denied me nothing which I asked with a view to its embellishment. He would, indeed, have been willing to transfer to it the pomp and magnificence of the gardens and buildings at Versailles. The groves were enchanting; they resembled those of Alcinoüs. The rarest plants united their beauty to adorn this rustic temple, which my husband, in his playful moments, used to compare to that of Armida. He called me the enchantress of this

\* M. Baldus, on being asked whether a society of men who should speak the truth, could exist, replied that in Peru, before the arrival of the Spaniards, lying never soiled the lips of the children of the Sun. Pythagoras, he added, tells us that there are two ways in which man can resemble the Deity—namely, speaking the truth at all times, and doing good to men.

delicious abode. Able artists had surmounted the greatest obstacles, and the wonders of nature, mingling with those of art, were here displayed in all their majesty. The great man, happy nowhere but in this asylum, here preserved all his personal habits.(23) But the chateau, whose apartments were designed according to modern taste, was not spacious enough to accommodate so brilliant a court as that of the Tuileries; and Napoleon projected the building of a palace at Malmaison, the plan of which he sketched with his pencil. I implored him not to alter that modest habitation, and finally made him promise that my little hermitage should undergo none of the metamorphoses of political enthusiasm or of friendship, except such as I myself might suggest. )

The evening this conversation took place, we were together in one of those charming gondolas so frequently seen on the streams near Malmaison. The murmurs of the brooks in their serpentine channels, the solitude and silence which reigned around us, inspired me with a desire to express my feelings to my husband. "Alas!" said I, "what more could we desire, if, afar from courtiers, we could here pass our lives in peace and happiness!—Look at this artificial torrent which flows prattling along at our feet; soon it forms a cascade, and its clear wave is broken upon the rocks; behold the delicate colourings of these flowers—the purple hues of these fruits—and the ever verdant aspect of these lawns;—can anything in this world be compared to these delightful scenes? The imperial purple is fatiguing, even for those who were born to wear it. Constantly surrounded by keen observers and severe critics, every moment of their lives is covered with clouds;—nay, they must be importuned, unceasingly, to breathe the incense of flattery. A thousand times more happy he, who, born without ambition, is permitted to till the modest inheritance of his fathers!"—and I was, I confess, surprised at my husband's reply:—

"Society," said he, "has become irksome to me; I could wish to live in an eternal solitude; the sight of courtiers disgusts



me—I detest them. Yes, I maintain that Fabricius was happier while tilling, with his own hands, the soil of his fathers than while commanding the Roman army:—there’s nothing on earth but intrigue and crime.”

“Yes, Bonaparte,” replied I, “you who have no reason to fear the fate of Belisarius, who by your valour and the chances of war have raised yourself above the first captains of the age—you, upon whom the whole world now turn their eyes, you must admit that if some rays of happiness have shone upon your pathway through life, it has been only at Malmaison that you have been able to perceive them.(24) Who can say but that it may be reserved to you, as it was to Sylla, to live hereafter like a philosopher? Ah, should you disdain to follow his example, it will be, perhaps, to this place that you will come, one day, to deplore the loss of your fortunes and the unsteadiness of honours. Here, you will know how to reduce to their true value the praises which men have lavished upon you; you will curse the ingratitude of most of them, and in your despair exclaim—“At least there remains to me one true friend!—Modern Orestes, it will certainly be difficult to meet with a Pylades!”(25)

The Emperor frankly confessed that his throne was surrounded by quicksands, that the abuse of power was secretly undermining his authority, that revolutions were like torrents which burst their banks and inundate the surface of the ground; but still he could believe that their effects in France would outlast the present generation. “I shall,” said he, “hold all parties in respect, and at the same time prevent them from agitating the country; I hold a sceptre of brass only to curb the malevolent. I am too well acquainted with the human heart to place any more confidence in the professions of the old nobility than in the conversion of the Jacobins.”

He believed himself an extraordinary man. His views were great, his conceptions great. A word or a thought would sometimes seize upon his imagination, and he would withdraw from

the company of his courtiers to treasure it up in his memory ;\* he did nothing like other men ; everything in his conduct showed some mysterious design.(26) His taste for pleasure was very moderate ; that of the chase seldom diverted him much. I told him he ought to give himself up occasionally to that royal amusement. I was aware that many of his generals were growing tired of their inaction, and therefore took pleasure in contriving some little recreation for them during the intervals which interrupted their brilliant career ; and thus theatrical representations and dinners became frequent both at the Tuileries and at the chateau of St. Cloud : (27) but as to Malmaison, it was the rendezvous only of such persons whose society I knew would be agreeable to my husband. (28)

Of this number was Talleyrand. Few men, in my judgment, were ever endowed with so perfect a knowledge of the human heart ; his wonderful genius only acquired strength and vigour in the presence of difficulties ; and he never gave over until he had overcome them. He often penetrated Napoleon's plans ; for him, diplomacy was but a pleasant recreation. He had played all the games of politics, and coolly calculated the results. Indeed the ancient Bishop of Autun was of all men the most capable of holding in his hands the scales of European politics.

Towards me he was often grave, reserved, and sometimes silent. He conversed politely, but carefully avoided dropping a word that might awaken my curiosity, and sometimes eluded my questions ;—in short, as I told Napoleon, it would have been extremely difficult to have found a minister more *ministerial*, even in the smallest details. (29)

Cambacérès was fond of quiet ;—a profound jurist, a good counsellor, an excellent publicist, and, moreover, incapable of doing harm. The master listened to him attentively—pro-

\* He had a prodigious memory. He would recognise a person though he had never seen him but once. Whenever he found a stranger in his wife's company, he would instantly ask—"Who is this gentleman ?—Who is this lady ?" and, on being answered, salute the stranger gracefully, and seem satisfied.

vided always he did not intermeddle with his military operations. "If," said he, "I had a lawsuit, I should follow without hesitation the opinion of the archchancellor;—but as to the tactics which belong to the camp, he don't understand their first elements. He talks of peace when I propose war; his system is to remain within the limits of France. Should I listen to him, I should reap no more laurels. But it is necessary to keep the army full of expectation. Effeminacy and inaction would be equally prejudicial. Who knows but that many of those men will imitate the example of the sons of Mahomet, and seek to overthrow the chieftain who has so often led them to victory? If I intend my reign to be glorious and lasting, I must animate their zeal, and give employment to their courage—I must seize upon every circumstance that can call for its display; 'tis only by carrying the torch of war among my neighbours that I can secure myself against the efforts of sedition at home."

Such were Napoleon's ideas. He believed all men faithless. He distrusted his ministers, and had long since adopted the maxim of Louis XI., that if "you would know how to govern, you must know how to divide." He perfectly understood the art of sowing distrust amongst all parties;—his grand dignitaries could not live together.

The unlucky battle of Trafalgar, which occasioned an irreparable loss to either nation, affected him powerfully. He saw that the annihilation of his fleet would prevent the execution of his grand designs. But, although the ocean was not his element, and presented no favourable chance for his glory, he yet resolved to keep the English in suspense;—although he was no longer formidable to them. He said that Admiral Villeneuve, who was made a prisoner, "ought to have set fire to the powder magazine of the *Sainte-Barbe*, and that a naval officer should know how to die." He afterwards received convincing proof that that brave man had nobly defended his flag; and, after a few months, permitted him to return to France. But it was easy to perceive that Napoleon watched for some occasion to

humiliate, and even to punish him. It is certain that Villeneuve had done all in his power to save the honour of France, and that he was worthy to occupy the post that had been confided to him. It seems to have been from a kind of presentiment of the fate that awaited him, that he wrote to the minister of war, "that he was resolved to abandon for ever a perilous post, the functions of which his principles and the violent disposition of Napoleon would not permit him to fulfil." The loss of the battle of Trafalgar, is to be attributed neither to a want of valour nor to technical faults; this is proved irrevocably by the official account given of it. But what particularly incensed my husband against the admiral, was the letter which Villeneuve wrote him, and which closed with the following imprecation:—

"Tremble, tyrant! you are abhorred; and the maledictions of the whole world will follow you beyond the grave."\*

Some days after this catastrophe, Napoleon assembled his council at the Tuileries. He told his ministers, that the King of Naples had received into his ports both the English and Russians; and, notwithstanding the treaty of Presburg, had used no means whatever to prevent them. "Ferdinand," said he, "must quit the throne, and my brother Joseph must replace him. I appoint him to-day."

He was not slow to fulfil his promise, and gave, in another quarter, also, a sample of his power. He compelled the old republicans of Holland to receive a king from among the members of his family. This second crown was placed upon the head of his brother *Louis*, and he had the idea, that almost all the princes in Europe would soon furnish him some new pretext to hurl them from their thrones. Louis Bonaparte was a simple-minded man, but of a kind disposition. He received, with reluctance, the crown of Holland,† which he clearly fore-

\* The unfortunate admiral refused to survive the loss of the French marine, and put himself to death.

† Louis Bonaparte was reluctant to take the crown of Holland. He alleged his bad health, but my husband was not satisfied with that excuse, and called it frivolous. "The climate," said he, seriously, to Louis, "will



saw he should not be able to keep. He employed what he thought the most proper means to conciliate all parties, and succeeded in gaining the esteem of those he governed. They felt confidence in him; and, of all those whom Napoleon clothed with the regal purple, Louis is, perhaps, the only one who won friends while on the throne, and left regrets among his subjects when he quitted it.

But my beloved daughter was not happy with him. Their dispositions did not harmonize. She had arrived at the sad and certain conviction, that his affections were centered upon another woman. Hortense was, by nature, sensible and feeling, and had given her hand to my husband's brother, only by a kind of constraint. To her the chains of wedlock seemed not woven of flowers, but of iron; and their weight pressed heavily upon her. Yet, consulting her own and her mother's happiness, she resigned herself to her fate with patience. The fatal journey to Holland occasioned an open quarrel between them! and the death of their eldest son soon occurred, to aggravate their grief.

Had both received wiser counsels, it is possible Louis might have found the charm of his life in the conjugal relation; but flatterers, the usual companions of sovereigns, sowed discord and disunion between them. My daughter was a prey to the most violent chagrins. But never did Hortense desire the throne for its own sake. She found some consolation in attending to the education of her children. She desired that her husband should maintain the post to which Napoleon had raised him, not in order to share his power, but to open up a brilliant future to her children, and to afford to the Dutch a secure harbour, after so many shipwrecks.

There are certain facts which I cannot be suspected of exaggerating. "not be unhealthy to you. You will be a king, and, like me, finally become habituated to wearing a diadem. Even if you die, you will have the consolation of reflecting, in your last moments, that you die upon a throne, and leave mighty recollections behind you."—*Note by Josephine.*

gerating; they are indubitable; yet I may certainly be permitted to vindicate the character of a woman who has been wantonly traduced, and whom calumny has dared to present to me as a rival.(30)

Napoleon hesitated long, whether he should permit her to return to Paris, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I finally persuaded him to do so. "She must remain at her post," said he; "besides, what can be her object in coming to reside at Paris?" "Ah," said I, "am I not here? Who else can console her?—who else can give her strength to support her misfortunes? It is your duty, Bonaparte, to repair, so far as is possible, the wrong which my too blind obedience has wrought. Deign at least to have pity on your wife. You know well that I am constrained to admit to my daughter that I even went beyond my own sense of justice, when I silenced her inclination,\* and gave her a husband not of her choosing."

I kept up a regular correspondence with the Queen of Holland. She was the depository of all my sad thoughts. The day I obtained permission for her to return to me, was one of the happiest of my life. "I shall," thought I, "at least have Hortense by my side, and enjoy the pleasure of seeing her and her children. If she is happy, I shall partake of her bliss; if she weeps, my hand shall wipe away her tears, and I shall weep with her; if calumny attacks her, I shall be here to defend her."

Prince Eugene seemed to be at the pinnacle of his hopes. His wife found the means of making herself perfectly agreeable to him, and on her account he had renounced all former *liaisons*, that could possibly give her umbrage. The princess was fully sensible of the noble conduct of her husband—yes, my dear children! full often did I say to myself, "I shall die happy, indeed, if I can but see you both advancing in the way that

\* It seems well settled that Mademoiselle Hortense would have preferred, at this period, one of Bonaparte's aides-de-camp, who afterwards became grand marshal of the palace.—*Duroc*. [TRANSLATOR.]

leads to public honour and esteem." Alas! I am well aware that happiness is but a shadow, which all mortals pursue. But, being the wife of a man who makes Europe tremble, who is to fix upon himself the gaze of posterity, I cannot, while speaking to the beings whom I love more than my own life, chain down to the earth that bright and dazzling chimera.

The family of Bonaparte was continually receiving, at his hands, new and striking proofs of his munificence. The most dazzling proofs of the imperial favour were lavished upon them all—even upon Jerome, his youngest brother, who received from him the title of "*Imperial Highness*," and the right of succession to the empire. Bonaparte, however, made it an express condition of this right, that Jerome should forswear himself in regard to his marriage vows, and abandon his first wife, Miss Patterson. The Emperor had already turned his eyes towards the Princess of Wurtemberg, as the lady who was to replace her.(31) And it was in thus violating the most sacred obligations, and in assuming others, that this feeble prince, after the example of his elder brothers, obtained a kingdom. He became King of Westphalia.

But the great captain soon awoke from the kind of drowsiness into which he seemed plunged, to give a "master-stroke," as he told Murat. The latter had received the news of the invasion of the grand duchy of Berg, and, anxious for the enlargement of the empire, encouraged Napoleon to finish his work by compelling Germany to make concessions. "Your dynasty," said Murat, "is the youngest in Europe, and it already occupies several thrones." As the Emperor loved to be flattered, and easily adopted whatever coincided with his own conceptions, he was not slow in frightening the north of Germany, and making Prussia tremble. He destroyed the ancient Germanic constitution, upon which hung a great number of principalities, often divided among themselves, but always united in their opposition to the encroachments of the stronger powers.

Upon its ruins, Napoleon established the Confederation of the Rhine, declaring himself its protector. "By this means," said

he to the French senate, "I shall be at liberty to cover a great part of Germany with my troops, and be able to throw myself upon the first sovereign it may please me to attack, and to subsist my army at the expense of the country."

But the King of Prussia now sat himself about forming a confederation of the north, into which he aimed to bring all the German states not comprised in the constitutional plan of his rival. Napoleon expected this, and declared to the King of Prussia, in the most positive terms, that he would never consent that the Hanseatic towns should enter into this plan of Frederic William; and that none of the German states should be compelled to take part in it. "Such is my will," said my husband; "I will it absolutely. I have not left the princes of the Confederation of the Rhine free either to consent or refuse. I am an Italian, and I have the honour to command the French. I must declare to you, finally, that I wish my orders to be executed."

His flatterers, however, endeavoured to convince him that Russia probably entertained a desire to bring about an accommodation with France. The magnanimous character of Alexander gave rise to the presumption on the part of some, that he would use all the means in his power to put an end to the bloody struggles which were desolating Germany, and to conclude a general treaty with a view to the re-establishment of tranquillity throughout Europe. 'Twas thought that this great prince's authority would make the balance incline to the side of peace. Napoleon, however, regarded this prediction as a chimera, and was perfectly convinced that the cabinet of St. Petersburg would never consent to separate its interests from those of London, by means of a private treaty. Negotiations, however, were opened. For several months the celebrated Fox kept up an active correspondence with the minister Talleyrand. Plenipotentiaries were appointed, and came to Paris. The moment after their presentation, I said to my husband, "Bonaparte, Lords Yarmouth and Lauderdale, and M. Doubril, will not treat with you, unless you sincerely desire it. I venture to predict



you will present them some insignificant *ultimatum* ; but they will become acquainted with your principles in your treaty. The negotiation concerns the future repose of Europe, and you want to light up a new conflagration. You will declare, formally, that you have formed no demand, and are far from claiming any of the possessions of England. And why ?—You would be glad even now to possess, not only the *Three Kingdoms*, but even their immense colonies. I am not let into the secrets of your policy, but you see I look far enough into it to discover that you desire nothing more than the rupture of the conferences, so that you can prepare to enter upon another campaign. Unhappily, the hope of peace will soon vanish, that peace for which the people have looked forward so long and so anxiously.”

“ You speak truly,” said he, “ but I must recommend to you to use the utmost discretion. A sovereign never knows how to set bounds to his desires. My own have no limits. Like the conqueror of Darius, I want to rule the whole world. I hope my desires will one day be fulfilled. I am certain that my family and myself will yet occupy all the thrones in Europe.”\*—And thus did he caress his brilliant chimeras.

I found myself constrained, by political and private considerations, to receive visits from various ladies not the most agreeable to me, and among them were his sisters themselves. I well knew their intentions in respect to me ; and perfidious reports had occasioned great enmity between us. I rarely spoke to them at the *soirées* at which they were admitted. Mere politeness regulated our intercourse.

Yet never did I aim to do them the slightest wrong ; I was incapable of it, and I felt that such conduct would be an offence against every law of delicacy. Often, often did I prevent the Emperor from holding to them the severe language of truth.

\* Bonaparte had long entertained the belief, that, like his father, he should not live beyond the age of forty. After his coronation, he was often heard to say—“ I want only ten years to do what I wish.”

As to Madame Letitia,(32) she might recall to my mind bitter recollections, and deliver me up to feelings which beset my soul, were she to set in motion the current of my thoughts;—but respect and high considerations must stop me.

In regard to Lucien\* I may say :—

“ Il m’a trop fait de bien pour en dire du mal,  
Il m’a trop fait de mal pour en dire du bien.”

For the rest, I wish to render him the justice which he merits. Never did he flatter my husband. He always told him boldly what he thought ; and Bonaparte much regretted, on arriving at power, not having his brother Lucien as a witness of his prodigious elevation. “ He is an incredulous man,” said he to me with a smile ; “ he never would have believed that I could have seated myself upon the throne of France.—What a poor fellow !” “ He is wiser than you,” replied I ; “ he left France, perhaps at the right time ; while at a distance he will be a witness of the tempest which is gathering by degrees, and preparing to burst upon your proud head. But I must be just to him ;—should he see your power about to be overthrown, he would surely consider it his duty to hasten to your relief, to share your danger, or to fall with you.”

I had long ago entreated my mother to come and settle in France, and had held out to her the most flattering and brilliant prospect. Napoleon himself had promised to receive her with the greatest distinction. “ I shall treat her nobly,” said he, “ and I am sure she will better sustain the honours of her rank than a certain lady of my household,” (alluding to Madame Letitia, who constantly occasioned remarks by her extreme parsimony.) But Madame de la Pagerie would never accede to her daughter’s wishes, and preferred her quiet abode at Martinique to the

\* Murat was not appointed King of Naples, until after Lucien had declined it. The latter, on being offered the crown, answered his brother haughtily, “ That if he accepted the title of King, he must be the sole master of his kingdom, and govern it, not like a prefect, but an independent prince.”

dangerous honours that awaited her at her son-in-law's court.—“My Josephine,” she exclaimed, “I find myself better off in my own habitation than in the most magnificent palace. Why is it necessary that I should see you seated on a throne? During your life you have learned to overcome the great obstacles which marred your peace of mind. Alas! the road you are now pursuing presents those which are still more insurmountable. Ah, my daughter, what shoals and quicksands surround you! Could I remove them, how willingly would I leave my peaceful abode, and my quiet habits of life, and fly to you! But your husband has become too powerful to listen to my advice or your own. While awaiting the pleasure of seeing you again, I confine myself to the preparation of a safe harbour, against the tempests which environ you on every side. The inconstancy of statesmen or the force of events may, one day or other, hurl the Emperor of the French from the throne to which his soldiers have so suddenly raised him. For myself, I do not love greatness; I am afraid of it; its shadow is so flitting that I cannot believe in the durability of your own good fortune; but meanwhile enjoy the present with moderation; beware how you trust to the smiles of the future. I have no confidence in courtiers; I hold them in abhorrence. Your husband's ambition will destroy him. Had I wished it—had I felt confidence in his fortunes, I might long since have enjoyed at Martinique a position worthy of you. O my daughter—my tender Josephine! how cruel it is to feel that you are not permitted to come as you used to do, and embellish by your presence my solitude of the *Three Islets*. Were you here, I should have nothing else to desire in the world—I should once more press you to my heart before my death.”(33)

This letter from my mother made an impression upon me difficult to describe. I read it over and over again. It appeared to me that the hand which traced it was already endeavouring to avert the ills which afterwards fell upon my devoted head.\*

\* When Josephine had signed the *acts* of divorce which separated her

I concealed it from my husband; but he soon learned, by means of the spies of the chateau, that I had received news which deeply afflicted me. He insisted upon reading the letter. He was, at times, extremely inquisitive, and inclined to jealousy, and this latter passion sometimes engrossed all his thoughts and faculties. He imagined that this correspondence contained some precious secret. When, however, he discovered that it was from my mother, he made a jest of his fears, admitted them to be imaginary, and ridiculed his mistake. "I perceive," said he, "that Madame de la Pagerie, like myself, will permit no participation. She wants to reign alone. Very well! I will, some day, establish her as a sovereign in America, and furnish her a code of laws for the new nation. While waiting to mount that grand triumphal chariot, I must proceed and reap an immense harvest of laurels among the Germans.\* I start to-night for Mayence, and shall fix my head-quarters at Bam-

for ever from Napoleon, she said to her friend, the Countess of Rochefoucault: "Happy my father and mother in not being witnesses of my disgrace!—Happy am I that they have not survived my misfortune!"

\* The Empress, on leaving Paris for Munich, in September, 1806, spent several weeks at Strasburg, where, on the very night of her arrival in the city, a looking-glass, which was insecurely fastened up in her room, fell down, and was broken into a thousand pieces—a circumstance which those who knew of it regarded as a sinister presage. The Countess of Rochefoucault seeming alarmed at it, the Empress replied—"What, after all, can I fear, surrounded by the French, whom I love? Were I in Germany, 'twould be a good omen." Two days after the divorce, that lady recalled to Josephine's recollection the unlucky prognostic. "You will make me really superstitious," answered the deeply afflicted woman; "in truth, I can only imitate the great Frederick, who could never, and especially on the eve of a battle, bear to see, either salt spilled upon the table, or knives and forks lying across each other. Yes, madame, I am firmly persuaded that she who is to succeed me on the throne of France, will, like me, experience great ills; for from the bosom of Germany will yet arise an electric spark, which will find a conductor that will direct it towards the ramparts of Strasburg; and if, unhappily, it shall penetrate into the citadel, it will set on fire, or subject to its direction, that ancient possession of proud Germany."



berg. I will give the Prussians a prelude—I have been long waiting to open the dance among them.”

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## CHAPTER V.

NAPOLEON seemed to enjoy, in advance, the pleasure he was to derive from vanquishing the new coalition of kings. He revolved, in his own mind, the most stupendous projects, and communicated them to his principal officers. Rumour, with her hundred tongues, had already proclaimed, at Paris, that he was at the gates of Berlin. The French army advanced in three columns, and after several engagements, finally arrived at *Jena*, where a battle of the utmost importance to both parties took place. General Debilly died gloriously upon the field of battle. The Duke of Brunswick was mortally wounded. This brilliant victory opened to the Emperor the gates of Weimar.\*

\* After the battle of Jena, the Emperor fixed his head-quarters at Brunswick, in the palace of the Duke of Weimar. The duchess had not fled, but, with her ladies, had retired into one of the wings of the chateau. Napoleon arrived intoxicated with victory, impetuous, burning with glory; his head completely turned. The duchess presented herself in one of the apartments. “Who are you?” said he. “The Duchess of Weimar,” was her reply. “I will crush your husband,” said he: “I will give him not one moment’s rest.” “Sire,” said she, “his duty, his honour, and his rank demanded of him to do as he has done.” “I tell you,” replied Napoleon, “he lost his reason when he thought of resisting me. I tell you, madame, the cabinet of Berlin has long insulted me—curbed me. I will now make them offer me their throats. The Prussian nobility, barbarous and bullying as they are, shall learn that my ministers are not to be insulted with impunity. I will make them beg their bread.”

The duchess, perceiving that the moment was not favourable, retired. The next morning a gentleman was sent by her to inquire how the Emperor had passed the night. “Well, very well,” was the answer; “tell

Erfurth and Leipsic soon capitulated, and the Emperor advanced, like a thunderbolt, upon the Prussian capital. He refused to listen to any of the propositions which were made to him. Completely victorious, he turned a deaf ear to all accommodation. Davoust entered Berlin. But Potsdam was preferred for the temporary residence of the new Cæsar, from whom I received despatches dated at that city. "I have," said he, "paid a visit to the tomb of Frederick the Great, and have myself brought off his sword, and also the sash and cordon of the black eagle, which belonged to that great captain, and shall send them to the Invalides at Paris." In another passage, he added—"The good people of Berlin are the victims of the war, while those who have provoked it, have fled, and left them to feel all the weight of its strokes. I will render this court-nobility so poor, that they will be compelled to resort to other means to retrieve their fortunes. I like Madame Hatzfeldt much. I have forgotten the wrongs her husband did me, and have given up to her the only letter which would have convicted him of a criminal conspiracy against me.\* My offended pride would have constrained me to punish him severely. His wife, however, burnt the letter in my presence. I am satisfied that I have done right. When necessary, I know how to employ clemency. Hence, Berlin proclaims that I am great, and that I know how to forgive injuries."(84)

This generous action reconciled me, so to speak, to my husband's principles, for we were always disputing about his vast

the duchess that I thank her, and ask her to breakfast." What passed at table is not known, but, on retiring to his room, Bonaparte uttered the highest encomiums on the duchess. "She is a meritorious woman," said he, "possessing high qualities. I shall do much for her; yes, very much—she will save her country."—*M. S.*

\* Certain letters were brought to Cæsar, which his enemies had written to Pompey. He refused to read them, and threw them into the fire, saying, that although he was sure he could control his resentment, he thought it better to destroy the cause thereof at once.

plans of invasion. Napoleon was now, as he said, dashing forward on his car of victory, and no power could stop him.

Stettin and Custrin next fell into his hands ; Magdeburg capitulated. "What matters it to me," said the conqueror, "that I have carried this city by means of *bullets of gold*, as the Prussians think — 'tis not the less true that the city is mine. I have found in it immense magazines of provisions and ammunition ; 100 pieces of cannon, and, what seems still more incredible, 22,000 men, who were still in the town to defend it. I can really work miracles during my lifetime, and I humbly trust the holy *propaganda* society will see fit, after my death, to place my name on its calendar of saints."\* Napoleon left but few resources to the King of Prussia. The latter was forced to submit to the will of the conqueror. He solicited a suspension of arms, in order to await the result of events, to which the French monarch consented. But, ever anxious for combat, he went in quest of the Russians, who did not show themselves on the field soon enough to please him. He started for Poland, and advanced towards Posen. After several engagements, in which the French were victorious, Murat, at the head of the cavalry, entered Warsaw, whither Napoleon had preceded him. "I cannot," he wrote me, "describe the friendly manner in which the Poles have received me. They regard me as a liberator, and hope that I shall restore to them their independence—hence they do not fail to load me with the tribute of their adulation. One of them says to me — 'The great Napoleon appeared like a star in France. He came—he saw—he conquered the world.' Another goes still farther with the language of flattery ; but he is excusable ; the love of country electrifies his heart, and makes him utter such language as this :

\* Bonaparte had his secret agents in every court in Europe. Almost every cabinet was sold to him. He disposed of the treasures of nations ; dictated, at his will, peace or war, and directed the movements of armies, whose plans were in his possession. With such means, and with the tried bravery of the French, why should he not have succeeded ?—*Note by Josephine.*

“ ‘Invincible Cæsar ! To see you, glorious hero ! accomplishes my prayers and vows, as well as those of all my countrymen.

“ ‘ Already do we see our country saved, for in your person do we adore the most just and profound of legislators !’

“ All these eulogies, however, fail to intoxicate me. I have made a great many promises which I am unwilling to fulfil. Besides, an insurrection in Poland will subserve my ends. I want to kindle it, and shall use all the means in my power for that purpose ; and I shall succeed.”

Such were the contents of the letter Napoleon wrote me towards the end of December, 1806.

Soon the French passed the Vistula at different points, and gained several advantages. Satisfied with these first successes, Napoleon allowed his army to rest. But he soon renewed the signal for combat. The battles of Waterdorf, Deppen, and Hoff, all preceded the famous battle of *Preussich-Eylau*, which was fought on the 8th of February, 1807, and the results of which were so glorious to the French arms. After this great battle, the troops re-entered their cantonments. They, however, continued the sieges of Neiss and Dantzic. Though constantly talking of peace, the Emperor ordered new conscriptions in France. The Saxons joined our arms, and the Imperial Guard, re-composed of the *élite* of the regiments of the line, was soon in readiness to appear again on the field of battle.

Europe felt the necessity of a Congress. But Napoleon imperiously demanded, that Turkey should send to it her plenipotentiary. To this the ministers of the other powers consented, and demanded upon what basis the new treaty should be constructed. He answered, that there must be an equal and reciprocal power possessed by each of the belligerent masses, and that these two masses must together enter upon a system of compensation. These terms appeared obscure to the cabinets, who replied, that to carry out the plan the question of dividing up the territory of each of the contracting parties must necessarily arise.



But the great man, who believed that nothing either could or must resist him, concluded, at length, to trust again to the chances of war. The French army triumphed at Lomitten, and was checked at Heilsberg, but resolved to carry the town. The enemy made the most gallant efforts to defend the position, but Napoleon's star triumphed, and Friedland was carried at all points.(35) The allied army was compelled to fight on the retreat.

The bravest of men now entered *Tilsit*. *Tilsit!* at that glorious name, how do my thoughts awake! Never was France so imposing; and, had the Emperor so willed it, that brilliant victory would have given enduring strength to the pillars of his power on the Continent. But no! he was to be the sport of Fortune, after being her chosen favourite. She now presented to him circumstances more favourable than man ever before possessed to make himself happy, and to contribute to the general felicity. But, through some inconceivable fatality, Napoleon pursued a tortuous, impolitic course—a course which drove the Fates to repent them of the long-continued patronage they had accorded him, and finally drew upon him irreparable woes.

An august meeting took place in the middle of the river Niemen. A magnificent raft was launched upon the bosom of the stream, and received at one and the same time the two most puissant Emperors on the globe. The two sovereigns embraced each other, and swore eternal friendship. The two armies covered the two banks of the Niemen, and their shouts of joy were long and loud, as they witnessed this striking proof of peace, concord, and mutual good will. At length a treaty of peace was concluded. The conqueror gave back to Prussia a small portion of her political being—all, except that portion of the Polish territory called the duchy of Warsaw, which was given to Saxony. Moreover, the King of Prussia was despoiled of all his possessions between the Elbe and the Rhine, and lost, also, that preponderance so necessary to maintain the equipoise of the different northern nations.

Never had my husband acted so imposing a part. He was,

so to speak, the supreme mediator among the great powers. But what must have passed in his mind on seeing the unhappy Queen of Prussia sitting at the table of the man who might, at any moment, have dethroned her husband? He must then have recollected, that Charles XII. of Sweden visited in person Augustus of Saxony, from whom he had wrenched the sceptre of Poland, in order to give it to Stanislaus—yea, he must have been deeply sensible how little of stability the empires he had founded must possess. And it was, perhaps, the brightest day of his life, when the wife of Frederick William III. received his first visit. Napoleon, in presenting her an amaranth, which he had taken from a porcelain vase, became suddenly agitated.\* He repented, afterwards, having caused it to be inserted in his bulletins, that the Queen of Prussia, habited like an Amazon, wore the uniform of her dragoons, and wrote twenty letters a day, to extinguish the spreading conflagration. "I did wrong,"

\* At Tilsit, the Emperor had an interview with the Queen of Prussia. On the eve of it, he said to one of his generals, "I am told she is a handsome woman."—"Twill then be," answered the courtier, "a rose beside a bunch of laurels." The commencement of this interview was charming, delicate. "I expected," said Bonaparte to her, "to see a pretty queen, but, madame, you are the prettiest woman in the world." There were some amaranths and roses in a vase standing near. He took one of them, and presented it to her. "We are but little acquainted with each other," said the queen, confused and timid; "may I receive this expression of your majesty's sentiments?"<sup>(a)</sup> "Accept, madame, accept," said he; "'tis a presage of the friendship which I shall henceforth feel for yourself and your husband." The queen received the flowers, pale and trembling. One of her ladies became alarmed at her unusual appearance. "Be reassured, madame," said the Emperor, "I am wholly yours; if I can do aught to oblige you, do not deprive me of that pleasure." The queen remained silent. He renewed the offer several times, and she at length asked him, with a trembling voice, to give her Magdeburg for her son. "*Magdeburg!*" exclaimed he, suddenly rising, "*Magdeburg!* madame, madame, *Magdeburg!* but you don't think of that?—Let us say no more about it," and they separated. Thus ended this overture.—*M. S.*

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(a) The presentation of these flowers was, according to *usage*, understood to imply love and friendship.—TRANSLATOR.

(he wrote to me), "I confess it; I did wrong to offend that princess. She is an angel descended to earth. I was near throwing myself at her feet. She might have transformed her conqueror into the most docile slave. At sight of her, even at the mere sound of her voice, I became the most timid of men. My hand trembled when I presented her the homage of an amaranth, as the most beautiful and courageous of her sex."

Thus Napoleon, in the midst of his triumphs, did justice to virtue in misfortune. He often assured me, that but for the ascendant which that august princess had obtained over him, he should not have consented to such easy conditions. "The Queen of Prussia," he added, "has twice saved her husband, not only by means of that sublime valour which covers her name with glory, but, by her imposing manner of presenting herself to me. With a face which seemed the picture of sorrow, she said to me, '*Porus* would have sunk under the weight of the laurels which shaded the brow of Alexander; but that king, always a king, was constrained, by the obligations of gratitude to respect his conqueror, and to admire his generous sentiments, and noble forbearance. Believe me, the parallel between the heir to the throne of Maudon and Napoleon is entirely to the advantage of Alexander.' The princess addressed this language to me, with that noble-souled moderation which suits so well with fallen greatness. She also reminded me of the great deeds of Maria Theresa, which rendered her the admiration of Germany—of that illustrious woman who braved all the efforts of combined Europe in the defence of her heritage. "The noble Hungarians," she continued, "answered her appeal with enthusiasm. She fearlessly combated Frederick the Great, and humbled her enemies. From this example, you see that a sublime despair may change the fate of empires. Do not make it necessary for the wife of Frederick William to imitate so great a model."

Such assurance in any other woman would have thrown Napoleon into a rage; but he was so far subdued by her as to tell her, that the man who should wear her chains would be but too happy. The queen darted at him one of those piercing glances

which force even the most audacious and hardy man to blush at his own guilty thoughts.

This woman, so wonderful for the energy of her character, had made efforts far above her strength in the reception of Napoleon, who was the humiliation of her country; and a lingering disease soon afterwards conducted her to the tomb. She died in the bosom of her family, universally mourned. Her last sigh was for her husband, whom she adored. She loved her children tenderly, and was devoted to her country. "Poor Prussia!" said she, when dying, "thou wilt be devoured as long as Saturn shall live."(36)

All these details were furnished me by secret emissaries, who hastened to give me an account of the smallest particulars of Napoleon's private conduct. Although far from him, I was acquainted with his most secret thoughts;—the slightest movement of his heart was no stranger to me. Although his soul was closed against the sentiments of love, it was yet not altogether insensible. I have often heard a certain Polish lady mentioned, to whom he addressed some attentions. The report got spread that he intended she should come and reside in France.(37) I was much alarmed at this. We were, each of us, extraordinary beings;—both devoured by jealousy; neither of us could bear the idea of the slightest neglect by the other. Everybody told us that we were only seeking the means of cherishing the source of our grievances. "Alas! Poor humanity," we sometimes exclaimed, "how difficult is it for it to live at peace with itself! At court and in the town the war is perpetual. Each party is always ready, and on the point of commencing the onset."

The moment the treaty of Tilsit was published, Sweden assumed a hostile and formidable attitude. Napoleon could not pardon the English for making a descent upon the island of Rugen. This unexpected attack awakened the hopes of Gustavus Adolphus.—But what could that unfortunate monarch do against the torrent of Frenchmen which was precipitating itself upon his kingdom. Swedish Pomerania was invaded, Stral-



sund was besieged, and in six weeks surrendered; and the French army took possession of the isle of Rugen, from which the king was forced to make his escape.

Napoleon followed the course of his triumphs. Gustavus descended from his throne. Charles XIII. took possession of his nephew's inheritance. The honourable reproach which he found himself able to make against the nephew of the great Frederick, was of having been one of the most zealous defenders of the Bourbons, and especially of having been the truest and most sincere friend of the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien.(38)

The King of Sweden had never flattered the great man, who could form no just idea of his proud and independent character. "If," said he, "Gustavus continues to reign, and the prince royal of Wurtemberg ascends the throne, I shall feel much embarrassed."

But the temple of Janus, which seemed shut at the north, was soon opened at the south. Bonaparte returned to Paris, where he had been for some days. His first care was to convoke the legislative body and the senate. In his speech to them he said:—"The people of the duchy of Warsaw, and the city of Dantzic, have recovered their country and their rights. The statements of my ministers will make you acquainted with the prosperous condition of the public treasury. My people will feel themselves relieved of a considerable part of the land tax."

After Jerome's marriage with the Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg,\* Napoleon wished his two other brothers to contract alliances with royal blood. But Lucien had long ago manifested his dislike of the immeasurable ambition of Napoleon. Madame Joseph—that model of virtue, that most amiable and excellent lady—did not deserve to be cast aside merely to nourish the chi-

\* When the Princess of Wurtemberg came to Paris to espouse Jerome, she was affianced the same evening, and the nuptials were celebrated the next day at 8 o'clock in the evening. During the ceremony a terrible storm arose; and the lightning twice struck the Tuileries. On returning to her apartments Josephine remarked, that "if the princess were superstitious, she might suppose that that evening announced to her an unhappy future."

meras of a senseless pride ; and she found a determined defender in her husband. It may be said, to the praise of Joseph, that he did not always participate in the sentiments of his brother, whom, indeed, he very often opposed with the utmost energy. Napoleon had, however, obtained such an ascendancy over the members of his family, who all owed to him their elevation, that they dared not offer the least resistance to his will. They were all united by the sentiments of fear and ambition.\*

An ambassador arrived from Persia, bringing the most magnificent presents from his court. He presented to Napoleon, in the name of his sovereign, the sabres of *Tamerlane* and *Thamas-Kouly-Khan*. The Emperor appeared enchanted with these rich presents of a distant foreign court. I received several of the most beautiful cashmeres.(39) The Persian ambassador was favourably received ; but the Emperor soon after, and under some vain pretext, refused him a private audience. His Excellency, Asker-Khan, was much embarrassed in acting his part, and seldom appeared at court. And yet this man was not destitute of a certain degree of merit—although, in the eyes of the courtiers, his quality of ambassador was but an imaginary title. One of our generals (Gardanne), had been sent into Persia with a considerable suite. He had received, as it appears, secret instructions from the cabinet of the Tuileries ;—but nothing was at this time surprising. Even the Emperor of Morocco had his plenipotentiary at Paris, charged to congratulate the great man, the most valiant (as he said), the most renowned of European sovereigns. Napoleon took a real pleasure in receiving, in the midst of his court, those men who came express from the confines of Asia and Africa, to speak with him for a

\* When Joseph Napoleon ascended the throne of Naples, his sister Caroline, then Grand Duchess of Berg, avoided, as much as possible, meeting her modest sister-in-law. But seeing herself compelled to give her the title of "*your majesty*," she dared to complain to Napoleon that he had not yet thought to give her, also, a crown. "Your complaint," said he, "astonishes me, madame. To hear you, one might suppose I had deprived you of your right of succession to the throne of your *ancestor*."

brief moment. "Have my *Mamamouchis* come?" he would ask impatiently; and when in good humour, he would tell his favourites that, when in Egypt, he wore precisely the same costume, excepting the Astracan bonnet, which was worn by one of the sons of Ali. But, in fact, the cabinet of the Tuileries attached little or no importance to the mission of these illustrious foreigners.\* To me, however, they were a source of much amusement.(40) All the ladies of the court strove with each other in their attentions to their "*Excellencies*," and for some time an immense concourse of persons besieged the porticos of their hotels. Napoleon pretended, at one time, to think that these distant deputations would disquiet Russia, and caused a report to be put in circulation, that a rupture was about to take place between the two powers. But, perceiving that few

\* When, in 1808, an ambassador arrived at Paris from Persia, M. B— M—, then *President de la chambre des comptes*, had a curious mystical adventure with him—not the less laughable for its being the result of mere chance. The ambassador was sick one day, and asked for a physician. Doctor Bourdois was sent for, and while the ambassador was every moment expecting the doctor to enter, M. B— M— was announced at his door. The Persian did not know a word of French, and his interpreter was absent; but, as the last syllable only of that name struck his ear, he thought, of course, it must be the physician he had sent for. Consequently, the moment the president had come in, he reached out his hand to have him feel his pulse. The president, supposing he meant to shake hands, gave it a hearty shake. The Persian, doubtless presuming that the French physicians had a peculiar mode of feeling the pulse, next opened his mouth, and showed him his tongue. M. B— M— thought this merely an act of Persian politeness; but the surprise which he felt did not in the least disconcert the ambassador, who attributed it to some unfavourable symptom which his supposed physician had discovered. He next clapped his hands, and two slaves instantly entered, and placed under the president's nose a silver basin. The latter, on seeing them enter, supposed that, according to eastern custom, they were bringing him a silver vase filled with rose-water from Shiraz; but the *perfume* which it exhaled undeceived him in the most disagreeable manner. He thought the ambassador meant to insult him, and became livid with rage.—Fortunately, the interpreter arrived, and soon explained away the affront.—M.

of the foreign ministers at Paris gave the least credit to the rumour, he soon abandoned this political *ruse*. The presents he was to make in exchange for those he had received from the different Asiatic and African nations, were so slow in being prepared, that he had received but a small portion of them when those ambassadors left France.

For months he had been talking of making a journey to Italy. "I must," said he, "have Tuscany; I shall have little difficulty in obtaining it: I intend it for my eldest sister, who is fully capable of governing that duchy. She resembles me—her nature will not brook any sort of domination. If need be, she will accustom herself alike to the smiles of prosperity and the frowns of adversity. In a word, Eliza has the courage of an Amazon:"—a cloud came over the Emperor's brow while he pronounced these words; he seemed to be tormented by some fear or some sudden thought.\*

I did not permit myself to utter reflections; they would have been utterly useless. My husband had the strongest attachment for Madame Baciocchi.(41) "As to Pauline Borghèse," said he, "she is good for nothing, except in a saloon. She tells a story well, and her enchanting face lends a grace to all her movements; but I think her incapable of governing.—She has neither character nor energy. She knows not how to undertake anything; she can't refuse anything; and her tender heart is afraid of being obliged to punish anybody.(42) As to Madame Murat," continued he, "when she once embraces a sentiment, nothing can make her change it. She has a kind of firmness of character which will always prevent her being governed. She knows men, and knows how to appreciate them at their just value. Her knowledge of the human heart renders her at times distrustful. She is accused of having ambition, of being

\* Some hours before the death of the Duke d'Enghien, Eliza had the boldness to say to Bonaparte—"Beware, my brother, lest one of the balls which pass through the prince's body, rebound and break the sceptre in your hand."



fickle in her friendships, and inconstant in her love. As I know nothing about her in these respects, it is not for me to accuse or to acquit her. But she has domestic virtues, which, when better known to thee, my dear Josephine (said he, with a smile), will make thee judge her with less of prejudice and more of justice."

I turned the conversation upon another subject in order to avoid an ever fruitless discussion. I discovered the intentions of my husband. I could only make complaints against his family. But I neglected my own personal interests, and looked after none but his.

After offering a throne to Murat, he had to build another for Joseph, for it was upon Joseph that he rested his highest hopes. Naples did not present a sufficiently broad theatre for his glory, and it was in the Spanish capital, in the midst of that proud and faithful people, that the new monarch was to appear and disappear almost in the same moment of time (like the kings created by Charles XII., who descended from the throne with as much ease as they had had difficulty in mounting it). Like Louis, Joseph was wholly a stranger to his brother's policy. Each of them sighed for repose; and of all the members of his family, the one most resembling him was beyond all contradiction the Grand Duchess Eliza. He regarded Jerome merely as a scholar and himself as his preceptor. But the King of Westphalia could have said to him, in the language of the poet:—

"Je vous imiterai, quand il en sera temps,  
Quand, pour déterminer les esprits inconstans,  
Il me faudra plus qu'un titre qui déguise  
Et le but et l'effet de ma haute entreprise.  
A commander aussi je me sens destiné :  
Qui m'en empêcherait ?" . . . .

GERMANICUS, Acte I. Scene VI.

## CHAPTER VI.

AT the treaty of Tilsit, Napoleon had engaged the Emperor Alexander not to interfere with any efforts which France might make against Spain. Fully assured upon this point, and persuaded that no other power would dare intermeddle, he moved forward fearlessly towards the object he had long aimed at. He was no stranger to the proclamation which Godoy, the Prince of Peace, had issued, in which he called to arms his master's faithful subjects, in order to send away the best troops of Spain. The Emperor, through his secret agents at Madrid, insinuated that they ought to be directed towards Denmark. General Romana was directed to place himself at the head; and that famous general was presented to me on his arrival at Paris. Napoleon had long since testified his pleasure in seeing him leave his country, for he was seriously afraid of his bravery. Soon 30,000 Frenchmen, in virtue of the treaty of Fontainebleau, entered Spain under Junot. Charles IV. was reposing upon the good faith of the man who already entertained the design of possessing himself of the wealth of the two worlds, already hoarded up (so to speak) in those different kingdoms. Napoleon did not intend to keep his word to the unhappy monarch, but on the contrary felt anxious that the Prince Regent of Portugal might fall into the same snare. The latter I am sure would have become his prisoner, but for the salutary advice of Sidney Smith, who persuaded him to embark for Brazil on the eve of Junot's entrance into Lisbon. Bonaparte, now master of Portugal, thought only of assembling a new army at Bayonne,(43) ready at any moment to march upon the capital of Spain. He said to me—"I am going to seize the first occasion; I am so successful in everything, that it seems to me, King

Charles IV. must feel obliged to me for having furnished him the means of consolidating his slavery."

I sincerely pitied the Prince of the Asturias. I knew his mortification at seeing Don Emmanuel Godoy exercise so potent an influence over the illustrious family which had adopted him. He resolved on overthrowing that favourite, but, unhappily, believed that Napoleon would consent to aid him in the undertaking. The Emperor of the French conceived the idea of giving him his brother Lucien's eldest daughter in marriage.(44) A secret agent received orders to sound the prince on that subject, and to suggest to him, adroitly, to apply to Napoleon to choose him a wife; and in due time, the heir presumptive of the Spanish throne consulted the Emperor touching the choice he should make. A lively correspondence took place between them. But at length, the most unquestionable information reached the father respecting the conduct of the son; and henceforth, the principal instigator of the whole of this political intrigue, Don Godoy, so proud of the title of Prince of Peace, conceived some suspicions respecting the workings of the plot; and shortly afterwards the Prince of the Asturias was arrested. Napoleon confessed to me, that he was afraid the name of his ambassador, and the marriage project he had had in hand, would figure in the legal proceedings against Ferdinand. "I am," said he, "going to use means to make the old king write me on this subject. The father will complain of the son, and beg me to aid him with my advice. My faithful emissaries will send me from day to day an exact account of the prince's most trivial actions. But I shall entreat the father to use indulgence towards the son, and shall go so far as to recall to his mind the example of Philip II., if Don Carlos is guilty. He is not—or, at least, his fault is trifling—and a sovereign ought always to pardon;—such is my policy, madame. The moment the Emperor of the French shall pretend to reconcile them the one with the other, that moment he will order the grand army and the imperial guard to advance towards Spain; and soon your husband and his happy spouse will start for Bayonne." He then left me

in a hurry, without answering the different observations which I permitted myself to make upon the subject.

'Twas in the silence of the night that the conqueror of so many nations came to the resolution to subject another one to his sway ; and he thus wrote to Murat—"The Spaniards are born lazy and fanatical. You will easily conquer them. For this, it is only necessary that you should canton your numerous phalanxes in the neighbourhood of the road from Bayonne to Madrid. The Prince of Peace is blinded by my promises. He will surrender his country to me without making any resistance or defence :—I know this, for he intends sending his only disposable corps of troops to the frontiers of Portugal."

The moment had now come for the sinister events to break out at Aranjuez. The French army immediately moved towards Madrid, and made its solemn entry into the town. King Charles IV. abdicated in favour of his son, and the Prince of the Asturias was recognised as king by Murat under the name of Ferdinand VII.

But my husband had not gone so far merely to leave his work unfinished. "*Dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requirat ?*" said he rubbing his hands in token of joy : "I am really an admirer of Virgil—the greatest of the Roman poets has some excellent ideas;—they are worth infinitely more than those of our modern philosophers—what say you?" I replied, "A young sovereign loved by his subjects, might easily rally their courage, and calm the popular effervescence." Such an idea could, of course, find no place in Napoleon's projects, and he used all his efforts to make Charles IV. protest against his abdication, proposing to him, at the same time, to come immediately to Bayonne, to have an understanding with his son. I accompanied my husband in his journey thither. I could not look with indifference upon a young prince, the victim of intrigue and Italian cunning. I foresaw the unhappy issue which perfidious advisers were preparing for the Emperor.

Ferdinand and the Infant, Don Carlos, displayed a force of character which astonished the *self-styled mediator* ; and Na-



oleon, attempting to frighten them, said to the young king—"The past should teach you that it is in vain to resist me, and that it is as easy for me to punish as to threaten." I was present when this was said, and could scarcely control the feelings which agitated me; but my astonishment and admiration were at their height, when I heard Ferdinand reply to it, with marked and manly energy:—

"I understand you, Napoleon; you seek to intimidate me, by calling to my mind the fate of a prince of my family. I ask you, as a favour, that I may perish by a death like that of my cousin, if you are determined to take away my crown!" "And I," added Don Carlos, "I demand as a special favour, to die with my brother and my king, if you are so unjust as to deprive the Spaniards of their legitimate sovereign."

This truly painful scene produced some impression upon him. But he had no design upon the lives of the princes, but merely intended to hold them in bondage. It must be said, to the honour of a majority of his courtiers, and especially of M. de Talleyrand, that they disavowed his projects against Spain. The latter dared to tell him plainly, that he would reap nothing from it but loss and confusion. "You are deceived," said the ambitious Napoleon; "my political car is started; it must pass on; woe to him who finds himself beneath its wheels!" Besides, gentlemen," said he, "why have the Infants come to visit me at Marac? They are young men, without experience, coming here without passports! Think you my policy is in accordance with the feelings of my heart? Oh no! not at all; but there are sometimes extraordinary cases—and this is one—when I must silence my private feelings, and devote myself to

\* M. de Talleyrand was long the right arm of Napoleon, but Josephine never could exercise much influence over that minister. More than once did she dare reproach him for not opposing the project of a divorce. History will long keep silence as to the secret motives which determined him. He was, however, one of the principal causes which successively led to the fall of Bonaparte.

the good of my people, and the glory which must necessarily thence be reflected upon my crown."

His conduct towards the royal family of Spain was far from meeting my approbation, and I did not conceal from him how much I disliked it. I did not hide from him the odiousness of this arbitrary act; and hence he kept me away from all the future conferences. "What matters it to you, madame," said he, with ill-humour, "whether it be Charles IV., or Ferdinand, who treats with me? I will no longer recognise the son, and unless he replaces the crown in his father's hands, within a few hours, I shall declare myself the protector of the one against the other. We shall see whether the prince will dare resist me!"

Ferdinand was advised to resign the crown, upon the condition that the royal family should return to Madrid, and the nation itself should, through the medium of the Cortès, or another assembly less numerous, take cognisance of the affair, and pronounce its decision. Napoleon did not favour such a project. He employed the most active means to prevent it, and sought my intervention. But I solemnly refused to have anything to do with this work of iniquity, and foretold to him, by a sort of secret inspiration, that from the moment he undertook to legitimate this criminal usurpation, the phantom of felicity, which he had thus far enjoyed, would begin to vanish. He paid not the least attention to my menaces. The Prince of the Asturias became the object of persecution. He was forced to submit to all the conditions which Napoleon saw fit to impose upon him; especially when he became acquainted with the massacre of the 2d of May, in the streets of Madrid.

Murat wrote him that the grape-shot and bayonet had cleared the streets of the Spanish capital, giving all the details which led to that fatal insurrection. The presence of the French troops, and the departure of the royal family, had struck all hearts with consternation. It was rumoured that the princes were treated as prisoners of state. It was known that the Queen of Etruria,(45) and the Infanta, Don Antonio and Don Francisco, were about to set out for France; and immediately

numerous women assembled in the palace to prevent their departure. An aide-de-camp of Murat now appeared, who, it was supposed, had come to demand the Infanta. He was misused; a tumult ensued, and a struggle took place between the French and Spaniards, in which more than a thousand men perished. The firing was prolonged till late in the night, notwithstanding the armistice, which Murat had published in order to restore tranquillity.

Never did I see the Emperor in such a rage as on perusing these despatches. He rushed hastily out of his cabinet, and gave an order that the Prince of the Asturias should, on the instant, send him a formal renunciation of the kingdom of Spain. "I must have it," said he, "in a definitive shape, and he must make a cession to me of all his present and future claims to the crown.—This comedy has reached its *dénouement*, and its end may be tragical if those to whom I send my orders defer their execution."

The prebendary Escoïquiz(46) received an envoy from Napoleon, charged to announce to the prince the intentions of his master. But his resistance was stubborn, and the message fruitless. "I must," said he, "judge of it for myself." "In vain (reported the envoy) did I endeavour to calm him, or to make him listen to the voice of reason; all I could do only served to sour him the more;—he finally told me to remain in my room, and not let him see me unless I should be sent for."

In the evening I learnt that my husband had seen Ferdinand, and had dared to say to him—"Prince, you must choose—death, or your renunciation of the crown."—But he was far from giving another representation of the Vincennes tragedy. "I only wanted to frighten him," said he to me; "but I did not expect to find so much energy in him. Should he ever remount his throne, he will, I think, be capable of keeping it. Who knows but he may one day attempt to make me play the part of Francis I. at Madrid?"—"Perhaps," said I, "you may not reap as many laurels as that great sovereign. Charles V. was the rival of the French king, instead of having his private

injuries to avenge. The immortal Louis XII. pardoned, in the most generous manner, the man who had unjustly held him in chains."—"Ah," replied Napoleon, "I shall not place myself in the power of his generosity, and, as a precaution, I shall retain him in order to keep from him the means of attempting any such surprise; for I certainly admit, it would be desperate to punish him."

Though the possessor of the crown of Charles IV., he was not of his kingdom. From all quarters, the Spaniards rushed to arms; but Napoleon could not persuade himself that the Castilians would display their ancient bravery. His advisers made him believe that the Spaniards were not capable of making the least effort in favour of their sovereign; that the name alone of the great Napoleon had already vanquished them, and that the power of his arms would soon finish that important conquest. Thus did his courtiers constantly urge him forward to take rash and inconsiderate steps. I despised the one who first dared give him the perfidious advice to declare war upon Spain, and to despoil of his crown and heritage the only ally who was faithful to him. But thus do the serpents which crawl into courts, infect, by their impure breath, the councils into which they are admitted. Their tongue, like the adder's, is a poisoned arrow; and the enchanting words of their flattery flow from lips steeped in poison. Doubtless, Napoleon cannot escape the reproaches of contemporaries and of posterity; but when there shall be liberty to draw aside the veil of imposture, France will discover what means her enemies employed to inspire him with this culpable undertaking.

He could not dissemble the joy he felt at the success of this *coup d'état*. "I have," said he, "succeeded in spite of the policy of the prebendary Escoiquiz. I know how to appreciate the love he bears his masters. He has done his duty, and shall not cease to be sensible of my good-will.—As to Talleyrand, he dared oppose me; according to him, the conquest of Spain was high-treason. *Eh bien!* he must participate in it if it be such, and must become the overseer of the princess at Valancey.(47)



That's not making him act a very distinguished part in the play, Josephine. And now that, in spite of him, I have succeeded in placing my brother Joseph\* on the throne, you may

\* Notwithstanding all that has been said, and all that has happened, Joseph did not, in accepting the throne of Spain, consent to be simply his brother's lieutenant. Aranza and Offarel had the courage to start that delicate question in his presence. "Never fear, gentlemen," said he; "I am now a Spaniard; and if my new subjects range themselves under my sceptre, assure them, gentlemen, that I shall reign; and that nothing but their opposition will bring them decrees signed *Napoleon*."

This noble assurance did not a little to conciliate the great personages of the old court, which soon became his own.

With such sentiments, Joseph could not live long upon a good understanding with his brother. A dispute broke out between them, and I will add that this dispute was one of the leading causes of Napoleon's disasters in Spain. Two powerful motives operated to estrange Joseph from his brother—the honour of the Spanish throne, which he wanted to preserve intact, and the necessities of his finances. The troubles in Spain had reduced all imposts to zero, and it followed, that the new monarch found himself often without a sou. It was this state of things that produced the famous interview at Chammartin, where Joseph came upon him like a thunderbolt, and when he least expected it. "What!" said Bonaparte, "you here, brother?" seeing him at some distance; "what motive brings you here?" "The most powerful in the world," said Joseph, "want; and to avoid being reviled by my new subjects. I have not a crown in my treasury." "How? Are you not the King of Spain, and are you interdicted from levying the taxes which are indispensable?" "Taxes! Upon whom? Where? You have dried up the sources." "Reproaches?" "Truths! Did you not tell me, at Bayonne, that my collections might, at first, be difficult, and that you would cover the deficit? Have you kept that promise?" "No, nor did I intend to do so. Long has the French treasury covered the expenses of this war. You have people—impose taxes." "Taxes again! Will a country in a state of insurrection pay my taxes? Or will a country, totally ruined by your armies, although obedient, pay them? I see the evil plainly. I have seen the victims—I have received petitions—I cannot deny the evidence." "Joseph, you don't properly measure circumstances. Where should I now have been—I, *Emperor of the French, and King of Italy*—had I suffered myself to be fretted by the detonations of argument and abstract truths? My greatness takes its birth in my skill in cutting to the quick, in condemning the reproaches of individuals, the complaints of those who are vexed,

unfold to me all your thoughts.”—“ I am,” said I, “ still of an opinion different from your own. You think to make the people believe that your grand-chamberlain approves the violent means which you have made use of to catch in your snare the family you are dethroning, and that, not content with having served you with his counsels, he is still anxious to be useful to you, by giving you his chateau at Valancey, for the purpose of detaining your august prisoners. Be undeceived ; sensible men will adopt none of these notions. The snare is not surrounded by flowers. You will, from this day—remark it !—count one more enemy—a new *Richelieu*, believe it. You will arm him against you : Talleyrand, whenever he shall will it, will be able to make you descend from the throne ; what did I say ?—to hurl you from it ! He is the prince of politicians. He understands the mechanism of the whole machine, and directs the motions of the invisible wheels. Talleyrand possesses the key to every cabinet in Europe ; he has the ear of every minister ; and this man, if so disposed, can, at his will, make you act the part of Alexander or of Darius.”\*

and the hatred of all. While yet young, I inured myself to this stern indifference, and I shall carry this character, hardy and profitable, to the tomb.—I shall die with it.” “ Boast as much as you please of what you are and what you have been ; but, for myself, I wish only to be what I can be without too much self-reproach ; and, since all moderation seems at an end, although a king of *your manufacture*, I shall no longer be your property, nor the Spaniards your serfs.” “ I notice what you say. Joseph, did I value my glory less—could I retrograde with honour,—but no ; I am too far advanced—I will not furnish a family scene. Let’s drop it ; to-morrow I will put you in funds.” The next day Joseph received 500,000 francs, and returned to Burgos. Napoleon long remembered this scene ; it affected him, and perhaps he has carried it with him to his Rock.

\* I am persuaded that Prince Talleyrand was no stranger to the many treaties formed at this period. He employed the most skilful means to bring about the hollow reconciliation of the Emperor Alexander with Napoleon, with a view, while he ministered to the ambitious hopes of the latter, to make him afraid of the road to Russia, whither, it seemed likely, his ambition would one day lead him. By tearing in pieces the treaty of Erfurth,

We left Bayonne on the 21st of July, and continued our route through Pau, Tarbes, Toulouse, Montauban, Bordeaux, la Vendée, and Nantes. The people thronged to meet us, anxious to gather around us. Alas! they were dazzled by the great deeds of their Emperor, far from suspecting, however, that he owed to perfidy and treason these apparent evidences of success.—In every city which we passed through, we had to endure the *ennui* of a public harangue. Napoleon wore an air of affability, and even affected popularity. He informed himself respecting the misfortunes of the inhabitants, and entered into the smallest details connected with their just claims.\* Here, he promised to rebuild a church; there, he fixed upon a time to found a seminary; farther on, he announced his intention to build barracks for troops. The public monuments seemed particularly to attract his attention. “I shall change the face of Europe,” said he; “I mean my age shall outshine that of Louis XIV. When I desire it, I will send out a Vauban from my institutions. I know of some of Mansard’s pupils who will perhaps surpass their master in architecture. My creative genius will give birth to wonders which will be completed under my own eyes.—In short, my reign must furnish forth things which are surprising—things which are more extraordinary than anything yet done by the greatest men. I mean to efface their reputations.” “Your march is so rapid,” said I, “that Time, the destroyer of all, may possibly not allow you to terminate what you so complacently denominate your grand work.” “Ah!” he replied, with a kind of confidence in his air, “you know, my friend, I bear upon my person a mysterious *hieroglyphic*,<sup>(48)</sup> which will not permit me to fall by the strokes of treachery. I am invulnerable in war, and

he in some sort prepared the fall of the Emperor of the French; and it was easy to foresee the results of that ministerial intrigue.—*Note by Josephine.*

\* Whenever a demand was presented to him, he listened to it without showing the slightest ill humour or impatience. He would take the letter or petition, saying, “Very well, I will look to it.”

my political career will stretch far into the future.”—Such was his mode of charming away the *ennui* of travelling.

He constantly took pleasure in these bright, illusive dreams. To contradict him was the surest means of incurring his displeasure. But I by no means hesitated to speak my mind when the matter in hand concerned his own glory, or the good of the people; and, during our journey, we had more than one quarrel respecting King Charles IV., who was to reside at Compiègne with the queen, the Prince of Peace, and the King and Queen of Etruria. I, however, succeeded in obtaining his pledge that they should be treated with royal magnificence,\* “for,” said I (by way of persuading him not to dishonour himself in the eyes of Europe), “the Spanish king and his family have not lost their sacred character before the tribunal of other sovereigns; and since you, yourself, form a part of that august confederation, you ought, although they are subject to you, to treat them as princes in adversity. Perhaps they will yet be more fortunate than was James II. of England; that monarch, notwithstanding all the efforts of Louis XIV., was never able to reseat himself on the throne. But Ferdinand may yet reascend his own, and in spite of you, maintain himself there by means of his people’s love for him.—Any further abuse of your authority may work such a revolution.”

This conversation had a good effect upon him, and, without exactly confessing that I was correct in what I said, he sent orders that the illustrious wayfarers should be so treated that they should find nothing to complain of in his proceedings. He had the art to make them believe that their captivity would soon end, and that, perhaps, the same hand which had wrested

\* The Duchess of Chevreuse was designated by the Emperor as *dame d’honneur* to the Queen of Spain. She answered distinctly that she would not go to Compiègne—that nothing should tempt her to become the jailer of the Bourbons. She was immediately disgraced, and sent off to one of her chateaux which had neither doors nor windows. Napoleon never pardoned her for what he called an act of disobedience, committed upon a calculation of the chances of the future.—*Note by Josephine.*



from them the crown and diadem, would be generous enough to restore them; but that for the present a different course was useful to Europe;—that Spain had renounced her rank as a European power—that a liberator was necessary to her, and that he was the man who was destined to work out her regeneration.

After returning to the capital, he coolly calculated the consequences of this gigantic enterprise, the result of which was a war of extermination. He began to perceive that he had missed his aim, though he was not the man to confess it. His mood was often dreamy and melancholy; nothing could divert him; his anxiety betrayed itself in spite of him; his most faithful courtiers dared hardly address their master; and Duroc\* was more than once the object of his anger. I myself experienced the terrible explosions of his wrath, but told him, with my characteristic sensibility, that he was in pain, that he was afraid to rely upon any one. But his severe look imposed silence upon me. He learned that General Dupont, who commanded a division in Spain, had reminded, fruitlessly, the French soldiers of their past victories by calling upon them *to conquer or die*. “Seven times (said he, in his report,) did I order a charge with the bayonet, but to no purpose; while the Spanish general skillfully took advantage of the ground to advance his forces. At length, however, to save the wreck of the French battalions, and after taking the advice of General Marescot, I consented to capitulate.” “A pretty *début* this!” exclaimed Napoleon, on reading the despatches.—“Ah, ha! gentlemen, you have suffered yourselves to be beaten;—very well, your liberty shall atone for the impossibility which you set up, of not gaining a victory.”

He soon ascertained that the whole of Spain had taken up arms, and that the French were repulsed at all points. Nothing could equal the courageous resistance of the Spaniards, who were all united against the common enemy. They were,

\* Duroc, though he loved Napoleon, stood in great fear of him.

nevertheless, convinced that they ought not to expose the fate of their country to the chances of regular combat. Their *guerillas* harassed the march of the French troops, and pillaged their convoys, but never made an attack except with superior numbers. And whenever fortune was unpropitious to them, they bore their reverses with stoical resignation.

As each courier arrived bringing bad news, Bonaparte was so agitated that I became for a time really alarmed for his health. He would rise from his bed during the night, and walk his room with rapid strides ; and whenever the moonlight fell upon him, he might be seen beating his forehead with his hand, like a man plunged in the deepest despair. 'Twas in vain that I sought to calm him. "You told me, madame," exclaimed he with emphasis, "you told me it would be thus"—referring ironically to my confidence in the predictions of a certain woman whom all Paris were running after—"I will have her arrested, madame—I will have your *Miss Normand* arrested. I understand her prophesyings—she has filled your head with wild notions.—I beg you, madame, I conjure you, never speak of her again."(49)

When the news reached him that his brother Joseph had been forced to leave Madrid, after the battle of Baylen, he began to see that he made a false calculation. But his doctrine was never to retrace his steps, and a new levy of conscripts now became necessary to enable him to uphold his brother's rights. "My honour and my duty," (said he to the French senate), "require me to push forward my matters in Spain with the utmost activity. Indeed, the future security of my people, maritime peace, and the prosperity of commerce, are all equally implicated in these important operations."

And yet he could not forget all the unlucky prognostics which signalized the origin and the progress of this unhappy enterprise. At one time he thought of putting the crown of Spain upon his own head, and of treating the Spaniards as a conquered people.—"I will," said he, "govern all those kingdoms with a brazen sceptre." He said, and a *senatus consultum*

placed at his disposal 80,000 men.(50) Indeed, he might boldly have reckoned upon twice that number, with officers obedient to his will. With these, it was easy for him to fill up the corps of the grand army, which was now arriving from all parts of Germany, and send them on through France, without giving them a moment's rest. Besides, according to his system, the Leopard which spoiled the realms of Spain and Portugal, must be compelled to fly, terror-stricken at the sight of our legions. He wanted to lead their eagles to the pillars of Hercules.—“Soldiers,” said the heroic chief to his warriors, “you have effaced the reputation of modern armies; but have you yet equalled the glory of the Romans, who, in a single campaign, triumphed on the Rhine and on the Euphrates, in Illyria and on the Tagus?”

With these pompous words, with these brilliant and sonorous phrases, did this general electrify his army;—so much so, indeed, that his men willingly and readily threw themselves headlong into the midst of the greatest danger, ready to rush into the storm of grapeshot, and have their clothes riddled with balls, in order to occupy some post of danger assigned them by Napoleon.

Oh, magical influence of the love of glory!—it is all-powerful over the minds of Frenchmen. No people are more sensitive to an affront, and none more generous after victory. The words *Honour* and *Country* are their talismans; they cause them to work miracles.

What must the veterans of our old victorious fields have suffered on seeing that our triumphs in Spain were ineffectual!—With such troops Napoleon might have conquered the whole world; but 'twas the evil genius which now began to preside over his actions, that inspired him with the idea of sending them beyond the Pyrenees. He was, however, solicitous that no other war should break out, this being as much as he could well sustain. For this reason he hastened to terminate the differences which existed between France and Prussia, seeking,

as he was pleased to boast to his courtiers, to triumph again over Alexander.

With this view he left St. Cloud with me on the 21st of September, 1808, and directed his journey towards Metz, where he arrived on the 24th. He passed through Mayence without stopping, and entered Erfurth on the 27th. He rode on horseback constantly, in order to be in advance of the Emperor Alexander, who had been at Weimar since the 25th. The Kings of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, the Prince Primate and Jerome Bonaparte, repaired to Erfurth. In the midst of the most serious conferences, the Emperor neglected nothing in his efforts to dissemble his real designs; on the contrary, the journals of the day imputed to this important meeting an entirely different object. Festivals the most brilliant characterized it. French comedians, with their customary talent, played the masterpieces of Racine and Voltaire.(51) Decorated with the title of *Empress*, I received visits from sovereigns.—Everything, at this time, seemed to favour my husband's insatiable ambition. The Emperor Alexander yielding in a manner to the desire which Napoleon professed of concluding a peace with Europe, each of them addressed the following letter to the King of England with a view to accomplish that benevolent purpose.

“MY BROTHER:—The events of war have brought us together at Erfurth. Our first thought is, to yield to the wishes and wants of every people in Europe, and, by means of a prompt pacification with your majesty, to apply the most effectual remedy to the numberless evils which weigh heavily upon all nations. This, our sincere desire, we communicate to your majesty by this present letter. The long and bloody war which has torn the continent is terminated, without the power of renewal.”

But this vain declamation left not the least trace upon the minds of the British cabinet. They were unwilling to acknowledge the changes wrought in Spain, and Napoleon's chief object at Erfurth was to ascertain, to a certainty, that the Em-



peror of Russia had no idea of attempting to overthrow his plans.

Shortly after this, Napoleon was apprised that the Holy Father refused to number his brother Joseph in the rank of European sovereigns. "I know how to punish him," said he to me in confidence; "I shall unite a part of my church provinces to my kingdom of Italy."

His policy soon devised the means of calling to Paris several deputies, from among the inhabitants of Lombardy, to express to him their thanks for having united them to the grand family. But he had not entirely renounced his original design upon Spain, and was, on the contrary, of opinion that in case he placed himself at the head of his victorious troops, he should plant his triumphant eagles upon the ramparts of Lisbon; and that thus his monarchy would become universal. He presumed that the Spaniards, filled with the new ideas which prevailed in France, were even now on the point of raising the revolutionary standard, and imagined that he might with impunity proclaim equality among the citizens, liberty to all, and the suppression of the burdens and of the corporations to which so many peculiar privileges belonged. "You labour under an illusion," I told him; "you do not know how to appreciate the character of the Spaniards; and I am afraid you will reap no other fruit from your culpable enterprise than to restore to that courageous nation its ancient energy and its profound hatred for all foreign domination.—You think, by your personal presence among them, to prove that these faithful allies will long preserve the admiration they at first felt for you!—Alas! the time is gone by, when they beheld in you only the regenerator of the grand empire: you have led them into an error, and they now perceive it. A few months ago, they perhaps thought that you were going to eradicate all abuses from their government; but you have deceived them, and their native pride has revolted at it. You will witness a general rising in Spain; you will see in each citizen her zealous defender;—the love of country and of glory triumphs over nature herself."

As was his wont, Napoleon cast ridicule on my sinister predictions. "I shall, notwithstanding," said he, "leave, and take the command of that invincible army. Will you consent to accompany me in this perilous journey, madame? Your fatigues will be well requited by the enthusiasm of which we shall be both the witnesses and the objects. I want to place Joseph again upon the throne of Spain; but should it happen that he should again descend from it, it will then become my duty to mount it; in which case, I shall cause myself to be crowned at Madrid."

I confess, I did not know how to answer him, for the events which were then in progress, seemed to me to partake of the miraculous. All I could get from him was, that he should set out on his journey without constraining me to accompany him. My mind was so fatigued and worn out by the scenes which were constantly passing before me, that I was really in need of repose. The Emperor, therefore, started alone. He remained several weeks at Burgos, where, shortly after, the Spaniards were completely defeated, in the battle of Sommo-Sierra. He thence proceeded down the mountain slopes, and arrived at Madrid on the 2d of December.

Everything seemed to oppose an insurmountable barrier to his progress. The population of that city put itself in motion; they plucked up the pavements, and threw them together in heaps, in order to hurl them at the assailants. The streets were barricaded. To the Spanish ministers, who came and begged him to spare the town, Napoleon returned an answer, that he gave them only till the next morning, at six o'clock, to open to him the gates of the capital, declaring, furthermore, that unless the inhabitants submitted to that condition, there should not remain one stone upon another in the city. This menace produced its effect, although the envoy represented that the people were in a state of effervescence; so much so, that the magistrates found it extremely difficult to restrain the torrent of popular feeling. The conqueror would not, however, listen to any proposition, and his last words struck terror into all hearts.

On the 4th of December he made his solemn entry into Madrid; but, owing to secret advice, he thought it not safe to establish his head-quarters in the city, and preferred, for good reasons, to reside at Chammartin, the country-house of the Infantado, a structure justly entitled to be called a master-work of magnificence. He thought to intimidate the Spaniards, by threatening to treat them as a conquered people, in case they did not repose confidence in him. "And, moreover," said he, "I will place my brother Joseph on another throne, and use all my means to impose silence upon the malcontents. Behold the strength which God has given me. I know that I have the ability to overcome any obstacles the rebels may attempt to interpose in my path."

He had, at this time, really persuaded himself, that every road to fortune was open to him, and that he might, with impunity, undertake any enterprise. He fought battles without gaining an inch of ground. But

*Nihil est quod credere de se*

*Non possit, cùm laudatur, dis æqua potestas.*

His army could not pass the line of the Tagus, and it was impossible to allow it the least repose, compelled, as it was, to restrain an enemy, always vanquished, but who seemed, like the Phoenix, to rise again from its own ashes. He used all his efforts to capture General Moore, but perceiving that they were fruitless, and that it was impossible to attain that object, he established his head-quarters at Valladolid, where he made a brief halt.

What I had foreseen took place. I was perfectly acquainted with my husband's mind; and thought, correctly, that in case he met with the least obstacle in prosecuting his design, he would, in the end, place the fate of Spain in the hands of one of the generals, who afterwards subdued it. A passage in his last letter to me, intimating that I might soon expect to see him again at St. Cloud, confirmed me in the opinion I had formed.\*

\* Josephine was at all times in the receipt of news from the army,

And, indeed, it was not long before he abandoned the French army in Spain. The two brothers no longer agreed, and a scandalous scene, which took place at this time, induced him to leave Valladolid. "Gentlemen," said he to those who possessed his confidence, "what matters it whether Joseph is a king or a general? He cannot fulfil the duties of either of those stations. He is wonderfully sparing of the blood of the people whom I have subdued.—But, my brother, those generous people are no longer yours, and I am afraid you will not be so fortunate as was the second grandson of Louis XIV. That prince had, in fact, the rights of legitimacy in his favour; but that does not always guaranty a triumph over the obstacles one meets. Philip V. showed himself a man, but you have failed to do so. Such," (said he in a violent rage), "such is a mild and moderate man! I myself have judged that he is not capable of fulfilling the duties of a post of eminence, and if the civil war continues its ravages in that unhappy country, I shall have nothing to do but to send and establish colonies there." Such were Napoleon's reasonings when he returned to Paris. He seemed to experience shame in having failed in the accomplishment of his purposes and his hopes.

It was perceived that a marked change had taken place in his manner. He became unquiet, sombre, dreamy.(52) The courtiers trembled with affright.\* I did not cease to bestow upon him my tenderest cares, and all the consolations of a benevolent friendship. I said to him, "Bonaparte, the rays of

brought her by a courier sent by Bonaparte. No manner at what hour of the day or night, she always received the despatches from the hands of the courier himself, of whom she made inquiries respecting all the persons she knew. She would say some obliging things to him, and make him some rich present, according to the importance of the message.

\* Napoleon talked but little. When out of his own house, if he happened to say a word or two to a person he met, it was regarded as a proof of particular esteem. And if he stopped and talked with any one for the space of two minutes, the circumstance was the theme of conversation for a whole day; so rarely did he spend his time in this manner.



your glory must grow pale in the eyes of those proud Castilians whom you have steeped in humiliation. All France presumed, from the lying speeches they heard, that Spain was nearly subdued. You have accustomed your people to victories, to the conquest of cities and kingdoms. To-day, if you undeceive them, the veil of illusion may be torn away ; it has then become necessary to your reputation, and in order to conceal your defeat, to resort to those mercenary authors whose pens, steeped in the colours of adulation, and directed by the hand of flattery, are of no use except to minister to the depraved curiosity of credulous amateurs. Already have I caused the news to be circulated in the capital, that my husband was returning victorious from Spain. I even did violence to my own sense of duty in order to conceal the truth which had begun to appear in broad daylight. But I could not with indifference behold the laurels which adorned your brow tarnished."

But I made up my mind to say no more to him about that unlucky expedition. My duty was not to afflict him, satisfied that I could not shake his resolutions. And thus I gave up all hope of making him share my too well-founded fears, being always reluctant to fatigue him with my bitter reflections :—

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"Ingenium res.  
Adversæ nudare solent, celare secundæ."

The despatches which arrived daily from Spain, announced to him that Joseph found it impossible to pass the limits of the Spanish capital. The generals themselves murmured at the countless disasters produced by the active resistance of the enemy. The whole of that kingdom presented but an immense heap of ruins. Women and children fought in the name of their God, for their king, and often died heroically on the bodies of their fathers and husbands. Even the murmurs of grief and the cries of pain ceased to resound upon those fields of carnage.—Love of country was the only principle which animated their souls. The proud Castilians, the noble

descendants of Rodrigo, sustained in air with an intrepid hand their cherished standards, whose tattered folds only served to attest their courage. They proudly supported themselves upon the numerous piles of arms, nearly half broken, which victory had so often placed in their power. They seemed to have recovered their strength and their ancient character, and to cherish the beautiful sentiment of Corneille : —

“ Mourir pour son pays n'est pas un triste sort :  
C'est immortaliser par une belle mort.”

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## CHAPTER VII.

NAPOLÉON was now forced to leave King Joseph's affairs, and attend to his own. He received secret advices that Austria had been concerting measures to attack and conquer him. The Emperor of the French had reduced her to so great a humiliation that she was ready to seize upon the slightest pretext to resume her arms. She refused, officially, to recognise his brother Joseph as King of Spain, or consented to do so only upon a condition. That power complained that she had not been invited to the conferences at Erfurth—which certainly had in view an object different from a recognition of Joseph. She then protested against the destruction of the Germanic Confederation, which had been overthrown, after having been recognised and solemnly preserved by the treaty of Presburg.

My husband was careful to conceal from the French people, the fact that a new campaign was about to open ; on the contrary, the capital never presented greater magnificence. The sovereign assembled all the men who had been clothed with high dignities under the monarchy. This was, so to speak, their first appearance before arriving at place under the imperial government. The homage due to beauty was not lost sight

of in the midst of the fêtes of Bellona. Besides the ladies who were attached to my person, and who united in themselves the most dazzling charms, others were constantly presented to me, who, in all the graces of their sex, were not inferior to those who formed the ornament of my court. The Tuileries seemed like an enchanted palace.\*

Napoleon's politeness was not very studied; but he never transcended the limits of decorum. During the course of his reign, he permitted himself some slight and transient inclinations, whereof I unwillingly obtained positive proof. 'Twas difficult for me to believe that another woman could possess the heart of which I claimed to be the sole ruler. His court, however, although not exactly a school of morality, furnished a picture of that decency, those high-toned manners, and that *bon ton* which justified its comparison with that of Louis XIV. The rules of etiquette were observed, and those who had contributed to the great measures of my husband's government were made to feel, though in a delicate way, that henceforth there existed an immense interval between the Emperor of the French and General Bonaparte. When relieved from the fatigues of public display, I made ample amends to myself for the fatiguing restraint I was doomed to submit to during the public ceremonies.(53)

At the moment when the public mind began to enjoy a degree of calm, and my husband seemed fond of repeating the assurance that he no longer cherished any ambitious thought, the great powers were becoming incensed against the man whose

\* Josephine displayed great taste in the selection and arrangement of all that composed her toilette, about which she occupied herself a great deal. Her clothes always fitted her well. Her morning dress, always genteel but simple, became her much better than the more costly and burdensome court dress, which, though she wore it with ease, seemed to mar her natural gracefulness. She herself gave all orders, as well for dresses and hats as for body linen. Every six months she repaired to her ward robe, selected out such objects as she had resolved not to wear again, formed them into parcels, and distributed them among her women.

recent conquests only tended to destroy the equilibrium established by treaties, and who was continually adding new provinces to his empire. And thus, to prevent other usurpations, Prince Charles was appointed Generalissimo of the Austrian army. He began by declaring to the French general in Bavaria, that he was about to move forward, and that he should treat as enemies all who should resist him. Napoleon received this despatch in the night, and at daybreak was marching forward at the head of his army. Waking me from my sleep, he said, "You have played the part of Empress long enough; you must now become again the wife of a general. I leave immediately; you will accompany me to Strasburg." I was not at all prepared for the journey; for, only a few days before, he had refused to permit me to accompany him on the campaign. A most trivial circumstance had caused him to change his resolution.(54) At three o'clock in the morning we were travelling speedily on the Alsace road. My husband scarcely gave me time to throw on a night-cloak, and all my women had left the chateau *en deshabelle*, with nothing but their night caps on their heads; so that, when morning came, the officers who accompanied us could scarcely preserve their gravity at seeing me in such a modest plight. Napoleon was extreme in everything, and it was never until the decisive moment came that he expressed his final resolution. I had been so long accustomed to his singular character, that I ceased to be astonished at the striking contrasts which it exhibited. Our journey was full of gayety; we met sundry original characters on the way, who furnished us abundance of amusement.\* We arrived at Strasburg. My

\* One of the finest routes in France is that leading to Strasburg. It is astonishing to see the agricultural wealth of the departments which are traversed by the Marne and Meuse. On leaving Meaux I did not witness a single deserted chimney or neglected field. The pastures are admirable. The enormous quantity of fat cattle furnished by the farmers in this region, proves the fertility of the soil, and the plenty which they enjoy. The people of Champagne and Lorraine are healthy, vigorous, and well clothed; but their beeves and cows are of a poor sort. The Lorraine horses, how-



husband had a secret presentiment that he should return victorious. He said to me, on leaving me, "Josephine watches over all that I love, and my guardian angel will never cease

ever (to use the witty remarks of M. Cadet de Gassicourt), look as if they had descended from the one mentioned in the Apocalypse, on the sorry looking courser of Don Quixote.

Until you reach St. Dizier, the vineyards of Champagne exhibit only vines of small size, all of which are cut off six inches from the ground. From Champagne to Strasburg the appearance of the vineyards changes; the vines are strong, growing up in two branches in the form of a V, or in one only, and growing about two feet high. The last year's shoot is tied in the shape of a curve, so that each foot of vine looks like a noose for catching rabbits.

From Eparnay to Strasburg there is not a village, nor a vineyard, nor a field, that has not its crucifix, the most of which are carefully sculptured from stone. The owner of a house in the faubourg of Nancy had taken down the image of the Virgin from over his door, and replaced it with a bust of Napoleon with this inscription—"To Bonaparte, Saviour of the Republic."—"Of the Republic!" said he with a laugh; "that association of words seems strange to me, indeed;"—which pleased Josephine very much. On leaving the town, she called his attention to a very aged woman who was kneeling on the steps of a chapel. She appeared bathed in tears. On being asked what was the cause of her grief, she replied, "My kind friends, my poor Joseph has been included in the conscription, and for nine days have I come here regularly to make my nine days' prayer (*neuvaine*) that he may draw a good lot; and that which he has drawn bears the number 4. Thus I lose not only my grandson, but my prayers also. Nor is this all; my eldest son's daughter is about to marry one of our neighbours, named Michael; and Michael now refuses to marry her on account of Joseph her brother's being in the conscription. Should my son conclude to procure a substitute for poor Joseph, why, then adieu to Julie's dowry, for he would give her nothing;—and that dowry is to be six hundred francs in cash."—"There are a thousand to supply their place," said the Emperor, sending her a bank note (which she took for an assignat), for that amount;—"I want soldiers, and for that purpose I encourage marriages." Josephine charged herself with furnishing the presents for the bride, and sent them to her from Strasburg. She also sent a present to the grandfather, having learnt that he had been attached to the service of Louis XV., a circumstance which, in itself, was sufficient to stimulate her zeal.

—*Note communicated.*

to utter her prayers for the safety and success of her husband."

He knew me well, that mortal whose astonishing destiny had opened to him the road to the most splendid throne on earth. I cherished not a thought, I formed not a wish which was not directed to his glory. If certain political drones have dared accuse me of levity in my conduct,(55) let those unjust censors remember that it was under the mask of sincere friendship that I sought to overawe certain powerful personages. Had I regarded them with an eye of indifference, they might have surrounded Napoleon with perils from which no human prudence could have rescued him. Often did I, in concert with him, carry on a correspondence. I flattered all parties,(56) for I love to do justice to all. When Napoleon supposed he had grounds of complaint against any of his military officers, I warmly pleaded their cause. To contradict or thwart him was to deprive myself of the means of defending the innocent and unfortunate. He would tell me, "It depends only on me whether I will be rid of that officer. I have only to pronounce his doom."—"You are right," I would reply, "you are right; but such language does not become your generous and noble nature."\* "And who can oppose me in it?" was his quick reply. "Yourself, Napoleon. 'Twould arm against your person a multitude of brave men who are necessary to you. Certainly, a great man should fear nothing; but he captivates all hearts when he pardons. The first function of kings and the firmest pillar of a throne is justice."—Thus did I, little by little, succeed in influencing his mind, and persuaded him not to issue orders of removal from office, or of banishment. Sometimes, I forewarned the friends of the man who had excited his vengeance. I often received letters for the Emperor in which

\* The following is Josephine's portrait of Bonaparte at home:—"He had a fine intellect, a sensible and grateful heart, simple tastes, and the qualities of an amiable man; to the sentiments of an honest man, he united a prodigious local memory."—*Note communicated.*

the writers solicited the favour of an audience ; and by means of some excuse, I saved the honour and the life of the first dignitaries of the state.

Every courier that arrived announced to me that each day was marked by a combat. The princes of the Confederation served my husband with zeal ; his armies were numerous ; they could not but be successful. And yet I was far from being at ease. I was aware that the bombardment of Vienna had commenced : 1800 shells were thrown into the town in less than four hours ; the capital itself seemed on fire. Happily for the inhabitants, the Archduke Maximilian had the command of it ; he was touched by a sense of the calamities about to befall them. On learning that the French had passed the Danube, and fearing his retreat might be cut off, he ordered General Oreilly to capitulate, and evacuate the city : and soon afterwards, he who, in thought, was grasping every sceptre in Europe, made his triumphant entry into Vienna.(57)

The position of my son in Italy increased my solicitude. I knew that he had experienced some reverses by which he had been forced to retrograde to the Adige ; but he soon informed me that he had, in his turn, been so successful as to assume the offensive, and had gained repeated victories over the Archduke John, one of the generals-in-chief of the Austrian army.

As yet peace was afar off. Napoleon passed over to the island of In-der-Lobau\* to reconnoitre the position of the left bank, and to fix upon his future field of battle. “ The hour of glory (my husband wrote me) has again sounded for the brave ; on the 21st of May, 1809, at four o’clock in the afternoon, the Austrians showed themselves.” The Duke of Rivoli defended Gros-Aspern, the Duke of Montebello (Lannes) protected Essling.† Prodiges were wrought on both sides ; but

\* One of the two which divide the Danube into three channels in front of Ebersdorff.

† At the battle of Essling, as all the world knows, two regiments of the Imperial Guard (the grenadiers and chasseurs) performed prodigies of va-

the French, as was usual, remained masters of the field of battle. The courier of the 22d brought me the news that the attack was recommenced with the same energy and obstinacy, but that the Danube had become swollen in so extraordinary a manner that it had broken up all the bridges communicating with the little island from the right bank of the river, and from the little island to the island of Lobau; that the ammunition was nearly exhausted, and that the fire of musketry had in consequence almost ceased. The Austrians saw this, and redoubled their activity. When the courier who brought me the news, left, death was flying through the French ranks; many generals died with arms in their hands. The Duke of Montebello had his thigh shot off, and his life was despaired of. The loss of this illustrious general and companion of my husband's glory, cost me tears of sincere sorrow. Lannes had never concealed from him the truth; he talked to him like a soldier, and his frankness was occasionally displeasing to the new sovereign. The Emperor often said to me, "General Lannes is a soldier." "Yes," said I, "and, according to my opinion, he combines in himself the talents of a man of genius. The Duke of Montebello is not an orator, but he presents an example; and the day you shall lose that illustrious captain, the brightest jewel of your crown grows pale." Marshal Lannes(58) passed to immortality in the footsteps of those heroes whom the world has a right to surname *Chevaliers sans peur et sans reproche*.

I was acquainted with the wife of that general, and was sincerely attached to her. I partook of her griefs. At court she

lour. Towards the close of the action, at about six o'clock P. M., the Duke of Montebello (*Lannes*) came on foot to head-quarters, where these regiments were, followed by one of his aides-de-camp. Observing them intrenched in a ditch, and almost destitute of ammunition, he said to them with an air of sadness—"My friends, you are well off here." His aide proposed that he should mount on horseback, but he declined, saying, "Why let it be known that there is anybody here?—'tis useless." He returned the way he came, and, in ten minutes after, received the blow which tore him from France and his friends.



was distinguished, as well by the rank she occupied, as by her personal qualities. The Duchess of Montebello had the double merit of goodness and beauty. But I was far from supposing that she would be able to fill the first place in France near the person of the woman who, in a short time, was to reign *en souveraine* over the heart of my husband. But I will not hasten the march of events, for fear of inverting their natural order. Besides, I shall but too soon have finished writing the bright pages of my history, and its sad moments will come soon enough—soon enough—to be traced by my pen! I shall not fear to say, that the wife of Marshal Lannes has, by her conduct towards me, earned the tribute of my gratitude. Till my last moment, I shall be proud to count her in the number of my sincere friends.

At this time, a report was circulated of the death of Generals Du Ronel and Foulers. These two distinguished officers had been made prisoners at the battle of Essling. Napoleon was enraged against M. de Chasteller, for the active part he had taken in stirring up the insurrection in the Tyrol. He would not recognise him as a general in the Austrian service, and, in a moment of anger, had ordered him to be sent before a military commission. But the Emperor of Germany announced to my husband, formally, that he would compel the French officers who had fallen into his hands, to undergo the same fate which the chief of the French army proposed to inflict upon General Count Chasteller. Whereupon Napoleon declared that he would have the Princes Callovedo and Metternich, and Counts Pergen and Hardeck, sent to France as hostages. But he finally yielded to the powerful entreaties of others, and those illustrious personages did not quit the Austrian capital. Thus all his threats terminated ineffectually.

I regularly received the news from him—a thing which by no means relieved me of a perpetual inquietude, ever fearful, as I was, of hearing that the only man on earth for whom I desired to live, had sunk beneath such accumulated efforts. The arm of treason is, indeed, but the arm of an obscure and guilty man, possessing the talent of attacking in the dark, rather than of

defending in open day. But such a man might be found, and the Emperor might fall by his strokes.(59) But I must believe that destiny, which keeps constant watch over the fortunes of mortals, had, in its wisdom, determined that he should yet astonish the world with the most memorable of all his victories. That great action was to make him forget his most solemn promises, and to furnish an occasion for tarnishing his name with an act of perjury. In gaining the battle of Wagram,(60) the ambitious Napoleon could perceive no limits to his future power. He was enabled to prescribe to Austria every condition which it pleased him to impose upon her. An alliance with the august daughter of the Cæsars did not appear to him impossible; and hence, in order to attain that end, he used all his means to render the conclusion of peace difficult. He assumed to be, and became, its supreme arbiter. The Emperor of Germany was not able to propose a single article—it was Napoleon alone who dictated every one of them.

Thus did he promise himself to consolidate his great edifice. He thought it necessary to let political events proceed—and still, for a time, his compass received a right direction.

Bonaparte readily granted an armistice to the Emperor Francis, though he often threatened to take away his sceptre, as well as those of all the princes of his house. But my husband had formed still bolder designs, and, to insure their execution, he purposed to include them in the necessary conditions of the peace he was about to grant to the house of Austria.

He, however, occupied himself in overturning the fortifications of Vienna. According to his ideas, a capital which contains a large population, never ought to think of defending itself. He chose for his residence the chateau of Schœnbrunn.(61) Here he was able to appreciate the happy qualities of the Princess *Maria Louisa*, one of the nieces of Marie Antoinette, the wife of Louis XVI. She was not, at the time, able to follow her family, who had just left Vienna, in great haste, in order to save themselves from the dominion of the conqueror. The princess preferred the residence of Schœnbrunn to all the

other delightful palaces of the emperor, her father. Indeed, a serious indisposition prevented her from leaving her apartment. What must have been the feelings of the archduchess on seeing the Emperor of the French come to sit, as it were, on the throne of her ancestors! What must have been her surprise on seeing the man who had, so recently, twice threatened to wrest from her parents their diadem, who had so lately carried fire and sword through her country, and who now, perhaps, meditated possessing himself of her person! But no! to her eyes, Bonaparte seemed only an extraordinary man. On seeing him, she augured that she should be able to obtain from him a promise of safety to her family; but she did not think it her duty to descend to humiliating supplications. She told him, with a noble air, that she was fulfilling the wishes of her father in receiving him at Schœnbrunn, and in the most distinguished manner. It appeared that the conqueror was quite sensible of these marks of consideration, lavished upon him by the archduchess. "She has done well" (he wrote to me), "thus to conduct herself towards me;—with me, one gains everything who possesses the skill to appreciate me."

Alas! the unfortunate princess did this with no other intention than to render my husband less unjust; perchance, even she feared the influence of a victorious sovereign. Napoleon, however, conducted himself like a true Scipio; and the daughter of the Cæsars had occasion only to applaud herself for the generous hospitality she extended to him.

It is not difficult for me to understand the noble moderation which he exhibited on that occasion. Bonaparte, better perhaps than any other man, knew how to respect female virtue. It produced upon him such an impression, that I have often seen him carefully measure his words, and adroitly dissemble his thoughts and his character, while in the presence of a mother, or of a young lady, whose heart, as he used to say, "had the virginal tint." On such occasions, that strange man could control his passions, and overawe those most perverse men who continually surrounded him.

## CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Napoleon had planted his eagles upon the ramparts of Vienna,\* the conqueror no longer thought anything impossible for him. All the kings and other princes who had been steadfast in their friendship for him, acquired new accessions of territory. He wrote to the Senate as follows :—

“The Illyrian provinces will reach beyond Venice, the frontier of my grand empire. A neighbour to the emperor of Constantinople, I shall be enabled to control the commerce of the Mediterranean, the Adriatic and the Levant. I will protect the

\* At the famous battle of Wagram, the Archduke Charles weakened his centre, in order to strengthen his wings. His object was to keep the French out of Vienna. During this time there was an extraordinary ferment in the capital, and the situation of the strangers who remained there became perilous. The Austrian right wing far outflanked our left, and the cannonade, slowly approaching Vienna, induced the citizens, who were prohibited from mounting the ramparts, to believe that the French were beaten. The report was spread that all Frenchmen within the city would be put to the sword; but there is no proof of such a threat having been made; and, however that may be, Napoleon ordered the Duke of Rivoli, afterwards Prince of Essling, who had been wounded two days before, and who was borne about, sometimes on a litter, and sometimes in his carriage, to advance with a reserve of 40,000 men, composed, in part, of the Young Guard and the Horse-Guard, and 100 pieces of artillery. The Austrian left and centre were soon broken, and the roar of the artillery died away in the distance. With it sank the hopes of the agitators in Vienna, and the Frenchmen resident there were delivered from their threats and insults.

The next morning, Bonaparte said to one of his best generals, embracing him, and making him a marshal of the empire—“’Tis to you, and the artillery of my guard which you commanded, that I am chiefly indebted for this day’s success.” Then, turning to General Lauriston, he added: “Let me know the names of the brave men who have distinguished themselves in this great battle.” “’Tis impossible to name each one to your majesty,” answered the general; “all have alike done their duty.”



Porte, provided the Porte shall avoid the mischievous influence of England ; but I know how to punish it, if it suffer itself to be governed by cunning and perfidious advisers. By adding to my titles that of Mediator, I furnished to the Swiss nation a new proof of my esteem, and, in so doing, I have put an end to the inquietude which had prevailed in the midst of that faithful and generous nation.

“ Holland, situated between England and France, is generally crushed between those two great powers ; and still, Holland is the very home of my commercial marine. Some changes will become indispensable. The security of my frontiers, and the interest, rightly understood, of the two countries, imperiously demand them.

“ My jealousy is not excited by the fact that my ally, the Emperor of Russia, has embosomed in his vast estates Finland, Moldavia and Wallachia.

“ When I shall again show myself beyond the Pyrenees, the affrighted *Leopard* will seek the ocean to escape defeat, disgrace, or death. The triumph of my arms will be the triumph of a genius from heaven over one from hell, of peace over war, of tranquillity over discord. My friendship and my protection will, I trust, restore prosperity and happiness to the people of Spain.”

Thus did he firmly believe that he directed the winds of Fortune, and regulated the fate of empires.—Behold, how the greater part of mankind suffer themselves to be blinded or dazzled by a few rays of prosperity ; they slumber in the bosom of a happiness which is illusory ; and their waking almost always destroys the delicious dreams which have lulled them.

Napoleon carefully concealed from me his newly-formed intentions with respect to the estates of the church. He practised a stratagem towards the Holy Father, under the pretext of obtaining his permission to march his army through his provinces. From Vienna he wrote to the pope, assuring him of his friendship and good will. Scarcely had he received the letter of Pius VII., granting his request, and assuring him protection for

himself and his army, when the French made themselves masters of the Roman Campagna. They fixed their head-quarters in the suburbs of the city of the Scipios, and measured with tranquil eye the extent of the ancient Forum, where they formed a camp of observation.

It was thought that the spiritual sovereign would see his interest in joining in the offensive league against the English. "The successor of St. Peter," said Napoleon to some of his confidential friends, "has no other means of preserving his tiara." But he soon received the answer of the august head of the church.—"It is not my duty," said he, "to undertake a war against any nation. My ministry is a ministry of peace. In the ports of my dominions all civilized people must find safety, the means of subsistence, and perpetual protection." Napoleon might have expected just such an answer; indeed, he would have been greatly embarrassed had the pope adopted his projects. He wanted to be absolute master of all the temporalities of the church. "I am," said he, "the heir of Pepin, and, like him, I send you a decree passed in my imperial camp at Vienna, whence I direct you to take possession of the domains granted to the sovereign pontiffs through the munificence of the father of Charlemagne;—to declare Rome an imperial and free city. And I grant, by way of compensation, and of my own free will, to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, in order merely to sustain his spiritual dignity, 2,000,000 in rents, which shall be his yearly allowance."

"I am fully aware, Monsieur le general M\*\*\*\*," said Napoleon, in a secret note to the governor of Rome, "I am fully aware that I am entering into an open war with the whole Sacred College. You have already informed me that a bull of excommunication may be hurled against me, my aiders and abettors. You, sir, are of the number; but don't play the part of the courtiers of Gregory V.\* As it respects me, I shall never be so sub-

\* Pope Gregory V., at a grand council held at Rome, excommunicated Robert, the 36th king of France, as well as the bishops who had counselled

missive a son as Robert the Pious;—God save me from resembling that saintly king;—that will not settle our affairs. And, after all, you are one of the persons most interested in them.” A few days after, he wrote to Berthier, to whom he had given the title of Prince of Wagram, that he was “not easily frightened.” “The celestial thunders,” said he, “will occasion fewer ravages in France, it seems to me, than the thunders terrestrial. ’Tis not for me to tremble before the first of priests: let him fear to provoke me;—for in that case I may take a fatal resolution. Who knows but I might imitate Henry VIII.? Like him, I feel that I have strength and courage enough to cause myself to be declared the protector of a new church; and, in regard to the Romish clergy, God knows what might be the result.”\* Thus spoke he to one whom he honoured with his particular

him to espouse *Bertha*, his cousin german, sister of Raoul the lazy, King of Burgundy, one of whose children he had held at the baptismal font. He enjoined it upon Robert to quit the wife whom he loved, and to consent to see his marriage dissolved, without making the least opposition to it—threatening that, in case he did not separate from her immediately, his kingdom should be placed under an interdict. The king, refusing to submit to a decree which seemed to him contrary to the interests of the state, witnessed an immediate cessation of divine service. The sacrament was no longer allowed to the living, nor burial to the dead. The people, overwhelmed by this terrible blow, humbly submitted to the pope’s orders. All the king’s domestics abandoned him except two or three, who carefully passed through the fire whatever the King touched, in order to purify it, throwing to the dogs whatever was left at his meals, as nobody dared eat the meats he had touched. ’Twas these rigours, and not (as Mezeray says) his wife giving birth to a monster with neck and feet like a gosling (which certain miracle-mongers pretended was the fact), which finally constrained the king to separate from her. Nothing could conciliate the pope’s favour; the unhappy *Bertha* was legally divorced, without, however, giving up her title of queen.

\* And yet Napoleon was very sensitive in respect to the bull fulminated against him by Pope Pius VII. In vain did he attempt to dissemble; and it is equally true that he showed his contempt of it on numerous occasions. “’Tis a small matter,” said he to Josephine, “for *Ali Bonaparte* (alluding to the name he bore in Egypt) to be driven from the church.

friendship. But the secret order was already given to seize the Holy Father at his capital, and hold him as a prisoner of war.

The cardinals who were the most faithful to Chiaramonti were carried off from him, and others summoned by the French government to watch over his person; his friends were again thrown into prison, and the famous dungeon of Vincennes received many of them. As the only favour to himself, Pius VII.

But the descendants of the Leaguers of the 16th century might be able to circumvent the understandings of the Frenchmen of the 19th century; and, without being as credulous as their predecessors, the latter are not less superstitious. I will punish with circumspection, and not with severity, the partisans of the holy see. I hate the propagators of new doctrines. They seem to me ever disposed to disturb the tranquillity of the states which are so unfortunate as to contain them."

In obedience to Napoleon's orders, the strictest search was made in all the departments for the pope's bull of excommunication. It is inconceivable what a number of persons were arrested in consequence of this measure. Every copy of the bull that chanced to be found, was torn in pieces the moment it was seized. Napoleon affected a kind of indifference, although he was not without his secret apprehensions.

"You are accursed of God," said Josephine to him, laughing; "but I continue to pray for you;—you know that when at Milan, I almost wrought miracles." (Her presence in the cathedral of that city did, in fact, restore to the Catholic worship all its pomp, and to the clergy all their dignity).<sup>(a)</sup> Napoleon shook his head, as if he had no confidence in what she hinted at. "But," said she, "beware how you persecute the religion of your fathers. I admit that your power is immense; and who can tell but that, like the Russian autocrat, you may become the visible head of a universal church? Listen to me; respect the ancient usages; honour God among your people, if you wish your people to honour you. Protect his vicegerent upon earth, if you are anxious to conciliate all parties. Furnish no weapon against yourself, if you want to aid Frenchmen, and make them your friends." Thus did that admirable and truly religious woman seek, by adroit means, and without wounding his pride, to bring him back to noble and sublime sentiments. But she did not always succeed.

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(a) Madame Bonaparte presented to that metropolis costly vases and other ornaments of great magnificence.



asked to be permitted to watch over his flock. He was denied every means of conversing with the persons who were devoted to him. His household troops were disbanded. The Vatican was besieged. An entrance was made at midnight over the palace walls ; the windows escalated ; orders were given to rush into the last asylum of the sovereign, unless he should hasten to dress himself in his pontifical robes, and surrender himself into the hands of his persecutors.\* Carriages had been prepared beforehand, into one of which the venerable old man was placed, and locked up with the utmost care. From Rome the carriage was draw rapidly forward by post horses, without any respect for the great age of the Holy Father, so that the journey became infinitely unpleasant and fatiguing to him. During the whole of the route, the fact was carefully concealed that the Holy Father was a martyr to state policy, for fear of arousing the people, who would have viewed with profound indignation this most outrageous violation of every law, human and divine.

The head of the church was kept as a prisoner at Savona, from which place, by one of those caprices which were so common to Napoleon, he ordered him to be conducted to Fontaineblau. During part of this campaign, I was sometimes at Mayence, and sometimes at the waters of Plombières.(62) I enjoyed the pleasure of having at my side my beloved daughter, and my niece de Beauharnais.† The latter had espoused the

\* Several persons who were present at the carrying off of the pope have assured me that they were forcibly impressed by the gentleness, the angelic resignation and the profound self-denial of the Holy Father.—Like Jesus Christ, he said to his cohorts, “My kingdom is not of this world. Do with me as seemeth you good.” Many of the French officers shed tears, but did not execute their orders the less strictly.—*Note by Josephine.*

† She was the daughter of Senator Beauharnais, the ambassador from Spain. He emigrated during the Revolution, and the viscount his brother found means to save a part of his property. He himself possessed but a moderate fortune, while his elder brother enjoyed an annual income from rents of 40,000 pounds. But Madame Renaudin, Josephine’s aunt, gave her, on her marriage, 150,000 pounds ; and besides this, made her costly

hereditary Prince of Baden. But the lovely Stephanie was not happy in the match, and the two cousins recounted to each other their griefs, in the most touching manner. I endeavoured to tranquillize them both, and to persuade them that the hand of destiny was preparing for them more pleasing scenes in the bright future. Our conversations upon this subject were frequently renewed, when, one evening, feeling somewhat indisposed, I opened the windows of my chamber in order to enjoy the cool fresh air. I confess that my imagination, like that of most women, is sometimes romantic—affected by a mere nothing, sporting with a mere nothing. But that fresh evening breeze seemed to me the very image of the peaceful and happy scenes of human life: the sweet scent of orange trees on a neighbouring terrace reminded me of the incense of courts, the perfumed language of flatterers, and carried me back again in thought to those past painful recollections which I fondly endeavoured for the moment to banish from my mind. The rays of the moon began to enter my apartment, producing moving shadows. While absorbed in a sort of revery, a sudden start made me sensible that two beings, very dear to me, were watching beside me. They were Hortense and Stephanie, in whom my unusual manner created some alarm. On seeing those loved objects, I pressed each of them to my heart. Sad, sad victims of ambition! said I; happier would you have been, perhaps, had your days been spent in peaceful obscurity!

The raising of these dear children was my work, and my deceived maternal love long depicted their future lot in the most glowing colours. But at length the scales fell from my eyes; my heart became disenchanted, and I saw, alas! the evil I had done in endeavouring to do good. Although bitterly reproaching myself, I had not even the glory of remaining stead-

presents every year. The consequence was that the family was in very easy circumstances. M. de Beauharnais owned land near Orleans, which Prince Eugene gave up to the use of his uncle during the whole of his exile. Madame Bonaparte took the greatest care of Stephanie, and brought her up with her cousin Hortense.

fast in the resolution I had taken. After contributing to the unhappiness of my daughter, my firmness again forsook me in regard to my beloved niece; and nothing remained to me but deep regret for having yielded too easily to the recommendations of my husband. Alas! everything conspired to fill my mind with apprehensions, the more cruel because I could see no possibility of preventing the dreadful *dénouement* which awaited us all.

Meanwhile, peace was concluded between France and Austria. The treaty was advantageous to Germany.\* Napoleon, leaving Schœnbrunn, repaired to Munich, where I rejoined him.† He remained but a few days in Munich: but proceeded on, paying a visit, in passing, to the King of Wurtemberg, his faithful ally. On the 29th of October, 1809, we arrived at Fontainebleau, and remained there until the 14th of November.

I had been, for a considerable time, separated from the Emperor: but Hope had dried up my tears, and his angelic look reassured me, when I came to talk with him in confidence. I had great reason to accuse him of indifference, and said to him: "*Bonaparte, Fortune is waiting to make you pay dearly*

\* Negotiations were opened at Schœnbrunn. The result was, that the Emperor Napoleon, in order to leave an heir to his crown, was to divorce the Empress Josephine, and espouse Maria-Louisa of Austria, the daughter of the emperor with whom he concluded the treaty of peace. The fatal news circulated through the army; every face was covered with gloom; every one knew what he was to lose, but not what he was to gain, by this step. At the end of three months, Napoleon returned to Paris, without visiting Holland, as he had promised to do, in order to give directions for the rebuilding of the walls which had been destroyed by the English, during the war which the French had been waging in Germany.

† The best proof of Josephine's goodness of heart is found in her journeys, towards those who composed her suite. And it must be recollected, that these journeys were never known more than twenty-four hours before the time of departure, which seldom gave the quarter-masters time to prepare lodgings. These were always fixed upon by Napoleon, who took little pains to inform himself about such localities. Whether agreeable or not, it was necessary to reside according to the order.

*for the few moments of happiness you have enjoyed\** . . . . Cruel friend ! cruel man !” I often said to him, “such forgetfulness, such injustice, is incredible!† Hear me :—When the heart is dead to every illusion—when it ceases to hope, what remains to it ? What feeling can I express ? ‘Is not my fate fixed ?’ Oh ! yes ; for Josephine all will, perhaps, soon be over !”

It was at Fontainebleau that I, for the first time, suspected my husband capable of breaking his most sacred vow.‡ At this epoch, he had wounded, and even outraged my feelings ; and yet he remained, in appearance, utterly impassible. Had I been even in the convulsions of despair, a single look of kindness from him would have calmed and restored me. Far from seeming to feel, he remained unmoved, and affected to smile at me with pity. “Bonaparte,” said I, in the bitterness of my heart, “’tis thus, then, that you have driven me to weep over my lot, and over yours, and to devour my own tears. But you have so distressed my heart, and uprooted my last hope, that I can now do nothing but pity you, and sigh over your future. My own future lot would trouble me but little, were I not tied to it by a duty which rivets my fetters . . . .”

The assemblage of nearly all the kings of Europe now cast a lustre upon the French court. The fêtes held in honour of the

\* This passage ought to have been retouched by the Empress. It would seem, that in April, 1814, she re-read the whole of her manuscript, and made erasures and changes in numerous places.

† For some time, Josephine had observed that his private correspondence had ceased (at least since the battle of Wagram). They had been in the habit of corresponding by means of certain hieroglyphics. Several couriers had succeeded each other, bringing her official despatches ; but no billet in the handwriting of the Emperor was found inside the packet. Such was her mortification at this, that, for some days, her health, which was usually so good, became visibly affected.

‡ It was on Sunday, on returning from mass, that Fouché, the minister of police, leading Josephine to the embrasure of a window in the chateau at Fontainebleau, gave her the first shock on the subject of the divorce, which did not take place till two years after.



peace were brilliant, indeed, though the majority of the French people believed it would not be durable. Everybody understood the turbulent spirit of the Emperor. Wise men, who were skilled in reading the book of Destiny, only asked for a prolongation of peaceful days; but, as most of his generals had grown rich by the spoils of nations, those ambitious men persuaded their master, under vain pretexts, to break through the solemn treaties which had been entered into. They forgot that treaties are to be regarded as a dyke, whose office is, at all times, to oppose, successfully, the destroying torrent of war, which seeks to overwhelm all.

Since the 30th of June, 1808, the day on which the respectable and esteemed Belloi, Archbishop of Paris, paid the debt of nature, Napoleon had appointed Cardinal Fesch, his uncle, to discharge the duties of the deceased prelate. But the brother of Madame Letitia did not accept the appointment. His nephew testified much surprise at the refusal; but the cardinal, feeling it to be his duty to persist in it, told him plainly, that he would rather be Archbishop of Lyons, installed by the pope, than Archbishop of Paris without the bulls. My husband, forced to yield, said no more about it; and, to the astonishment of all parties, the famous Cardinal Maury was called to the metropolitan see of the empire.\* The affairs of the church

\* All Europe has resounded with the name of the celebrated sleeping abbé, *lord paramount of eight hundred manors*. Elected a deputy to the Constituent Assembly, he ably sustained the honour of the body he represented, at the tribune. He was opposed to the popular opinions of the famous Mirabeau, and contended with that great commoner in taste, knowledge, and eloquence. Forced, by imperative circumstances, to quit France, where his life was threatened, he retired to Rome, where Mesdames the aunts of Louis XVI. received him with marks of kindness and distinction. He became a member of the Sacred College, and Archbishop of Monte-Fiascona. But the French invasion of the Roman states compelled him to choose another country for his residence, and Cardinal Maury was, for a time, the victim of the persecutions aimed at the head of the church. Having, through the protection afforded him by Jerome Bonaparte, who appointed him his almoner, become more at ease, he

were in this sad predicament, when Napoleon, the ambitious Napoleon, resolved to carry into execution the most incredible, the most remarkable piece of state policy ever attempted, since the too famous separation of Henry IV. from *Margaret of Valois*—I mean his divorce.

again appeared upon the stage, and soon forgot that he owed everything to the Bourbon family. Having attached himself to his new masters, he made it a point to burn incense to the Cæsars who admitted him to their society. Speaking of Cardinal Maury, Bonaparte used to say—"We have, each of us, been great winners in the lottery of the Revolution—the one governs in temporal, the other in spiritual affairs. The abbé, like Sextus Quintus, aspires to the tiara, but he shall never have it by my consent; and, to prevent it, I have caused him to fall out with the court of Rome. The papal power is, in truth, but a vain chimera; but its religious dogmas will survive it; and the Abbé Maury, appointed Archbishop of Paris by me, and for me, will aid me to sustain the redoubtable weight of an excommunication, which crushes me, and which strikes both alike." He made this remark in the midst of numerous clergymen, who, far from presuming to gainsay it, only shed around him the more plentifully, the perfume of the basest flattery. Josephine was not fond of the Abbé Maury, to whom she attributed a *Jesuitical* ambition. She one day rallied him upon his lucky star. It was the day the prelate delivered a discourse upon the Passion, in Notre-Dame, before a numerous and intelligent audience. During the sermon, a lady of high degree took it into her head, in order the better to hear the Christian orator, to go up, and seat herself in the pulpit, close by his side. The spectators, scandalized at the sight, manifested their displeasure. The stranger-lady, who seemed to think herself in Italy or Germany, where nothing is more common, was forced to withdraw. The Archbishop was embarrassed, and compelled to resort to his notes, to finish his sermon. It thus became apparent, that the successor of M. de Belloi was no longer that renowned deputy whose facility in extemporaneous speaking was once so much lauded.

From the moment he had obtained, with so much ease, the highest dignity in the church, it was taken for granted, that he had but to reach forth his hands, in order to grasp the keys of St. Peter, and that he was holding himself in readiness to chant *Te Deum*.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE dangers and fatigues of war did not divert Napoleon from his purpose of renouncing me. Calmly did he permit the hours and the days to flow on, which he passed in my society. But now the happy Emperor must needs see whether he was always to be the same Bonaparte for whom Fortune had wrought so many wonders. He thought himself at the apex of his glory ; he could defy the universe. . . . .

It was six o'clock in the morning ; the moon was directing her quiet and silent course towards the western horizon ; the dawn of day had just begun to whiten the tops of the houses ; the lamps suspended in the court of the Carrousel cast a pale and languid ray. The Emperor had retired into his cabinet with T\*\*\* and M\*\*\*, when his attention was arrested by a slight noise in a room that led to my apartment. He endeavoured to discover what it was, but saw nothing ; but a moment afterwards I presented myself before him. "Pardon me," said I, "Bonaparte ; but think what a terrible blow is this to a heart as sensitive as mine ! I am afraid to offend your delicacy, but my anxiety overcomes me.—Believe me, I am devoted to you for ever ; believe me, I would pour out my blood to see you permanently happy. But, alas ! a sad presentiment teaches me that happiness is no longer ours.—Deign, at least, to remember that there is still a woman in this world who lives only for you—who adores you with her whole heart, all unjust as you are to her ;—a woman who will be ever ready to perform your slightest wish, and who would willingly prove her attachment to you at the expense of her life !" . . . I prepared to leave him, but my husband, left to his own reflections, manifested a simulated sorrow. What struggles took place within

him!—"Woe to thee, unfortunate man!" I exclaimed, overwhelmed with anguish. "Woe to thee!—Thou rushest to thy ruin. Yes, I shall see thee again—I shall yet behold thee, ungrateful man! object too dear to my heart.—Yes, in spite of the cruel future which thou art preparing for Josephine, I shall at some future day be able to support and succour thee, by my well-weighed counsels." "Stop, Josephine," said he, "and pity me. I regret to imitate on this occasion the conqueror of the League; but I owe all that I am to my people; I belong wholly to glory; I confess it costs me many a pang to separate from you; but so colossal has become my power, that I must rest it upon foundations whose solidity shall be in harmony with the weight they have to sustain. The Emperor Napoleon needs an heir, and the blood of kings must be proud to mingle with my own."

Such was the language employed by the Emperor on the evening of the day that he signified to me, for the last time, that he had determined to sunder for ever the ties which bound him to me.\*

"You wish, then, still to add to your glory by means of an august alliance with a great monarch. 'Tis then that you will behold jealousy, envy, and hatred arming themselves against you. You will daily exalt yourself in the hope that you are sheltered from all danger, when suddenly a new bolt, as yet hidden in the depths of the clouds of heaven, will leap forth and prostrate you in the dust."

I then revealed to him what had been told me relative to his design.(63) He paid the greatest attention to what I said, and when I had done, he walked to and fro for some moments, in silence; then, a violent agitation was depicted upon his coun-

\* The Emperor always dined *tête-à-tête* with Josephine. On the same day, after taking his coffee, he announced to her her divorce. She fainted, and remained so for three hours. Napoleon sent for M<sup>lle</sup> d'Alberg, who afterwards became dame of honour to Maria Louisa, and committed her to her care; sent for *Corvisart*, and retired to his own room in a condition difficult to be described.



tenance, and finally he stopped short, and asked me particularly who the person was that had discovered his secret?

“Bonaparte,”\* said I, “you will yet learn how to appreciate men more correctly; you will yet know the danger of asking advice of any but wise and upright persons, who govern their counsels by existing circumstances, and enable you to weigh them in a just balance.”

He replied, with a grave and serious air—“All the powers of Europe will soon cringe under my dominion;—I repeat it, I want children to sustain it. Nature does not permit you to fulfil this, my most cherished wish. You are wrong, madame, and your cause is lost.”

Pierced to the heart by this black ingratitude, I was constrained to appeal to the future. “My friend,” said I, “when men refuse to follow the counsels of friendship, it proves that they are unworthy of them; henceforth you will come to misfortune, the wisdom of experience.”

Our conversation was about to close, when he pretended to convince me of my error, and vowed that no other woman should ever become his companion, and that he was only trying me.

“No, no,” said I, with emphasis, “dissimulation is now useless; my anguish will cease only with my life; the project is seriously entertained, and circumstances teach me that you have long been struggling against the desire to communicate it to me.” He remained thoughtful; his countenance was clouded over with the deepest sadness; and, with a bitter sigh, I then added: “You propose to enter the august family of one of the

\* When Josephine spoke of her husband, she always said—“The Emperor says—the Emperor wishes—the Emperor orders,” &c. Very rarely she called him by name in public, and in private it was always *Bonaparte*. Ordinarily, when speaking of her, he would say—“Where is the *Empress*?” or, “I am going to see *my wife* ;” but in speaking to her, he most commonly called her “*Josephine*.” On serious occasions, he called her “*Madame*,” without adding either title or name.

greatest monarchs in Europe. Conqueror, ally, or the terror of the other powers, you will then, more than ever, be persuaded that you can undertake everything with impunity. Seduced by appearances, carried away by unlimited desires, Napoleon wishes to separate from Josephine. Alas, the unwise will see, but see too late, that he sleeps upon the brink of a volcano;—his errors will one day produce a terrible eruption. 'Tis true, the blood of kings circulates in the veins of your future companion; you will believe yourself a demi-god, proud mortal! You aim, seconded by your countless legions, so often invincible, to overrun all the countries in the world; but the north wind will blow upon you, and, like an atom, you will disappear from the face of the earth. You wish to enslave nations and sovereigns; alas, beware they do not arouse from their slumbers! They will unite to combat you, and, though unconquered, you will be pursued to the very walls of your capital. There, a desire for the peace of Europe, and a sense of their own power, will dictate a treaty which, while it precipitates this Colossus from a throne which he fondly imagined to be unsailable, will banish him beyond the seas, and proscribe even his name:—this, this is the arrow which most keenly pierces my afflicted heart! This is the deep wound which will give me unceasing agony!"

I was in despair. Bonaparte, becoming at length touched by what I said, repeated his vow that no human power should ever sunder a band which was so sacred;—that he had sworn it before God and man. "Ah!" said I, on leaving him, "fear to perjure yourself, and remember that Josephine, at all times and in all places, shall be your truest friend."(64)

I passed some days in sorrowful apprehension. I observed that he seemed to take particular pains to avoid me, fearing, as he told Fouché and other confidential friends, another tragical scene. "I tried," said he, "to trace out for myself a line of conduct from which I was not to deviate, and to maintain my resolution; but the moment I was with Josephine, I became the feeblest of men. I forgot my purpose, and thought only of

the heroic attachment which that woman had evinced for me ever since we were united."

Returned from Fontainebleau, my husband could no longer dissemble his real position. I loved him too sincerely not to shudder at the idea of an eternal separation. I saw it approaching, and painfully calculated the consequences. The thought of the culpable indifference of that man for whom I had done everything, could not fail to afflict, deeply, a heart as tender as my own. A stranger to court intrigues, I knew nothing of that mental torment, that unquiet activity, which leads those who lust after dignities to attempt any enterprise, however perilous. Alas! tears of sorrow, and not of repentance alone, moistened my eyelids. Let me, if I must, be miserable; but I shall for ever remain united in thought to the fortunes of my husband. 'Tis true, the too great elevation to which his pride hath raised us, and which it was certainly difficult to maintain, testifies in favour of the maxim, "*that Ambition must ever advance with the same ardour.*" But, alas, filled with deep humility, I sometimes pray the Eternal to cast upon Napoleon a look of mercy!

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## CHAPTER X.

WHAT tumultuous dreams, chasing each other like boisterous waves, have dashed against my senses during my sleep! How did I wander from woe to woe! The horrors of despair filled me with imaginary misfortunes. And what gained I by waking from that trance of sorrow, and recovering my reason? Alas! I only exchanged ills for ills, and found the reality still more terrible than the fiction. The days were too short for the utterance of my griefs; the night, yes, the darkest night, even when

enveloped by its profoundest shadows, was less sad than my fate—less gloomy than my soul !

Such were the reflections which besieged my mind on witnessing, each morning, the renewal of my accustomed torments.

On the 11th of November, 1809, a night sadly memorable to me, my mind was oppressed with a dream,\* which, for some moments, really agitated me. But my imagination soon reverted to more agreeable recollections. I often resorted to Malmaison, to forget the Tuileries, and the courtiers who thronged there.†

'Twas here (I thought to myself), that, for the first time in my life, I tasted the pleasures of a tranquil and solitary life—'twas here that the hand of good fortune at times presented me her enchanted cup!—here, that my husband appeared like a star from the banks of the Nile, upon the borders of the Seine ! He came, as it now seems to me, to carry me off from the asylum my heart had chosen, where, during his long absence, I had strayed, followed by his image ; and where, absorbed in perusing the annals of the glory of France, I found everywhere upon the brilliant page, the name of *him* who was its chief and most illustrious architect !—Happy, happy illusions ! was all that my sighing accents could repeat.

At other times I could see before me nothing but a long series of ills and sorrows. The path I was now to tread was

\* At the time of Napoleon's forsaking her, Josephine dreamed that she was surrounded by a prodigious number of serpents, which coiled themselves together, and entwined themselves around her in the manner represented in the celebrated picture of Laocöon. The serpent which coiled itself around her left hand, and bit its own tail, presaged immortality for her. The reptiles, gradually relaxing themselves, crawled away from her, and approached her husband, whom they embraced in the same way, and squeezed almost to suffocation ;—which foretold that the memory of the wife would be cherished by posterity, while that of the husband, misled by the flatterers who surrounded and advised him, should fall a victim to his own ingratitude.—*Prophetic Souvenirs*, page 501.

† However apparent may be the intimacy of two courtiers, do not believe in it. The more each one comes into favour, the more they fear and hate each other.



beset with thorns; I felt their deadly points at every step; it seemed to me that the earth was but my place of punishment: everything reminded me of my happy days, and I felt that my soul would soon leap and fly away into other realms than this. My imprisoned spirit strove to relieve itself from its painful confinement, and be free. I asked Madame Rouchefoucault, who was my friend, whether it was a crime for a wife, who had done all in her power for her husband, and who was about to be forsaken in so dastardly a way, to recover her liberty? God is just, for He is God!—He calls me to himself—I see, he opens his arms to receive me—he offers me an asylum in his bosom.\* Will he punish me for my weakness? Does his law require me to support a burden which crushes me? Why does he will that I should live a few moments longer? Must I not die?—Josephine, forsaken by him who was her all, cares not for life. My life is of no more account in my Creator's eyes, than that of the organised atoms which we crush beneath our feet. Though it is certain that he has placed man in the highest rank of his creatures, yet can I be so foolish as to suppose myself of more importance than the thousands whom war has cut off? Were those victims to the ambition of princes, born to be the cannon's exclusive prey? In making this last reflection I was, I confess, tortured to madness by the memory of the past. I tried to call reason to my aid, but she fled from my sight. I had lost all energy, and was a prey to hopeless discouragement. "Ah," cried I, "pity him, O ye his friends! Tremble at the dreadful fate of him who has so long astonished the world!—him whose wonderful fame and continued prosperity——" In the midst of these reflections, M. de B\*\*\* brought me a note

\* It is quite probable that Josephine had a gloomy presentiment that her separation from her husband would be followed by the worst consequences to them both; and she said, confidentially, to some of her friends, that unknown causes would one day hurl him from the throne,—that his fall would be terrible; and that she would that she could then say, with the daughter of the desert, "Happy they who have not seen the smoke of the stranger's feasts, and who sit not at the banquet of their fathers!"

from the Emperor enjoining me to repair immediately to the palace.

Nothing is so embarrassing to a woman of sensibility, as to find herself in the presence of a man who is a dissembler to whom she cannot freely communicate the indignation which she feels.

I could not remain longer in this cruel state of uncertainty, and said to my beloved daughter, who sought in vain to dry my tears, "I must now for the last time have an explanation with my husband; this same Bonaparte, who had once honoured me with his confidence, must show me that esteem and that attachment which a woman like me must never lose."

I requested Maréchal Duroc to inform his master that I asked the favour of a private conversation with him.

While waiting to obtain it, I went into the saloon, where the company was numerous, and conversation animated.

I conversed, successively, with the Maréchals and the chief dignitaries of the empire. The wives of several officers of the Emperor's guard were presented to me, and I also gave the prefects of the departments a friendly and flattering reception. I noticed that the grand chamberlain, who was at my side, wore a distracted and constrained look, which led me to suppose that he was already apprized of the kind of reception I should meet with from Napoleon.

I had been informed that perfidious reports had been made to the Emperor respecting the viceroy of Italy, and that his father-in-law had become sombre, and suspicious that he might encounter in Eugene a William III.

On this occasion I presented myself before my husband with a calm air; and with restrained indignation, addressed him thus: "If, in your eyes, my crime is that I have spoken to you the language of truth, I have resolved, firmly, to render myself still more guilty on this occasion. I will prove to you, Bonaparte, with the boldness and force which belong to your own character, that I am your best friend. I do not reproach you for the injustice with which you have treated me for some time past; I only

ask of you the favour to give me the names of the poltroons who have permitted themselves to cast upon the prince, my son, the poison of their calumny. They must have little honour, indeed, to dare asperse his character in the dark! I defy them all, here, in your presence. But no! a calumniator can never endure the presence of a brave man. I flatter myself that you will be the first to name his accuser. Ah! learn better to appreciate the soul of Eugene—that respectful son who will ever be mindful of your august protection! While Heaven shall preserve his being, it will be his pleasure to make known to the world that you have been a father to him, and that it is to your kindness that he is indebted for his rapid advancement and for his prosperity. And if he has become the husband of an illustrious princess, that is also your work. Then enjoy, peaceably, the fruits of the favours you have heaped upon him. Never imagine that ingratitude can get possession of his heart; believe, that he shares the sentiments of his mother; and believe, also, that both of them give you the highest proof of their devotion by daring to speak to you the language of truth.”

Bonaparte gazed at me with a look impossible to describe. His head was resting in his two hands—he seemed almost dying.

After remaining for some time without speaking, he commenced reading a despatch which R. de S. J. d'A\*\*\* had placed in his hands. But the sudden revolution which his feelings had undergone could not be concealed. He made a sign, signifying that he was going to read the document, and, with a motion as quick as thought, broke the seal and commenced the perusal.

“Shall I wait for an answer?” asked R. de S. J. d'A\*\*\*.

“No,” said the hesitating monarch; “I intend to give an answer in person, but not just now.” He finished reading it, rose, and made a gesture dismissing me.

I no longer doubted that his resolution was taken. That document related to me; everything showed me that measures were taken to consummate my ruin. Bonaparte’s family had

long since prepared the way, and Murat, the perfidious Murat, was constantly exulting over it.

Alas, it was now time for me to come to a firm resolution. Fouché came and informed me that my separation was definitively decreed by the council of state. I was aware that Cambacérès had proposed to elevate Lucien's oldest daughter to the rank of Empress. But such a marriage would not have accomplished the ambitious views of Napoleon. He told the arch-chancellor on the spot—"Prince, your proposition is inadmissible; I want a princess; the only business before you is to designate her to me. Alexander has a young sister who would suit me perfectly. But I cannot conceal the fact that the ladies at his court do not regard me with much favour; everything proves that I should there be rejected.\* I might form an alliance with Spain, were it not that, situated as we now are, it would do me more hurt than good. Let's direct our researches to another quarter." Maréchal Berthier proposed an alliance with Germany; the master seemed to relish this project. Fouché opposed it on the ground that it was both dangerous and impolitic. "You are right, *Monsieur le Duc*," interrupted Napoleon, with vehemence, "you are right, provided the lady I propose to marry shall, in regard to me, bear any title but that of my wife. I listen cheerfully to the advice of the Empress

\* It appears from the most correct and authentic documents, that the two Empresses of Russia (the empress dowager and the empress regent), were decidedly opposed to the ambitious plans of Napoleon, and that, in the name of their family, they refused any alliance with him. The grand duchess, Catherine of Wurtemberg, was then proposed to him, but Anne, the wife of his royal highness the Prince of Orange, had flattered her quite too much; he was refused. On the 9th of December, 1809, the Empress Josephine confidentially informed some of her friends that Napoleon's marriage was decreed by the two courts, and that it would take place. On some one's observing that such a union seemed impossible, she replied—"Well, then, he can only turn his eyes towards Germany; but that would only be to place arms in the hands of Austria. During the minority of Louis XIV., she showed too well her skill in using them."



Josephine, because she is my best friend, and because she has, like me, known how to travel with courage the rugged road to fortune; and I think that the woman who shall occupy her post at my court, will have some difficulty in replacing her in my affections. She will act her part—I reserve my own to myself. Gentlemen, I am going to ask for an archduchess. Her father is not in a condition to refuse me, and his subjects will, by means of this alliance, be less unhappy. Josephine, it gives me pleasure to repeat, is worthy of my attachment and my gratitude. Her son, a model of talent and virtue, became my son by the most solemn engagement. I admit that Eugene is worthy to succeed me. France and Europe would applaud the adoption. But my present policy demands, imperatively, that the bonds which unite me to his mother should be severed, and that I should ally myself to the blood of monarchs. My will shall encounter no obstacle—I must lead to the altar a new wife, in the midst of a cortége of kings; and who knows but the next year will witness the birth of an heir to my power and my name?"

Thus did he reason—that man who, without a guide, was about to set out upon a new career. He still sought to aggrandize himself; and, henceforth, every one would take pleasure in caressing and corrupting him, and in lavishing upon him their flatteries, in order to ruin him. I could not, of course, but feel the deepest anxiety respecting his future fortunes. Time should have taught him to regard me as his indulgent judge and his true Mentor. And I fondly cherished the chimerical hope, that my husband would finally listen to the inspirations of wisdom and the counsels of prudence. But no! In a moment of enthusiasm, occasioned by his approaching marriage, he dared to say to me, and on the eve of our separation, that he now "believed himself led on by Fortune; that she was about to place his authority between two hearts, which a natural sympathy attracted towards each other; that this newly-formed attachment had inspired him with the resolution to exile me to Italy; that it was important to his repose that no one should penetrate the mystery of his destiny; that he should be continually tormented

by my reflections, should I remain in France ; that he regretted my loss sincerely, but that he had sworn to sacrifice all that he held most dear.”(65) “ Ah ! my friend,” continued he, “ the curse attached to my destiny, should I not keep that fatal oath, has frozen or destroyed all the flattering chimeras which enticed me to mount the throne. I now perceive the dangers which await me. You have judged rightly respecting the defects of my character. Ruled by a burning imagination, whose promptings I find it glorious to obey, I have spent my life in continual activities, which have left me not one moment of time, to fulfil my duties as an *initiate* of the sect of the *Egyptians*.\*

“ Thirsting for renown, persuading myself that the eulogies of men lift to immortality him who is their object, I have only aimed to acquire glory. I have obtained great successes, and pursued, without relaxation, the phantom of felicity. I have sacrificed everything to my ambition. What have I gained by so many efforts, so much toil and suffering ? I have inspired envy, and provoked ingratitude. I have overturned a portion of Europe, without being able to seize happiness, which, I find, still outstrips me. Many have been the conquests I have made ; but that conquest still eludes me. My ministers and my generals I have enriched without having the luck to find a true friend ; and, deceived by almost every one of those who owe to me their fortunes, and the high rank they occupy, I am not even able to preserve to myself the companion who has ever inspired me with love. You must admit that my situation is, indeed, unhappy !”

I comprehended nothing of all this. How did it happen that he was bound by a solemn promise to leave me ? He had not, he said, that sweet consolation which always remains to a feeling heart. It was then in vain for me to solicit his confidence, which I had ever ardently done. It was easy for me to

\* Bonaparte was initiated at Grand Cairo, in the mysteries of which Egypt was the cradle, and whereof a small number of adepts have preserved the memory.

see that he was unhappy ; that he was the victim of treacherous advice ; so far my own sagacity carried me ; but as to the motive which provoked his divorce, it was a mystery which my most attentive observation could not fathom. " Napoleon," said I, " is the time to pass away thus without bringing any change to my painful state ? And is your brazen sceptre to smite down, without pity, all the flowers of my existence ?"

My husband was in tears ; his anguish burst forth. But, withdrawing himself from my arms, for fear of disclosing his secret, he exclaimed—" I have made fruitless efforts, Josephine, to forget what I owe to you ; I feel a secret instinct which I cannot prevent ; my heart feels a keener pang than yours. I would, by far, that you should submit to no sway but that of my benefits ; for I know that, in return for them, I should have your care, your love, and your respect." In uttering these words, he laid his hands upon the one he was about to sacrifice, in an attitude of sorrowful resignation to his fate ; and one would have said that he was already mourning for a guardian angel, about to be exiled from the palace by his orders. I stood mute ; silence and grief spoke for me. A deep sob escaped him. I scarcely heard it ; a new perplexity, mingled with hope and pleasure, got complete possession of him. His mind was filled with uncertainty, his heart with anguish. It was possible that I might have been the victim of a fatal secret ; but I could no longer keep silence. Agitated by indescribable emotions I exclaimed :—

" Ah ! who shall now dare separate us ? Pardon my presumption. What earthly power shall, so long as I live, so long as I breathe, so long as I shall have the least sentiment of existence, force me to abandon the rights with which, from this decisive moment, I feel myself invested ! No ! our destinies are indissolubly linked together. All temporizing, all delays, all disguise must now be renounced. Why this sudden fright ? Why that terrified look ? Can you repent of having shown a little sensibility—a symptom of compassion ? Oh ! Bonaparte ! put an end to this unexampled mystery ! I am your own—

I am yours to my latest breath—yours by the most sacred engagements, even beyond this life! You weep, Bonaparte! \* 'tis not with grief. Tell me your situation; lay open your heart to me; here, on this sacred spot—hereafter the happier for it—where, for the first time, you have caused a ray of hope to flash upon my eyes—here let our faith, our vows, be pledged for eternity. . . .”

Bonaparte, with a downcast, haggard look, and a hollow voice, was lying upon a sofa, where he had thrown himself to calm his agitation, and enjoy a moment's rest. Raising my hands to heaven, I said to my husband, “Let me not be a subject of discord between you and your family, because I cannot fulfil a wish implanted by nature! Oh, let those who wish to precipitate me into this abyss, but be acquainted with my heart! Let them know that I have no other desire than to see peace reigning in the bosom of France!”—and I passed out of the Emperor's cabinet to conceal my tears. “Loved victim of the inconstancy of men,” said I, in placing my foot upon the threshold, “if thou forsakest, what friend will pity me?” My grief was so profound, that I was afraid the lamp of reason would go out. My husband's was perfectly heart-rending, for it was the expression of remorse.†

\* This conversation was once related to me by a man who heard it. Josephine further said to him:—“Should you be seen in such a condition, what would your courtiers say? And you, moreover, who pretend to awe the world—you are the weakest of men. You have, at this moment, lost the power of willing. My courage greatly surpasses yours, for I know how to restrain myself.”

† The Emperor, that man so taciturn, so cold, who at all times seemed incapable of emotion, did not know how to resist the supplications of a woman. And that was his sole motive for carefully sending away, on grave occasions, all those ladies who had claims on account of their husbands. It was the only weakness to be detected in his character.



## CHAPTER XI.

THERE is upon this earth a being whom I love with all the faculties of my soul, whose life is to me a hundred times dearer than my own!—a being for whom alone I live, and breathe in this world!—a being to whom I am united by a most sacred bond, which I have a thousand times blessed!—a being whom I love still, as in the most blissful moments of our union!—Happy to be near him, happy to keep a constant watch over his fortunes, I lulled myself with the pleasing dream, a dream which for me had all the charms of reality, that I should never leave him; and the thought was, indeed, consoling, that I should die at his side, and consecrate my last breath to him.

But, alas! he fixed the day of our separation!\* He was capable of naming a time when I should see him no more!—and that fatal day had already begun to dawn!—its morn was advancing with the lightning's speed! Yes, that cruel day which should never have dawned upon me, approached as rapidly as

\* The arch-chancellor, Cambacérès, was charged to announce to Josephine the fact of her divorce. That afflicted woman replied to him in these brief terms—"Since it is out of my power to make France happy, I desire that another woman more fortunate than I, may do so." Cambacérès retired, and made his report to the Emperor.

In receiving his visits, the Empress concealed the mortification which devoured her, and endeavoured to console those who sorrowed over her lot. After a painful interview with the Emperor, which lasted more than three hours, the husband and wife separated; both were in tears; but the Empress, on that trying occasion, displayed the native grandeur of her character; she seemed even to encourage the man who, weaker than Antiochus, surnamed the divine, in the presence of Queen Laodicea, seeking, through pride, the support of another Ptolemy Philadelphus, feared, and had good ground to fear, to separate himself, not from another Berenie, but from a faithful wife and a generous friend.—*Note communicated.*

the days of my felicity had departed!—and those, alas, Heaven knows how soon they were eclipsed! An ingrate never more quickly let go the hand which had conferred favours upon him.

I have said that Bonaparte's habitual distrust of me had caused him carefully to avoid me. For some hours I remained alone, absolutely alone. A great noise was heard in the palace; persons were coming and going; they seemed to talk to each other in a hurried manner; and at length I learned that the Emperor had sent sealed letters to all the great dignitaries of the empire, as well as to his principal officers, and that the members of the imperial family were invited to assemble after dinner in the palace of the Tuileries. At this, I felt indignant, and rose to go to him. Like a light, whose last ray is expiring, but still preserves a feeble radiance, I saw that my last hope was nearly extinguished; and yet I was seeking to reanimate its dying spark, when, alas, my son suddenly entered and undeceived me.

He told me that Napoleon required him to carry to the Senate the decree that was to dissolve my marriage.(66)—“Think, madame,” said the prince, “what must be my feelings! On the one hand, the ambition of the Emperor, as unjust as it is daring, will plunge us into an abyss of misfortunes—for, by repudiating a wife who smoothed his way to the throne, he is preparing himself to lose it, perhaps for ever. On the other, I cannot forget what I owe to him as my benefactor, and my guide, as the man who has been to me a father. 'Tis not as a sovereign that my affections cling to him, but as the husband of my mother; and I owe him, as such, respect and obedience; and yet I am required to present to the world the spectacle of a son whose deep afflictions cannot make him forget the duty of submission to the sovereign who has deigned to befriend him.” Never having learned the art of lying, Eugene was not at all versed in the tactics of the world. He sought to conceal neither his thoughts, his desires, nor his actions; and he therefore trod a thorny path, when he found himself placed in the cruel alternative of either breaking a solemn promise to the

Emperor, or deceiving a beloved mother. Anxious, hesitating, and unhappy, he knew not how to rescue himself from this fatal labyrinth. He determined not to answer the expectation of his Mentor: and, by a resolution with which nothing but his critical position could have inspired him, he became the defender of an oppressed woman.

"Nothing," said I, "can be compared to the firmness of soul and the resignation which your duty requires you to exhibit to the Senate, on this trying occasion.(67) But, after performing that rigorous duty, you will come and mingle your tears with mine—come, and upon my bosom reiterate the sentiments of inviolable attachment to the man of whom I have never as yet spoken to you, but as another father. May he be happy! and I here dare make the pledge that Napoleon will never find in my son aught but one of his most devoted commanders."

"Ah," said the prince, dropping some tears which he had tried to restrain, "I feel that my heart repels every sentiment with which the protector of my infancy inspired me; I shall no longer count him among my friends; I shall see in him nothing but your persecutor."

For some moments the viceroy was absolutely overwhelmed by grief, and could scarcely recover his calmness. I employed my authority to constrain him to fulfil, in a manner worthy of himself, the part which Napoleon had assigned him; and made him feel that both his and my future situation depended wholly upon his firmness in this memorable scene; and that I was still willing to submit to the greatest sacrifices for the good of France. "Besides, my son," said I, "who will ever believe that Bonaparte would have had the temerity to make you sanction such an act, when Europe shall discover in it only a last means of precipitating his ruin? *My husband is either very improvident, or very culpable.* He has no right to occasion me this deep affliction. Alas! other wives, were they victims of such inconstancy—were they borne down by such a load of grief as I am, would, perhaps, invoke the Almighty to put an end to their woes. But I, on the contrary, still utter prayers

for his good ; nay, I could wish to live long enough to be his faithful companion at every step. I should then see the danger that may menace him, and, perhaps, be able to shield him from it. But my son will ever be worthy of his adopted father and of me ; and, whatever may befall, Eugene will be ready to defend the man whom, for sixteen years, I have called my husband."

"I will," replied the prince, with emphasis, "yet have the glory of making him sensible of his fault, but only by means of the weapon which alone is worthy of a French chevalier—generosity ! I shall have a great advantage over my mother's husband, for I shall be actuated by the hope that he will yet owe something to the son of that woman whom he is about to sacrifice. For, depend upon it, humbled pride sees nothing but shame in a reverse of fortune ; and that of Napoleon is singularly irritable. Yes, I could wish with one hand to repel the enemies of the great man, and to present to him the other at the moment when, proscribed and abandoned by all, he can have in my eyes no higher claim to my favour and friendship than that of his deep misfortunes. Would he not then be sufficiently punished ? O ! my mother, my unfortunate mother ! 'Tis one of the greatest sovereigns in Europe, conqueror of so many valiant nations, who now compels me to perform an act for which posterity will blame me ;—he wishes me to deceive an *unfortunate wife* ! He begs you not to interpose any obstacle to his wishes ; they are formal. He is determined to be obeyed. Alas ! Bonaparte," exclaimed Eugene, "demand my life—every drop of my blood belongs to you—I would, without a murmur, see it flow in sustaining thy cause ; but do not oblige me to give the last blow to her who has shed so much lustre upon the most brilliant part of thy reign—her, who bears thy image in her heart ! Permit me, at least, thou too unjust man, to descend to the grave with honour ; do not compel us ever to become ungrateful to thee. This would cost the Empress and myself too much ; our hearts are not formed for hatred. There are enough of others who will charge themselves with the debt



of vengeance. Never shall the beings who have loved you so well exercise vengeance towards you."

About one hour after my son left me, Murat entered my apartment. I spoke to him on subjects upon which I wished my husband\* to be informed. "Alas!" said the brother-in-law of the Emperor, with an air of feigned sadness, "in order to fulfil towards him your duty as a true friend, you are about to renounce the happiness of life; and as the price of your generous devotion, he will, perhaps, send you away into some city, where you will be guarded with the utmost severity. But you are now free, madame; you can tell the Emperor your husband, formally, that from this moment his power ceases, and henceforth he has no other rights in respect to you than those of friendship. You must show firmness; 'tis for you to dictate the conditions, and your husband will be but too happy in obtaining from you the sacrifices which he exacts for the concessions which he finds himself forced to make to you."

I knew the man who held this language to me, and took care not to seem to adopt his advice;—it would have tended still more to irritate Bonaparte. On the contrary, I told him that my own intentions were wholly conformed to those of the Emperor. "Let him," said I, "seek an heir to his name, since his family does not afford him sufficient guarantees. Yet, I could have wished him to confirm the adoption of my son, according to his former purpose. But, as his policy has otherwise determined, it is the duty of Eugene and myself to submit. Admirers of his wonderful fortunes, he will ever find us sincerely anxious for his happiness. As to myself, I am, from this evening, wholly prepared to give him this last proof of my perfect submission to his will." Murat was silent for some moments; he was afraid I should show an open opposition to the will of

\* Josephine was satisfied that Murat was one of the principal promoters of the divorce, and showed him, on several occasions, that she was by no means duped by his many protestations of affection. The Empress had long perceived his designs,—for which he could never pardon her.

the Emperor, and could not dissemble his surprise at what I said. "Well!" said he, "the Archduchess Maria Louisa will, perhaps, be the pledge of happiness to France! Her father has given that assurance—(laying stress upon the last word.) To what a man does he present his daughter's hand!—a man governed by a passion which disregards even love, and does not concern itself with affairs of the heart—a man whose feelings are never melted by the bitter tears he witnesses. A princess who yields herself up wholly to a husband who receives her in his high character of monarch, becomes the guarantee of great political projects, and binds more firmly the ties of ambition.

"Besides, the Emperor has waged war in order to attain supreme power. He knows how to continue it in order to strengthen and confirm his diadem. For him, no treaty will be sacred. Be assured, he is not more afraid of broils within, than coalitions without. His enemies conspire against his life and his crown only during the reign of peace; and I foresee that a new storm is about to burst upon us. My beloved brother-in-law is the god of thunder; but he who now has so many nations under his command, may not perhaps always be able to avert the tempest; the proud Germans will not forget that the invulnerable Napoleon has twice taken their capital, and that the conqueror showed himself generous."

I listened to this speech of Murat without permitting myself to let fall the least observation, well knowing what were his real feelings towards me; and kept carefully on my guard against uttering any reproaches in his presence.

At ten o'clock in the evening of that sad day, the great dignitaries of state repaired to the palace of the Tuileries; the Emperor's family arrived soon after. The stupor which paralyzed me, seemed to have seized upon the whole assembly: no person dared utter a word.

The author of this cruel scene appeared to take no part in what was passing around him, though his efforts to appear calm were manifest to all. I expected at any moment to receive

an order for ever exiling me from France ; and I was ready to consummate that fatal sacrifice. I presented myself to the Emperor, and found myself alone with him in his private cabinet. The lamps were lighted, but emitted a sombre ray. The whole court now advanced in mournful silence. The Emperor stood directly before me, and Cambacérès was placed in front of him. I know not whether the lights, or my deeply affected imagination, were the cause, but a deathly paleness seemed to cover every face present, when Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely presented to me, for my signature, the *acte* which severed for ever the bonds by which I had been united to Bonaparte. All the persons present uttered an involuntary sigh. I myself started. "Ah ! in the name of Heaven," said I, "Napoleon, and is it thus you repay the tenderest affection ? What !—All I can hope, then, for signing this decree, is to preserve the vain title of '*Empress-Queen-crowned*' ?" Take back your gifts, and be pleased to remember your oaths. I abandon, it is true, all hope of touching your feelings. What you have said to me leaves no possibility of my moving you, although I did hope to remain your wife, certain that your own renown would suffice to make you respect your obligations ; and 'tis only at that price that you can hope to continue to reign. By contracting an alliance with the house of Austria, you awaken the jealousy of other sovereigns. They will see in it only another motive to gratify your ambition, and a thirst to enlarge and consolidate your

\* 16th Dec. 1809.

Art. I. The marriage contracted between the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine, is dissolved.

Art. II. The Empress Josephine shall preserve the title and rank of **EMPRESS-QUEEN-CROWNED**.

Art. III. Her allowance is fixed at an annual payment out of the public treasury.

Art. IV. Whatever provisions the Emperor shall make in favour of the Empress Josephine out of the funds belonging to the civil list, shall be obligatory upon his successors.

Art. V. The present *senatus-consultum* shall be transmitted by a message to her imperial and royal majesty.

victories. You will arouse them from their slumber ; they will league themselves against you, and the unconquerable Bonaparte will at length, in his turn, be conquered.”(68)

Motionless, absorbed in thought, he stood, and cast an unquiet and troubled look upon me. He tried to speak, but broke off in the middle of a word. All ye who pity me, O had you witnessed the distress of him whom people were pleased to call a great man, how would you have pitied him ! Such, in that decisive moment, was his weakness, that he could not help stammering out :—“ The future appears before my eyes—I am frightened !” I cannot describe what were his feelings, when, a moment afterwards, he heard a voice exclaim :—

“ *Alas ! in recalling the error, I lose the charm of my life !*” Ah, Frenchman ! this exclamation penetrated his heart like a poisoned arrow, and never will the memory of it be effaced. In the midst of the most noisy gayety, he will for ever hear that cry of grief. It was the shriek of a wronged and outraged wife.

I left this scene as soon as possible, and remained for some time pensive and sorrowful. I was now forsaken by the man who ought, from gratitude, to have proclaimed me his protecting divinity. He had put my heart to a terrible proof, and that heart still rebelled against my will ; for when this fatal blow had put an end to the little happiness I had derived from my second marriage, I felt my love increase towards my faithless husband. Oppressed by this double load of sorrow, I passed rapidly towards the apartment which contained the object of my affections, supported by my women. The light of the numerous lamps which were burning in my apartment, fell upon my troubled vision. It seemed to me like the light of the tomb, which was yawning to receive the author of my distress. I happened to glance at the portrait of Henry IV., and to my bewildered fancy it seemed to frown upon me. The first sound that struck my ears was the low and mournful chanting of these plaintive words :—

“ Weep, weep, beloved mothers ; weep for your children,



*for thy second mother is no more."* And a deep silence then reigned around me.

I rested my brow upon my hand ; my knees grew weak, and refused to support me. When I had, in some degree, recovered my strength, I endeavoured to convince myself that what I had witnessed was only an illusion, arising from a momentary delirium ! I was still deeply agitated, and my arms fell powerless at my side. Nearly all those who were with Napoleon had disappeared, and, as if seized with sudden fright, had hastened down the stairs. So weak was I, that I found it necessary to lean against a column. An officer of the guard soon entered, for whom the few persons who remained gave way. He approached with a haughty air, and bowing respectfully before me, said, in an icy tone, "Madame, I have orders to conduct you to Malmaison."—"Who gave you the order?"—"The Emperor himself," he replied coldly, but with apparent sadness. I restrained myself, and carelessly commenced taking down some pictures ; that of M. de Beauharnais was among them. As to Napoleon's, I affected to forget it. Methought it should be reserved for his future bride. In gazing upon it, she cannot but remember that another woman had, before her, received the oath of a perjurer, who, to gratify his ambition, would just as soon sacrifice her few remaining moments of happiness.

Hardly had I left my apartment when I met Bonaparte. For an instant I experienced inexpressible agony. The mute play of his features showed me what was passing within him. He was a prey to the most cutting remorse. He affected to shun me, but nevertheless kept close by my side. "Yes," said he, with a troubled air, "Josephine, it is ambition which has separated me from you, which has forced me to abandon the companion, who, for sixteen years, has delighted my existence. 'Tis ambition which, with iron hand, has driven me to associate upon my throne, the granddaughter of Maria Theresa.\* Be-

\* It seems to be an established fact, that, on the 16th of December, 1809, the day of the separation between Josephine and Napoleon, the latter had

lieve me, the great changes which I foresee must take place in my country, make a deep impression upon me. My only desire is for my country—I entertain none for myself. With my ardent heart, what am I too among the multitude of men by

received an assurance that he should receive the hand of the Archduchess Maria Louisa, the eldest daughter of Francis II., Emperor of Germany. This princess was a niece of Marie Antoinette of Austria, the wife of Louis XVI. In taking her seat upon the same throne which had been occupied by her unfortunate aunt, and finding herself in the same chateau of the Tuileries, in the pavilion of Flora, whence, in 1792, the victims of our Revolution never departed but to be transferred to the prison of the Temple, and thence to the scaffold, what must have been the reflections of that daughter of the Cæsars ! What sad thoughts must have haunted her when she set her foot upon the threshold of that palace, where, eighteen years before, a frightful regicide was about to be committed upon a talented and courageous woman, who displayed such a sublime heroism on the 20th of June, and who, on the 10th of August, dared to present to the king, then abandoned by his friends, and delivered up to faction, his *sword*, for the purpose of overawing the rebels who besieged him in his palace ?—She besought him to recollect that he was the grandson of Henry IV., and told him that he ought, for the good of his people and the honour of his crown, to repulse the “Leaguers” of the 18th century. Louis XVI. listened to her ; but while pressing his wife to his bosom, he uttered these words, full of truth and good sense, and which ought to be engraved on monuments of brass, and read by the generations that are to come after us, both sovereigns and people :—

“A monarch is undone the moment he temporizes with his subjects. Scarcely does he make one concession, before they demand another. A federative compact, sworn to in the midst of bayonets, can never be advantageous to the people, nor lasting. The reign of faction decides its duration. I have never thought it best to repel force by force, because I have a horror of bloodshed, and because my hands are clear of the blood of Frenchmen. Madame, you must be resigned to perish with me. ’Tis not here, upon a maddened rabble, that it becomes me to make a last effort ; ’twas at that memorable sitting at the Tennis-court, held at Versailles, in 1789, under my own eyes, that I could and should have made a decisive display of the royal power. I should thus have averted great evils, and prevented enormous crimes. But I believed in the pure intentions of the most of those who sat in that illegal assembly. Unhappily, I consented to

whom I am surrounded, whose souls are petrified—who want to rise, merely from the possibility of crushing their adversaries, and who think nothing about their country's welfare?

“When I shall be no more, my contemporaries shall be able to say of me—‘He was the only man capable of doing good, because he had no further wishes to gratify; others employ themselves only for their own benefit, never thinking that they are children of the same country.’

“Yes, Josephine, this unquiet activity which here reigns, this ever-watchful hatred, jealousy, and envy, ever repining at

temporize and took counsel when I should have employed vigorous measures. I wanted to impede the evil, and occasioned a still greater one by not extirpating it at its birth. And yet,” added the good king, with tears, “I know that the French people love me; and not without reason, for I should have endeavoured, like my illustrious ancestor, Henry IV., to render them the first people in Europe, and the most prosperous. To this end I assembled the estates of the kingdom. The clergy, on account of their cupidity, the nobility, in order to preserve their prerogatives, refused to accord to their sovereign concessions, honourable and light, indeed, in comparison to those which have now been forced from them. The Commons, tired of sustaining alone the burden of the public debts, were ready to dare anything; they soon understood the nothingness of the other two orders, who refused to admit them into their ranks; and hence it was easy for a wise man to foresee that the schism among the orders would necessarily bring about the overthrow of the ancient monarchy, based upon centuries of glory, and in the end sap the foundations of every throne in Europe.”

Such were the thoughts of Louis XVI., at the moment when *Radlerer* counselled him to repair to the national assembly; which he did. To restore the balance of power, and transform a kingdom distracted by factions into a flourishing government, needed an iron hand. In this, the wisest politicians are agreed. Should a stranger have seen the France of 1793 and 1794, could he have guessed what it had been formerly? And could he, at that epoch, have believed in the possibility of that which afterwards took place, but which ought not to have taken place? Truly, it needed a miracle from the Most High to restore the descendants of so many kings, the past generations of whom were not able to preserve, at St. Denis a tomb, to receive them. Napoleon undertook to restore honour to their memory, and succeeded in it; but, for their precious ashes, they are scattered. Time destroys everything; it effaces even sorrow; sovereigns only survive it!..

the good fortune of others ;—these gnawing desires, which are depicted in frightful traits upon every face, are enough to disgust me for ever with sovereignty.”

“ You will no longer follow my counsels,” said I ; “ they are no longer in harmony with your views. How can I persuade you that a new marriage alliance will hasten your ruin ?”

I had long been apprised that a secret conspiracy was on foot against him ; that one of his ministers was at the bottom of the plot. The courtiers were exerting themselves to bring about his disgrace—an event which was about to happen. The Emperor’s pride was increasing. His alliance was courted—a circumstance which tended to incense other sovereigns against him, and might furnish materials for calumny. Everybody desired and expected his downfall, with concentrated exultation. Reflecting upon all this, the great politician saw, or pretended to see, ground to hope that the marriage of Napoleon to Maria Louisa would strike fear into the enemies of his master, and that he would become more powerful than ever. . . .

I soon left the Tuileries ; the officer cast his keen glance around the chateau, and called my attention to the courtiers who were still there, and those who were arriving. Others who had been in the habit of coming later, to occupy my ante-chambers, came also ; but, on learning what had taken place, they likewise retired.

While entering the carriage to go to Malmaison, in compliance with the Emperor’s orders, I cast a last look at the place I was leaving. “ Alas !” thought I, “ the unfortunate Marie Antoinette also inhabited that dismal abode, and left it only to go to the Temple, and thence to the scaffold. I, more fortunate than she, am only sacrificed to the ambition of one man. That august prisoner was a victim to the madness of an enraged and seditious populace, who displayed before her eyes the standard of rebellion and crime, while I am cruelly punished for having presumed to take my place in the palace of kings.”

Having collected my thoughts, I found myself on the road to



Malmaison. The horses, more fleet than usual, had already nearly accomplished the journey.\*

I arrived at Ruel at midnight. All around me were in a profound slumber. I knelt, and, raising my hands and my heart to Heaven, prayed for him. . . . One of my women hastened to rescue me from this situation, the most painful I had ever yet experienced. I opposed her, and redoubled my fervour. Soon I became more tranquil; I shed tears, but the consolation which prayer brought with it, soon dried them up. I persuaded myself that Napoleon was but a creature of destiny, and that he was more miserable than his victim;—and this made me pity him as much as myself.

This first night of my exile was painful indeed. I was agitated by convulsions, during which the persons who were watching with me were afraid to express either their hopes or their fears. I was for some hours in this critical state, and it was only towards morning that the weeping and exhaustion permitted me to close my eyelids. I slept but a short time, and yet my waking was like that of one who is aroused from a long lethargy. Sometimes it seemed to me that the events which had so affected my feelings were far, far behind me, in the bygone time; sometimes the recollection of my terrible

\* The Emperor left immediately for St. Cloud, where he remained for forty-eight hours, almost invisible to his courtiers. The third day, he went a hunting in the plain of Galli, near the Grand Trianon. Dismounting from his carriage, he asked Duroc for a footman. He then wrote a letter to Josephine, and sent it by the footman, urging him to be diligent. A moment afterwards, Napoleon himself was on the footman's traces, and reached Malmaison before his envoy. The Empress uttered a cry of surprise at seeing him. She threw herself into his arms, and was, for some moments, completely deprived of the power of utterance. Having come to herself, her tears betrayed her. But she was solaced by the solemn assurance he gave her, that, at all times, and under all circumstances, he would be her best and most constant friend. He gave her permission to go and reside at *Elysée-Bourbon*, at which place she remained until near the time of his marriage with Maria Louisa. He paid her frequent visits until that time, which was so decisive of her fortune. The unfortunate woman! She still loved to flatter herself that . . .

catastrophe struck my imagination only like the fleeting shadows of a dream. Again, roused to a perfect sense of my condition, the shadowy mists of sorrow and anguish rolled away from me, and I saw everything as in broad daylight, without disguise, or emblem, or image which could at all hide from my eyes the cruel arrows with which the naked truth pierced my heart.

I arose and dressed, without forming any plan, any desire, any object—without even pausing to contemplate an idea. I went and came without knowing where. Chance alone guided all my actions ; and, though very far from being inclined to read, I happened to lay my hand on the poem *Tombeaux de St. Denis*. Without knowing what I was doing, I opened the book, and should doubtless have shut it again, had I not been struck with the truth of the following lines, which have never since escaped from my memory :—

“ Ciel ! à quels grands revers les grandes destinées,  
Sous un perfide éclat, demeurent condamnées ! ”

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## CHAPTER XII.

THERE comes a moment when we become, as it were, familiar with the cause of our affliction. After having broken our heart, its weight presses heavily upon our other faculties. We cannot speak, because we can utter nothing but sterile complaints and useless reflections ; we weep no more, because we have exhausted the sources of tears ; and our eyes become dry and arid, like the heart of him who had caused our tears to flow. Such was my situation towards the middle of my journey, when I fell asleep. Slumber, till then, had been a stranger to me, and I had counted the hours of the night as well as of the day.

Madame de C\*\*\* (Princess of Ch\*\*\*) came unexpectedly into my room. She gazed at me for a long time with a look of deep concern, but at length, finding I had become more composed, she said—" 'Tis you—'tis you, indeed, my tender and faithful friend! Oh! thanks be to Heaven! I now begin to breathe. The sight of you restores peace and hope to my afflicted heart." Looking at one of my women, I said—"That lady possesses my entire confidence. We can speak." With eyes suffused with tears, I pressed the hand of my former friend, and said—

"Yes, the fatal blow is struck; I have no longer a husband; all my friends have abandoned me;—pale, anxious, agitated, they move about at each other's side, without even the courage to turn their looks upon me.\*

"What afflicts me most in my misfortunes, is the position of my children. My only anxiety is for them. As to myself, I quit the court without a regret; but my heart still cleaves to those who need my guardian care, and I feel prepared to aid and protect all those who have a right to complain of the disgrace brought upon them by their master. The change of my fortune does not pain me. A grassy seat—a garden will make me happy enough! You know well, my friend, that I can appreciate the charms of a modest and peaceful mode of life;—you have witnessed it;—but the deep ingratitude of that man has inflicted a wound upon my heart, a wound which still bleeds! Among the throng of false friends who seemed particularly devoted to me, there was not one to whom I would not have rendered the highest service; and yet, within a few short days, their conduct has destroyed all my confidence, all

\* Bonaparte, it is said, was displeased with Madame de la R., because, having been attached to Josephine's service, she proposed to fulfil the same duties towards the Empress Maria Louisa. "No," said he, in an angry tone, "she shall not. Although I am charged with ingratitude towards my wife, I will have no imitators—especially among the persons whom she has honoured with her confidence and loaded with her favours."—*Note communicated.*

my esteem. Once, I would, with a feeling of perfect safety, have placed my hand in that of M—— or ——; now, the poison of hatred, I regret to say, affects the purity of my intentions towards them.\* Such,” continued I, “is my present situation; what is to follow is but the distant thunder, rumbling on the horizon. As yet, I have only seen the flash of the lightning, and peace is for ever banished from my breast. I feel that I am, in fact, on the brink of a volcano, or on a land agitated by frightful earthquakes. Bonaparte has throngs of flatterers and numerous foes. Should he be compelled to descend from the throne, their treatment of him will be pitiless, because they know that they have made him dizzy, and misled him. Often have I told him that men always avenge themselves upon a dethroned sovereign for the humiliation and terror they felt in approaching him when at the height of his power. A courtier is the most irreconcilable of foes, because his hatred arises from his sense of the abasement to which he was compelled to submit.

“Alas! his present triumph is that of pride, ambition, and vanity. I am flying from the scene, to conceal my grief and my fright.

“No, no, ’tis not for the throne, on which I was once seated by his side, that I mourn; nor for the loss of my own happiness; no, ’tis the destruction of his own. My first prayer has ever been to know that he was happy; and to that prayer I joined another, that he might owe his good fortune to Josephine alone. This latter being now nugatory, the first shall be the only one my lips shall repeat, even upon my dying bed. I will speak to him only in behalf of my children.

“There are some humiliations of which the most wretched cannot become the object without being heart-broken; and yet

\* This change of fortune was not so terrible to her as it would have been to many others in her situation. She felt the privation of a few real advantages, but she was not tormented by imaginary wants, nor by a feeling of wounded vanity.



there are some things which transpire in the world, which it is impossible to understand, because they pertain to private interest, to arrangements which are concealed with an impenetrable veil. . . .” Thus did I express myself, reposing my griefs on the bosom of friendship.

I had the consolation (if such it were) of knowing that every one pitied me, even men who were the coldest and most insensible. Could I have been affected by anything but my own anguish, it would have been the flattering consciousness that my dismissal from court had caused regrets even there.

Bonaparte sought to stifle the painful memory of what he had done, by a journey to Rambouillet.\* During his stay there, his faithful advisers accelerated his *divorce*, and at the end of three months, the marriage contract between Bonaparte and Josephine was declared annulled.

In spite of all that was odious in this catastrophe, by which my reason was tortured, my other faculties were not utterly destroyed. I received, but without any sign of emotion, the intelligence that my husband was about to give his hand to the niece of the unfortunate Queen of France, Marie Antoinette. Outraged though I had been by the treatment I had received, I felt in my heart no resentment whatever at this. A sudden transport, mingled with a thousand apprehensions, seized me, and changed the anxiety which had hitherto oppressed me, into one of another kind, which seemed to animate and revive me. “Oh,” exclaimed I, in my heart’s fullness, “may his felicity be eternal! May his new companion be to him an angel of peace! May that young and interesting princess, while in France, pursue no path but that of prosperity!”

This illustrious alliance certainly flattered his vanity; so much

\* After the separation, the court of the Tuileries became almost deserted. People resorted thither only to please the sovereign. But she who had so lately inspired respect and admiration, was no longer there to be met with; and the Emperor once remarked to his marshals, who were standing around him—“Gentlemen, we must indeed admit (alluding to Josephine), that *a court without ladies is a spring without roses.*”

so, even, as to make him overstep the bounds of prudence. But no reliance could be placed upon conditions imposed by necessity, and exacted by the force of circumstances.

At length, however, that imposing solemnity took place!\* Bonaparte required my children to occupy the front rank in the ceremony, and my daughter was, as it were, forced to applaud, externally, her who had, by indissoluble vows, consecrated purity, and the violation of the most sacred legal right.

Whatever may have been my attachment to Bonaparte, I can never recall the memory of it, without reproaching him for his unfeeling conduct towards Hortense. I confess, that, though my thoughts were sufficiently filled with bitterness, it was increased when I saw my daughter constrained to subscribe to the new plan of life which he marked out for her. I could not, with indifference, witness the persecution of my children; they were not guilty of the faults it had pleased him to impute to me—and yet they were, equally with myself, the victims of his policy!

As soon as it was possible for me to do so, I began to cause my thoughts and reflections to be presented to him, to assure him that a superior power, which I could not resist, had united my destiny to his; that, attracted by an irresistible charm which had once led me to fortune, I could never think of combating his new sentiments and opinions; that I should hold it to be my rigorous duty to respect the ties he had recently formed, although I could not help pitying the new *Empress*. Henceforth, continued I, my duty will limit me to entertain the sole desire, that a wiser genius may guide your steps, and force you to pause. No! 'tis only with myself that I can now talk of you, and my prayer is, that you may be brought back, if it be still possible, to a more correct idea of true greatness. Your own,

\* I am assured that Josephine had the curiosity to witness the entry of Maria Louisa into Paris, and that she was close by the *triumphal arch*, at the moment her fortunate rival was receiving the congratulations of the constituted bodies. If the fact were so, what must have been her sufferings!

I admit, still inspires your people with profound admiration. But, alas! it but inspires me with pity, for I look upon it only as a snare, laid by the hand of Providence, to render your fall from power the more signal and striking, and to render more impressive the lesson which it will furnish to kings.

A continual revery absorbed me during the first year of my divorce. I saw my health every day failing, and it became manifest to all that I was wretched indeed! And yet, the tender and prudent sympathy of some faithful friends,\* and their fidelity in keeping my secrets, concurred, in some degree, to assuage my afflictions; and at length more tranquil reflections succeeded to the impulses of despair. Then I was unable to conceal from myself that all was lost, even the hope of ever seeing Bonaparte again.

I was one day wandering among the flowery shrubs and under the trees which suspended their sweet-smelling garlands above my head, whose leaves were falling like light snow-flakes around me. I was resting myself on a grassy mound, surrounded by a hillock, on whose summits were waving the tops of the majestic poplars that shaded the avenue to Malmaison. The ground was clothed with the verdure of early summer; the sun was shining in the cloudless sky, and the air was loaded with perfume. The scene was vivifying, and the joy of the animate

\* Of this number was the Countess of Montesquieu, that excellent lady, who did not abandon Josephine in her misfortunes. As she had ceased altogether to appear at the Tuileries, the Emperor had almost forgotten her. She passed her days chiefly at and about Malmaison, leaving early in the morning, and not returning to Paris till quite late. She thought, however, she might accept an invitation to a ball given by the minister D\*\*\*. Napoleon, distinguishing her among a crowd of courtiers, presented her to the Empress Maria Louisa, and proposed to pay for the education of her son. She dared not refuse. By accepting the place of governess of the King of Rome, she lost all opportunity of seeing Josephine, at which she was deeply afflicted; and often did this woman, who was as good a mother as she was an excellent wife, though under the gilded vaults of the Tuileries, recall with a sigh the pleasant hours she had spent with the ex-empress at Malmaison.

creation was everywhere visible—in the flower, in the flitting of birds, in the gentle breathings of the zephyr; all tended to recall to my heart the memory of my past felicity, of the more fortunate period of my life. Ravished at the enchanting and consoling spectacle, my spirit seemed to leap from its worldly woes, and enjoy in full fruition the magnificence of the scene, But, alas! the picture, fresh and seductive as it was, was to me as if it had not been. My soul and my eyes were wandering along the route which led to St. Cloud. “In the days of my felicity,” said I to myself, sighing and weeping at the thought, “in my days of bliss, these trees were clothed with verdure as at present; these groves were filled with flowers, these fields breathed perfume.” I could not finish the thought, but, with bitterness of spirit, compared that smiling epoch of my life to the present painful moment. Again I cast my tear-brimming eyes towards the St. Cloud road, and perceived the brilliant cortège of the Empress, on her return to Paris. She was alone in the midst of the pomp that surrounded her.\* Napoleon was not with her. I hoped that he might then be able to escape one moment from the eyes of his courtiers, and come and visit his

\* The Emperor would often send word to the *grand écuyer* to detain the Empress Maria Louisa at the riding-school; and often took advantage of this moment of liberty, to go and surprise his *old friend* at Malmaison. They walked together in the garden. Their intercourse was easy, and they were often seen, arm in arm, engaged in familiar conversation. He one day related to her an incident that had occurred to Madame Montesquieu, on the canal in the garden of Versailles. She was in a small boat, which was nearly upset, and her court dress was badly stained: “I laughed a good deal,” said Napoleon, “at the accident, and the more because I knew that she had accepted my favour against her own inclination. The etiquette of my present court displeases her. She would like much better, madame, to be with you; but that charming and intelligent woman cannot but adorn whatever station she is in. She does well at the Tuileries, and shall remain there.”—“My little court at Malmaison is more congenial with her tastes,” replied Josephine. “She would at least find a *friend* here; and, in the perilous post where your favour has placed her, she will very rarely find among your courtiers what she would find here.”



forsaken wife. My heart throbbed at the thought; a secret presentiment told me I should certainly then see him, though for some months I had been comparatively quiet in my mind, having firmly resolved to forget him for ever, feeling an utter indifference to fortune and the schemes of ambition. If we are only able to control, properly, the love of fame and the impulses of ambition, we may enjoy the advantages which they bring; otherwise they become the source of mental tortures which are continually renewed and multiplied, and, finally, accompany us to the tomb.

I was occupied by these reflections when the rapid ringing of a small bell notified me that I was about to receive an unaccustomed visit. A secret and extraordinary feeling within me, bade me hope, hope!

But what became of that philosophy which I was indulging a moment before? I can never attain that high perfection to which my soul aspires. Human weakness will, in spite of me, steal into the humility of my resignation; and when I reflect upon the flattering and brilliant prospect which my son has lost, it is impossible for me not to break out into reproaches. While I was painting a violet, a flower which recalled to my memory my more happy days, one of my women ran towards me and made a sign by placing her finger on her lips. The next moment I was overpowered. I beheld my husband! He threw himself with transport into the arms of his old friend. Oh! then was I convinced that he could still love me; for that man really loved me. It seemed impossible for him to cease gazing upon me; and his look was that of the most tender affection. At length, in a tone of the deepest compassion and love, he said, "My dear Josephine! I have always loved you—I love you still." "I endeavoured to efface you from my heart," said I, "and you again present yourself to me. All my efforts are useless:—to love you and to die is all that remain to me!—that is my fate! What a future awaits me!" "Unhappy man," he replied, "I could abandon you—I have repaid your love only with cold indifference." I pressed his hand without answering

a word. After a long absence he had again visited me. He pressed me passionately to his heart, and said, "Do you still love me, excellent and good Josephine? Do you still love me, in spite of the relations I have contracted and which have separated me from you? But they have not banished you from my memory!"

At this moment I conceived a feeble hope that my husband's confidence in me was about to be restored; and yet, had not my doom been pronounced? could I forget it?—There was a brief pause; and this relieved me. This fleeting moment of tranquillity was but the deep and foreboding calm which foretells, to the people of America, the approaching hurricane.

He took my hand and kissed it with transport.

"Sire!" said I.—"Call me Bonaparte," said he; "speak to me, my beloved, with the same freedom, the same familiarity as ever." "*Bonaparte*," I then continued, "you are brought back to me by some protecting genius, some spirit, ever ready to warn you of the danger which threatens you! Listen.—You have filled the world with your glory; you have reached the summit of greatness; let this satisfy you. You think you have mounted every step of fortune's ladder, and yet there is one"—

"Yes, Josephine," he exclaimed, with eyes beaming with pleasure and hope, "yes, it still remains to me to take one more step. Your words are to me a prophetic promise, since 'tis thou thyself, my tender and beloved friend, who still deign to make it a subject of reflection."

"Do we understand each other, Bonaparte?" said I. "You can accomplish that step only by giving peace to your people. For such a man as Bonaparte ought to make himself eternally glorious and beloved by closing the temple of *Janus*. Then will you insure the lasting good of the people subject to your dominion."

"That is your opinion, Josephine. There will be always time for that."

Still, urged on by an indefinable sensation, I exclaimed,

"Bonaparte, has good fortune fascinated you? You govern France; half of Europe trembles at your name; powerful monarchs buy your friendship; but, like the poorest man in the world, you are master only of the passing moment and have no power over the future. Everything is subject to destiny, which overthrows the greatest empires and brings even worlds to an end. Do you wish, my friend, to see a striking example of it?—Listen once more to Josephine.

"An author once published a book with a singular title. This book was entitled '*Subterranean Rome*,' a title full of instruction and truth, which impressed itself even upon the external senses, that there was a *buried Rome*, the image of what the living Rome was one day to become. This picture, Bonaparte, should produce a powerful effect upon your grandeur-loving mind. It will render you, for a moment at least, a philosopher; for I perceive that you understand the force of the sublime illustration. Yes, that picture reveals another France, not the France you now behold, composed of grand dignitaries, generals, heads of families; all this is but the surface of France. But it exhibits to you, the internal state of France, *Subterranean France*; for there is another France under our feet. Let us descend to it—go down—pass among the tombs which are in the bosom of the earth;—lift up the stones.—What do we see? What inhabitants, good God!—What citizens!—what monarchs!—what an empire!—You will have time to think of this!—Bonaparte! the most absolute man never yet could say that he would bring his undertakings to a close. *You* dare affirm it! *You*, who depend upon every one around you—*You*, whose ruin is doomed by thousands of men who are as cunning as they are wicked!"

"Excellent woman," said he, "that's my motive for imposing fetters upon all my foes. I am about to strike the last blow; it must decide the fate of Europe. The descendant of Peter the Great is about to submit to the laws which Napoleon shall see fit to impose upon him. You see, Josephine, I am mounting *still higher* on the ladder!"—

“ ‘Still higher,’ great God !—alas, what demon inspires you !—how easy could it be for you to be happy and secure ! Renounce the war with Russia.”

“ I cannot follow your advice.”

“ Bonaparte, should you trust to my affection—should you have confidence in my heart, you would certainly be more happy, and perhaps more wise. Pardon my anxiety,” said I sorrowfully ; “but remember, your misfortunes will soon be at their flood.”

Alas ! Reason pleads in vain when passion calculates. Those whom she directs, infect everybody else ; silence is guilt ; calmness sedition.

Bonaparte soon disappeared, and I heard nothing but the sound of his retiring footsteps. Oh ! how quickly does everything take place upon earth !

I had made myself drunk, for one brief moment, with the most charming illusion ; I had once more felt the pleasure of being loved. Again, reflection succeeded to these raptures, and I presumed to lift the veil of hope.\* But my illusion soon vanished. The Empress Maria Louisa was about to become a mother, and the day when all France seemed to exult at this event, Josephine, alone, sad, and forsaken at Malmaison, had no other consolation than tears, and no other arms but philosophy. She said to herself :—

“ Here, haggard discontent still haunts my view ;  
The sombre genius reigns in every place.”

A profound silence reigned around me. Court comers filled the chateau of the Tuileries, which was too small to contain the throngs of the curious. The birth of the King of Rome completely turned Napoleon’s head.(69) An heir was born,

\* Josephine, at a masked ball given at court, addressed Maria Louisa. She was dressed *en domino*. She deceived many persons by repeatedly changing her colours : but she was not known, save to the Emperor, who was greatly amused by the part she acted.



and his immense empire seemed now too circumscribed for his ambition.

The conquest of Russia was now determined upon. Great preparations were ordered. Bonaparte was no longer a *man*; his flatterers transformed him into a demi-god.

“All his desires are accomplished!” shouted the rabble. He wanted a son, and fate crowned his most ardent wish.\* I alone remained mute and unconcerned in the midst of the general joy; some involuntary murmurs escaped me, it is true; but I, nevertheless, feigned to participate in the joy of that event. I did more; I testified a desire to see the heir apparent.(70) My friends had some difficulty in convincing me of the inconvenience of this request; and it was mentioned to Napoleon. “But why,” said he, without reflecting, “why not show him to her?” But, perceiving the delicacy of the thing, he afterwards replied—“It will cause Josephine too great an effort; I will not suffer it. On the contrary, let the infant be kept from her. She will reflect with anguish that she is not its mother.”

Time, reflection, and more than all, necessity and endurance at length restored peace to my mind. I flattered myself, and not without good reason, that Napoleon would remain the protector of my children.

Each morning, as early as the birds, with their melodious concerts, hailed the rising sun, I took pleasure in addressing my prayers to the Eternal, for my husband and those whom I loved. This sweet and consoling habit kept my mind in a disposition which constituted my joy and my bliss.

After sunrise, when the tillers of the soil commenced their

\* The page who brought to the Empress Josephine the news that her lucky rival had a son, received from her, as the price of such a mission, a magnificent ring which the ex-empress took from her own finger. This jewel was worth probably twenty thousand francs. “I am, I suppose,” said she, good humouredly, “bound to acknowledge, *as a sovereign*, the receipt of the news of the birth of the King of Rome. May this event, as Napoleon has flattered himself it would do, add to his happiness, and enable him, henceforth, to live in peace.”

labours, it was my custom to take long walks. I sometimes followed the labourer's cart, and took pleasure in conversing with him. During my residence at Malmaison, the best understanding subsisted among all the neighbours. I was the arbitress of all their differences, and conciliated the most opposite interests.

I did not wait to have my assistance implored; I searched out those who were in distress; and in pouring consolation into the bosom of want, it was easy to see, from my emotions, that I still regarded myself as the happiest of women. Then, indeed, I felicitated myself that I had been elevated to a rank and consequence which enabled me to bestow the bounties of beneficence.

Bonaparte himself often said, in speaking of me—"How guilty would be the mortal who should interrupt the tranquillity which Josephine is beginning to taste! I have taken an oath—it is my duty to see that her peace is not disturbed for the rest of her life—her solitude shall be respected."

He soon gave me a new estate, and I went to animate by my presence the ancient Chateau of Navarre.(71) My taste for country life became more and more engrossing; I sighed for the return of spring, and at length the month of March arrived to lend wings to the dreams of my imagination. The delicate violet, emblem of modesty, began to perfume the air. The sun with increasing warmth fructified the earth with his rays. "I am so happy here," wrote I to Napoleon, "that I could banish the memory of the events which have brought me to this retreat, were I able to forget that you were once my husband. But the hope of seeing you again, even in a happier life, still fills my heart and occupies my thoughts. I try to elevate myself into the region of the future. Ah, Bonaparte, you ought to realize here below, that our earthly existence is of too little value to induce us to forget that another awaits us. Reflect, O my friend, reflect that the most obscure subject in your empire is far happier than you;—reflect that you have never tasted true happiness. Yet, you think to compass it when, with bold hand, you trace out plans of foreign war or internal policy;

because then your imagination, as active as your intellect, and as fruitful as your genius, leads you forward into the boundless field of hope. There, and always under the most seductive hues, you perceive the object you wish to attain. Your self-love, the first among your courtiers, the most dangerous among your flatterers, breaks down all barriers, overthrows all obstacles, and conceals all the yawning gulfs beneath.—Because, forsooth, one lucky constellation shone upon your early path, you think you are never to go astray. The execution of the rashest projects seems easy to you. The useless weeds that cling to the precipice for you transform themselves into amaranths; and beyond, you perceive nothing but laurels and palms. O, Bonaparte! is this, then, happiness? No, 'tis all illustrious pain, pain which none other can share with you.—Yes, you are the architect of the errors which have destroyed you; and, when more modest in my desires, more simple in my tastes, possessing better inspirations in my idea of happiness, I took pleasure in planting some flowers along your path, 'twas yourself—'twas your own hand, that caused them to perish beneath the ice of social conventions.”

My heart was long a stranger both to the sentiments of pleasure and of pain. Joy was for ever banished from my mind; and tears, which I never ceased to shed, at length relieved me.

Bonaparte prepared to visit Holland and the Hanseatic cities; but the son-in-law of the Emperor of Germany dreamed only of invasion. He had united to France, under the name of the department of the Mouths of the Rhine, all the country situated on the left bank of that river, as well as those situated between the course of the Wal and those to the west of the Dogue; and he, also, again took possession of the islands of Walcheren, South-Bevelant, North-Bevelant, Schoven and Tholen, under the name of the department of the Mouths of the Scheldt. The King of Holland had, on his part, done all in his power to render prosperous and happy a nation so deserving as the Dutch. It appeared that the *hornets* of the court had caused his brother, the Emperor, to take umbrage at the king's conduct.

That unhappy kingdom soon became but a bloody and mangled body. Secret and ambitious agents fanned the fires of revolt ; and Louis, unable to do the good he would, preferred to descend voluntarily from the throne of Holland.

The ex-monarch could have wished to abdicate in favour of his son, but he foresaw that Napoleon would not sanction such an act on the part of a government which he despised.

Louis had long vindicated with firmness the independence of his estates at the court of France, and the Emperor had promised to respect it ; and yet he sacrificed it to lying, perfidious insinuations.

His first act of sovereignty over the United Provinces, was to order a report to be made to him which should make him acquainted with their true condition. Among other things, the report contained the following :—"The present king has, during his reign, protected the lives of all persons without exception. In Holland there hath been perfect security for every individual who sought only tranquillity. He has ever been opposed to the law of circumstances. Such laws, he hath often said, do nothing but establish evils without remedying them, because their execution, necessarily arbitrary, is always intrusted to the passions."

*R. de St. Jean d'Angely* argued in this wise to his master, the Emperor, that small states which have had their own laws, their own distinct living and active principle, are perpetually chafing and struggling against the laws of all the states by which they are surrounded. In politics, they realize the ingenious chimera of Descartes respecting whirlwinds. They react with all their force against the bodies that press upon them. Their strength increases in proportion as that of others is diminished. When they cease to be violently compressed, they expand themselves with great rapidity. In a short time, one becomes at a loss to account for, or to limit their progress.

"This," said the Emperor, "must be prevented by erecting dykes. To this end 'tis necessary to unite Holland to France ; it will be the necessary consequence of the reunion of Bel-



gium to France. And besides, 'tis the heaviest blow that I could give England.

"As to the son of Louis,\* he shall enjoy my kind protection. He shall keep the Grand Duchy of Berg, until I am pleased to make some other provision for him." Thus spake the sovereign to his ministers, surrounded by a group of senators,† who, all attentive to his slightest gesture, applauded in advance his marvellous conceptions.

But at length this astonishing man, whose genius grasped, sometimes, all the different means which tend to build up or destroy empires, yielding to high and powerful considerations, decided to fulfil his vow to the clergy. A national council was opened. The old bishops of France and Italy, with mitre on head and cross in hand, were, by turns, to plead the cause of the people against the great, and that of the sovereign against

\* On receiving the young prince at St. Cloud, Napoleon said to him—"Come, my son, I will be your father. You shall lose nothing. My brother's conduct afflicts my heart; but his sickness may explain it. When you shall become great, you will pay his debt as well as your own. In whatever position my policy, or the interests of my empire may place you, never forget that your first duty is to me, your second towards France. All your other duties, even to the people I intrust to you, must be postponed to these."

† Napoleon in 1807 was informed that the senators had on hand the sum of 1,550,000 francs, *en caisse*. The Senate having come to him in a body, to present their respects, he called the pursers, and asked them how much money they had on hand. "Sire," they replied, "we have a certain amount, to be sure; but cannot now state exactly what it is." "Ah! well," said he, "state about how much." "We must repeat to your majesty that it is impossible." "Hé bien!" (said he,) "I am better informed than you, for I know you have now at your disposal 1,550,000 francs, and presume your intention is to make a good use of it." "Sire," they replied, "we had intended that sum to erect a monument to the glory of your majesty." "There is no need of that," said he. "The inhabitants of the faubourg St. Germain ask for the re-establishment of the *Odeon*. You will make yourselves agreeable to the Empress, by giving her name to that theatre." The deputation retired, obtained Josephine's consent, and the Senate re-established the Hall.

those prelates who were called factious. The majority of the clergy, said Bonaparte, in appearance live in peace. They are like enemies forced to unite together by the superior strength of the common antagonist, and wait an opportunity to deal secret but deadly blows. At present, all I want is to have them adopt the four propositions of Bossuet. For the rest, I shall not depart from that maxim of the Gospel, which commands men "*to give unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.*"

Several high dignitaries of the Church, victims to their zeal in behalf of the sovereign pontiff, were languishing in prison at Vincennes; others were under accusation for having circulated clandestinely the Pope's bull, placing the French empire under an interdict, and denouncing pains and penalties against its head. The Abbé d'Astros, Grand Vicar of Nôtre Dame, was thrown into confinement; the minister of public worship, Portalis, was exiled; and the missionaries of *Mont-Valérien* dispersed. A regiment of the guard was ordered to carry the place by assault, unless it should surrender at discretion; and it was forbidden, in any event, to grant the least symptom of a capitulation to the good fathers.

I felt a special interest in the Abbé de Boulogne, who had been commended to my favour by an old nun of Panthemont. I spoke to Bonaparte about him, and told him the Abbé's conscience would not permit him to submit to his wishes. "I am sorry for it," said he, "both on his account and my own; I might have made him an archbishop, he would have preached the lent-sermon to my court without imitating the intolerable dryness of the Bishop of Senez, but with that becoming moderation and pious zeal, which ought ever to characterize a Catholic minister, and to make him respected." Such was the answer which he transmitted to me by a page.

He quitted the capital\* for the purpose of visiting his new possessions. Everything around him seemed to take new

\* He left Compiègne on the 19th of September, and returned the beginning of November.

life; a concert of benedictions accompanied him; Maria Louisa graced his triumph;—for was it not a triumph, indeed, to have at his side the daughter of so many kings, and to know that she had borne him an heir to his throne?

During Bonaparte's absence, Malmaison became again what it had once been. It was thronged with courtiers from the Tuileries, who hurried thither to lavish their *incense* upon me. They compared my own brilliant days with those of the princess who succeeded me. The men of my husband's time and tastes found it difficult to endure the German gravity and fatiguing etiquette which reigned around the new empress. It is true she was in the habit of receiving them with an air of goodness, but never forgot the respect that belonged to her great name. The ladies, moreover, who had never ceased to shine at my court, saw themselves thrown into the shade at hers. Hence, secret murmurs arose, which the echoes from the saloons did not fail to repeat. Next, scandal took up the sound, and certain personages, whose names I could here mention, particularly M. de B\*\*\*, made perfidious reports upon the subject to their master, on his return, and drew down upon me unjust censure.

The sovereign's arrival at Paris was hailed with enthusiasm. The people thought the peace permanent, and began to be sensible of its salutary influence. Paris, that unique city, a city which contains such discordant elements, enjoyed a degree of tranquillity and abundance which were due to her own luxury and to the foreign visitors who then crowded thither to admire and give activity to her manufacturers; the progress of which was carefully watched by the Emperor in person.\* My

\* The Emperor returned from Holland enchanted: but what charmed him most was the idea that the Dutch had adopted his notions upon domestic economy. "They know," I have heard him say a thousand times, both then and on other occasions, "they know that I have not fully furnished my chateau at Fontainebleau." I know not what simpleton presented such a blandishment to his self-love; but I do know, from the most veracious men, that nothing ever equalled the ridicule and laughter produced among the Dutch by the promulgation of the commercial heresies and eco-

situation was the same as during the first year of his union with the archduchess. St. Cloud wore again the aspect of a palace of enchantment, and my own modest solitude seemed to be forgotten. My daughter was in a manner compelled to appear at court. The manners and demeanour of the empress were not such as to make Hortense ashamed of her mother; this is probable—but, alas! how painful must have been the recollections of her heart!—she often came to see me, and seemed surprised at my peaceful resignation. Alas! I had at last forgotten what I had been, and thought only of what I wished to be. The persons composing my household seemed well assorted, and I enjoyed domestic peace without stint. My friends came and enlivened my long winter evenings, and the pleasure I received from their society was some compensation for the loss of what I had enjoyed in the splendid soirées in which I had once moved. My son kept up a regular correspondence with me, and I was gratified, indeed, to know that he was in the enjoyment of his highest wishes. The good Eugene!—he was adored in Italy. Hereafter, thought I, he will be regretted there; but I shall be there to comfort those who may sorrow for him;\* perhaps, even, it is reserved for me to afford him consolation.—And thus the time passed on. My

nomies which Napoleon undertook to put forth in a magisterial tone, endeavouring to puff into importance his youthful speculations, in opposition to the notions of those ancient patriarchs of commerce. On a certain occasion, one of his auditors replied to Napoleon (who was telling that he should have 200 ships of war with which to oppose England), that England would have 600.—This reply was answered by a look of contempt.—*De Pradt.*

\* The empress's mind was really impressed with the thought that her husband's power would prove ephemeral. "He goes too far," she often said; "he will sooner or later, upon the thorny road of politics, meet with some traveller who is more adroit or lucky than he, who in the end will lead him into a slippery path and occasion his fall, a fall which will draw after it the whole scaffolding of his power. Thus will Bonaparte meet his end.—Bonaparte, whose intentions are to make France *formidable and unconquerable*, will not, perhaps, have the consolation of descending from the throne and seeing his last wish even respected."



mode of life was quite uniform; I was never alone, though I knew well how to shun the *gilded bees* who were constantly buzzing and swarming on the road from Paris to St. Cloud, and who often made their appearance at the grates of my chateau.—'Twas necessary to please the master——.

The minister of war, Clarke,(72) visited me regularly. He said to me one day with an air of deep concern, "Madame, the Emperor has powerful foes;—the conduct of M. de Czernicheff, whose intentions I do not comprehend, explains to us *a great problem*. That foreigner has left Paris stealthily; he has acquired a knowledge of the strength and situation of the different corps of the army; in short, all your husband's plans have reached Russia. The senate will but act wisely on this occasion, by granting supplies of men and money; the time is passed when a new war was but a new field of triumph, opened to our warriors. Now, 'tis necessary to save France. For, notwithstanding the treaty of the 24th February, 1812, the King of Prussia will remain true only so long as your husband is able to keep him in awe. As for Germany, she will play at even or odd." The conversation stopped here. I seldom saw Bonaparte, and thought it not my duty to write him anything upon this subject.

He, however, came to take leave of me. The moment he came within hearing, he said—"Madame, I am going to frighten the north.\* I have just learned that Russia has protested

\* In the winter of 1811, large bodies of troops were marched into Germany. They were evidently directed against Russia. At the opening of the legislative body, in 1811, Napoleon declared that the preparations for war against Russia, had increased the expenses of that department one hundred millions of francs (\$19,200,000). It was at the same session that he announced, that the Peninsular war would end with a thunder-clap; that a priest (that is to say, the pope) could not act as a sovereign, though a few years before he had created the primacy of Ratisbon." He did not then much expect that it was *he* who was to be struck by the thunder-bolt; and that, despite his new principles, a sovereign pontiff would yet be found in that kingdom which was nominally his son's.—*De Pradt*.

against the reunion of the duchy of Oldenburg to France. That's enough to fight her and conquer her. My brother Alexander will be but too happy, should I be pleased to grant him peace.”\*

“Ah!” said I, “you are at the apex of your glory, and still thirst to add brightness to it! Fortune, thus far your faithful friend, may abandon you, the day you march upon Moscow. Do not, I pray you, imitate other sovereigns, who, like the common herd of men, forget the future while they are occupied with the present. In circumstances of difficulty, the irresolute man acts a mixed part, which leads him to his ruin. Concentrate your forces in Germany, but go no farther; I would re-establish the kingdom of Poland—provided, always, you are allowed time and power to do so.”

But of what use is advice in such a case? How will you straighten a shrub that has acquired the strength of years in taking a false direction? At most all that can be done is to prevent or retard its fall by artificial supports. I made no effort, or at least did but little, to divert him from his grand purpose, foreseeing that my attempts would be vain. Besides, he was afraid his generals or his ministers might have some share of his glory. I was profoundly afflicted by this thirst for dominion, which he could never satisfy; and judged unfavourably of his new enterprise. That noble Pole and celebrated man, Kosciuszko, as much distinguished for the simplicity of his manners as for the purity of his principles and the sublimity of his patriotism, dared not hope for success.(73) On taking leave of Bonaparte, I said—“You used willingly to listen to your friend.” “Advice to me?—advice, madame?” said he, with an

\* Possibly, Napoleon thought it would be as easy for him to possess himself of the person of the Emperor Alexander, as it had been to seize the Spanish princes. But the cabinet at St. Petersburg was not directed by a *Don Golozy*. The great monarch numbered as many friends as subjects. Flatterers only entered his palace, and roamed about in it; they were not admitted to his confidence. . . .

air of haughtiness ; “ do you think of giving me advice ? I am the son-in-law of an Emperor ; I am able, by my nod, to set all Germany in motion, and Prussia cannot remain neutral in the midst of the coming events. On the contrary, madame, congratulate me on the accomplishment of my sublime conceptions. I shall write to you from the ancient capital of Russia, and intend yet to make you an eye-witness of the brilliant destinies which await me.” I stood confounded. “ You are,” said I (under the impulse of a feeling which was certainly pardonable in a woman who loved him), “ you are playing for your crown, for the existence of your dynasty and the lives of my children !”\*

Soon, however, the Emperor repaired to Dresden, surrounded by a brilliant court. A cortège of kings attended him, who daily mingled with his courtiers at his levees. He commanded them like a master. Napoleon was now the sovereign of ancient Germany.

He thought it best to leave the Empress Maria Louisa at Mayence. The archduchess expected there to receive a visit from her father ; but fate watched over them both—she returned to Paris, and the Autocrat of the west directed his steps towards the banks of the Niemen.†

\* He seemed determined to banish from around him everything which could suggest the idea of an aggression against Russia ; and so far did he carry this, that only two or three days before he set out, and while 400,000 men were already in Poland, and his whole military family had long since left on the expedition, he burst into a great rage at the minister of the interior, who, because his departure was so near at hand, had countermanded his order requiring the attendance of several deputations of the electoral colleges. “ What !” said he ; “ who dares state that I am about to leave ? Who is to judge of that ? I am not going to leave. I am doing what I please with my men and my horses.”

He took leave of the council of ministers with these words :—“ *I am going to review my army.*” And the Moniteur assigned no other reason for his departure for Dresden.—*Hist. de l'Ambass. de Varsovie.*

† Disguised as a Polish soldier, Napoleon reconnoitred the heights that overlook Kowo, and had some of the water of the Niemen brought to him

In the midst of the alarms with which this new war inspired Europe, France alone remained unconcerned. She was accustomed to conquer. In Paris especially, the feeling and hope of security were general. Our first success at Wilna—the spontaneous rising of the Poles, who declared in favour of the re-establishment of their ancient monarchy—the occupation of Gloubokoë, whither Napoleon transferred his head-quarters—all this, I say, electrified the capital. The inhabitants saw already, in fancy, the Emperor of the French crowned at Moscow. Numerous were the felicitations I received upon these auspicious beginnings, to which I only replied that, “for Kings, there is no permanent peace except that which arises from mutual esteem, firmly established between them and their subjects. Happy the sovereign, who, to secure the love of his people, neglects nothing which can merit it!”

The commencement of this campaign was utterly unproductive of glory. The Russians retrograded as fast as the French advanced. No battle was fought. Several skirmishes took place with the Cossacks, which were the prelude to the attack upon the town situated between the hills and the banks of the Dwina. The people of the North seemed terrified at our approach, and fled in disorder towards Smolensk. The whole French army followed in pursuit. Napoleon, surrounded by his guard, remained some days at Witepsk.

The army now began to be in want of everything; but still, “it rushed onward in this enterprise with an assurance of success and with appetite whetted by the hope of profit and advancements; and every soldier who failed of them accused his evil star or the justice of the Emperor.”

At length, after overcoming innumerable obstacles, our unfortunate soldiers passed the Dnieper and reached the heights of Smolensk. Every redoubt was in our power; but at the moment of mounting the breach they beheld mountains of fire and

in a helmet;—which he tasted in order to inhale a lucky inspiration.—  
*Hist. de Bonaparte.*



mighty columns of smoke in the distance. Davoust had attacked the right suburb of the town, and Morand the left; and when the French were ready to carry the place by assault, the Russians evacuated it by night, and Napoleon made his entry into a city which presented him nothing but ruins. His march was over mangled and bleeding corpses, accompanied by martial music, whose wild strains could alone prevent him from seriously reflecting upon this scene of desolation.(74)

Had he seen fit to stop there, and publicly proclaim the re-establishment of Poland, the French army would have been saved; but the projects of Jerome, his brother, were in opposition to his own. The latter was then begging a crown, and the Emperor had already discovered that he had one too many. "I do not forget," said he, "that the Queen of Westphalia was born in Russia; I should not want to have the two States too near to each other. In politics, family ties are held for nought: for myself, always the first, I would make war upon my father-in-law, should my father-in-law cavil with me about the possession of the meanest village. For a pupil of the family, I have treated you well. As to the king I may see fit to give the Poles, I will make them acquainted with him when the proper time shall come." Jerome stood corrected; Napoleon was not inclined to disclose to him his thoughts. He had, in my last interview with him, pledged himself that the kingdom of Poland was destined to my son. I could, however, have wished him to reign in Italy, or return and live in France. I enjoyed at a distance and in fancy the felicity of our reunion, and caressed the idea that Prince Eugene would one day fulfil the duties of an important post in his own country. But the mind is ingenious in creating for itself chimeras, and imagination is often pleased to lead our desires into a wild abyss of thought. That beloved son was still far from me, sharing the fatigues and dangers of an invincible army, and perhaps possessing the ability to render my husband some service. Eugene's sensibility must have been severely tried, and his heart sadly wrung, at witnessing the destitution of the corps he com-

manded—without ammunition, without provisions, without magazines—the soldiers wandering along on the road to Moscow. On every side, villages were laid waste, bridges destroyed, and magazines laid in ashes by the Russians.

Napoleon established himself at Ghiat; there he learnt that Prince Kutusoff, the glorious conqueror of the Ottoman power, had the command-in-chief of the Russian army, and that he had issued an order to stop a further retreat.\* The Emperor immediately ordered an attack upon a Russian redoubt; it could not resist French bravery, but its capture cost the blood of more than a thousand men.†

These were the last details sent me by private and confidential letters. I trembled for my son, for my husband. I wept over the fate of the thousands of brave men who had fallen; but I was far, alas! from foreseeing the new disasters which awaited us!

The situation of France became critical in the extreme. The greater and more rapid had been her prosperity, the more start-

\* A decisive battle took place under the walls of Moscow. The bright sun arose, and, by degrees, dissipated the thick fog which overhung the city, and prevented a thorough reconnoissance. Napoleon gazed at it, and said, several times, to his officers—"Gentlemen, 'tis the sun of Austerlitz." But towards evening the soldiers began to lose courage. They were reanimated by their chief—"Soldiers," said he, "Kutusoff is flying before you; pursue and overtake him!" Impatient to be master of the ancient city of the Czars, Bonaparte marched forward in three columns. He soon entered Moscow by the lurid light of an immense conflagration, whose dreadful radiance was reflected from the heavens. Vain were all attempts to arrest its progress: everything became a prey to the flames, and the zeal of the French army, in endeavouring to extinguish them, was fruitless. The pumps had been pulled up; immense magazines of combustibles fed the flames. The governor of Moscow, Rostopchin, sacrificed Moscow—to save Russia.

† They belonged to the 61st regiment. Bonaparte asked the colonel of that regiment what he had done with one of his battalions? to which he replied—"They are in the redoubt!"—"Honour to the brave!" was Bonaparte's sole reply.

ling was the signal of her approaching calamities. Could I alone remain indifferent, unconcerned? I, who had been the companion of the monarch whom France still adored? I, who had been his first wife, at a time when he was only one of her leading captains? I, who had followed him from the simple, unostentatious habitation of a general, into the palace of the consuls, and thence to the imperial throne? I, in short, who, seated by his side, had reigned over the French by some modest virtues, as he had subdued them by high feats of arms, by achievements, the glory of which no reverses can ever efface?

But, although the danger was apparent, there was nothing which could reasonably justify my fears. Alas! it was my destiny never to taste pure felicity in this world.

A report of Bonaparte's death obtained a momentary currency. I was inconsolable. To think only of the mortifying contradictions to which I had been subjected, one would have been surprised, perhaps, at the real feeling I manifested. What do I say? I found the sentiment of gratitude too sweet to my heart, to permit me to dispense with its obligation. What a moment was that, when I was undeceived in regard to Mallet's rash and audacious attempt! (75) I had fondly imagined that Bonaparte would, perhaps, always remain invulnerable; but my grief was at its height, when I read the bulletins containing the news of so many disasters. I trembled for the lives of those who were most dear to me;\* and, when I reflected that the *élite* of France had fallen in that fatal expedition, my tears again flowed. Then,

\* Prince Eugene incurred great dangers in this fatal campaign. The Empress Josephine exhibited the most violent agitation whenever a courier arrived. While breaking the seal of the despatches, her face would rapidly change colour; sometimes signs of joy were visible in her countenance; and sometimes, after perusing the contents, she would remain in a state of depression and silent anguish, impossible to be described. It was painful in the extreme to witness her sufferings. Speaking of her husband and son, she would say—"They were alive when the courier left, but, perhaps, by this time nothing remains to me but to lament their loss." Thus did the unfortunate woman suffer from imaginary ills. To

indeed, did I sigh over the mad ambition of one man. But I could not pardon those who had led him into that abyss. My situation became the more painful, from the fact that I was under an imperious necessity to confine within my own bosom, all the pangs I experienced.

I pause for a moment over these sad narratives to deplore the fate of so many brave men, who, in the midst of frightful Scythian deserts, on the frozen banks of the Berezina, proved to the nations of the north that they were worthy, indeed, to sustain the honour of France; especially, when such a general as Ney protected their retreat. Bonaparte was ignorant that another Arminius had destroyed a portion of his army by fire and sword. He ought to have followed the example of Augustus, who, when he had lost three legions in Germany, became so affected at the disaster, that he shut himself up in his palace, and permitted his beard and hair to grow. Smiting his brow in transports of grief, he exclaimed, "*Varrus, give me back my legions!*"—Napoleon, on returning to the Tuileries, had the hardihood to say to his courtiers, rubbing his hands with an air of gayety—"Tis warmer here than on the banks of the Berezina." Such was the man—(but he was my husband.)

What were my feelings on learning the particulars of that horrible catastrophe!(76)—a catastrophe which put France in mourning? After having poured my grief into the bosom of friendship, and dropped a tear to the memory of those of the Emperor's companions in arms who had, by their love for him, been drawn into the abyss, I became collected for an instant, and exclaimed aloud, "What a fearful precipice has Napoleon opened beneath his feet!"

At this cry of woe my blood froze within my veins; it was a thunderbolt to Napoleon; it resounded even beneath the

her, every moment was a punishment, the more cruel that she already foresaw the sad reverses which awaited him for whom she did not cease to put forth her most ardent prayers!



vaults of the Louvre. Sundry officious persons, whom he kept in his pay, made daily reports to him of all that was done or said by his former wife, and Malmaison was by no means exempted from the minute and secret police of Savary.\* And yet I must do justice to that minister, charged with the execution of the orders of a mighty man. Never did he make a report unfavourable to me; and, although certain courtiers (for there were some at Malmaison) permitted themselves to make a private revelation to the Emperor, Savary took care to show him that it was of little or no importance. Moreover, he warned me to be on my guard.

Thus, my time was passing away in the enjoyment of a peaceful independence;—days ever memorable—days of comfort and tranquillity, which I was afterwards forced to regret, when I saw them sacrificed anew to that thirst for glory which was fated to pursue me even into my retreat—even into the arms of my children!

The unshaken hope of durable prosperity never abandoned my husband. He received with pride the felicitations of his flatterers upon his happy return from Moscow;(77)—he was made dizzy by the least grain of *incense*. Had he possessed the talent to look into the future! . . . .

By forming a double line (of fortresses), Napoleon then be-

\* Josephine was frequently visited at Malmaison by M. De\*\*\*, who had become suspected by her husband in consequence of the most false and perfidious reports. On hearing that that person had obtained a situation at the Chateau, he became enraged, and ordered him to leave forthwith, and also directed that henceforth no stranger should be admitted into her service without his, Napoleon's, sanction. Thus, from the 16th of December, 1809, to the 25th of March, 1814, the Empress Josephine was under perpetual surveillance. Towards the close of her life, she used to answer those who affected to pity her—"I desire nothing but Napoleon's prosperity, and I feel doubly happy in being able, by means of this last sacrifice which he has exacted from me, to contribute to it. He wants an heir, and France seems to concur in that wish. May they both be happy, the father now, and the son hereafter. As to myself, my prayer is, that the Emperor may not see occasion to repent himself of his new alliance."

came inexpugnable on the frontier; he might still have strengthened himself there, and defended himself successfully. Further, had he desired it, he might still have enjoyed an enviable degree of felicity, and by his internal administration enabled the French people to taste the sweets of a repose purchased by unheard-of sacrifices, and himself have taken a part in enjoyments wholly unknown to his heart. . . . .

One day—and that day will for ever be present to my memory—my surprise was at its height. I saw Napoleon approaching, Napoleon, who had so lately awed the world, sad, humbled by his sudden defeat; though he endeavoured to dissemble his chagrin in the presence of her whom it pleased him once to denominate his clear-sighted friend. I had already divined a part of his ills; his most secret thought seemed to be my own. I listened to him; I pitied him; and my pity enabled me to find a sort of charm in sharing the burden of his woe. His aspect shocked me; my imagination transported me to those fields of battle where the most frightful death had swept down so many illustrious warriors. I could not help feeling a kind of shudder; but, though Napoleon was no longer anything for me personally, still my heart, naturally feeling and compassionate, experienced the sentiment of pity succeeding to that of consternation. The love which I had never ceased to bear him, and the most tender compassion, were aroused to the utmost, when my husband informed me that he had begun to drink of the cup of woe. . . . .

My anguish almost conquered my reason. How much should I have been obliged to him, had he omitted to turn his eyes upon my pale and discomposed visage! But the conqueror of so many nations, who was now approaching the moment of his downfall, paid much less attention to this scene than he would have done under different circumstances; he attributed my grief to the coldness with which he had received the prayers I had addressed to him at the time of his undertaking that rash expedition. I had blamed him openly; I knew myself to be his better in matters of policy, because he was

always erratic, and I always calm. And had he more frequently followed the impulses of his own heart, when he was surrounded by all the evidences of his greatness, that generous, that ambitious Napoleon, would not at that moment have been obliged to tremble before a woman.

Far from uttering any complaint, he told me that henceforward he would repose in me his whole confidence; that he would listen to my advice. "It must be," said I, "that you have a very powerful foe; I know that profound politician—and I tell you, now, you will not be able to escape from his blows. Your gigantic enterprise in the north is but the result of a secret combination. How can you guard against a man [Talleyrand], who, in every cabinet in Europe, counts ministers who are subject to his control?(78) You have rushed to your ruin by all the means in your power—by humiliating, and exposing to shame, a man who would probably soon have become humbled in his own estimation——." Here my voice failed me; I paused and shed tears; then suddenly recovering myself, I proceeded: "What you will lose, Bonaparte, is not merely a vain title, which you must one day renounce. But, to see the French people, through your fault, ravished of their conquests, and those glorious spoils of war, with which your valour, directing their arm, has enriched them—this will form the climax of your misfortunes! O, Napoleon! excuse the expression of my regrets!" I again shed tears; in vain did I attempt to proceed; I had no longer the power. As to what concerned me personally, I had long since learnt that affliction was the lot of humanity. I submitted with confidence to the invisible ways of Providence. "Whether I live or die," said I to Bonaparte, "your destiny will not the less be accomplished. The guilty plots of the authors of our ills, will bring every kind of calamity upon our country. They will commit many crimes, but will gather no fruit from them, nor obtain any permanent success."

"These are precisely the reasons which determine me to continue the war," said my husband. "In this will I follow

the example of Augustus. Besides, is not the effect of great misfortunes to communicate greater energy to the mind—to furnish to the intellect more solid and manly reflections? \* Such is my new position, that I must resume my communications with what there is most useful in the past. Of what use were it to me to utter sterile regrets, and admit the imprudence of my recent projects? Josephine, you would extinguish in me the noble desire to conquer. You, like the wisest of my ministers, want time to dissipate the dream which their imagination has a hundred times renewed since my first misfortune. In my own opinion, and in theirs, Napoleon must now surpass himself. Men do not think him so great, so formidable as he really is; he will not display all his strength until the stranger shall dare invade the soil of France. Then will he be on his feet; and woe to those whom I shall compel to account for a war in which France shall pour out her blood and treasures!”

It is but too true that Bonaparte thus deceived himself at the very moment when the united powers of Europe were ready to burst upon him. Besides his external enemies, he had

\* Whoever was so unlucky as to tell Napoleon that a thing was impossible, was sure to receive from him an angry or a contemptuous look. Fouché, the Duke of Otranto, had occasion one day to know how much his master was offended by such a remark. It was in 1804. A negotiation with Russia, both difficult and important, was on foot. Fouché, then minister of the police, being opposed to the opening of the negotiation, remarked that its success was *impossible*. Napoleon, who viewed the matter differently, returned quickly towards the minister, and said, “What! is it a veteran of great revolutionary catastrophes that dares borrow that pusillanimous expression? Ah! sir, is it for you to say that anything is impossible? You, who for fifteen years have seen realized events which might once have been reasonably thought impossible? A man who has seen such a prince as Louis XVI. bow his head beneath the executioner’s steel; who has seen an Archduchess of Austria, the Queen of France, mending her own gown and her own shoes while waiting to be taken to the scaffold;—a man who finds himself a minister while I am the Emperor of the French;—such a man, I say, ought never to have the word *impossible*, in his mouth.”



against him, those men who, since the Revolution, had never ceased to whisper among themselves—"If we can only succeed in dividing this mass, so irresistible when it is united; or, at least, in directing one portion of it against another, we shall, at least, save ourselves in the squabble, and may afterwards appear upon the political stage with characters and habits which will fit us to enjoy the confidence of the new rulers; who will then hasten to appoint us to the most important difficult posts in the government. These we will drive to the commission of gross acts of injustice, and in the end hurl them into the abyss."

Thus reasoned, and thus will ever reason, the bad citizens, more numerous than is supposed, who made the Revolution an object of speculation. They are the serpents which we warmed into life, but never can strangle. Woe to the states which have such *vampires* in their bosom! Sooner or later they become hydras with an hundred heads, and will, in the end, devour the governments that nourish them. Flatterers and courtiers go hand in hand with them; the former, with their pestilential breath, are to us tigers in sheep's clothing; the latter are but awkward monkeys, vile slaves, muffled up in their master's cloak in order to escape the strappado; and both classes are the ruin of their country.(79)

Ye cunning men, men without character, who follow so carefully the current of events in order to *profit* thereby, ye shall yet be arraigned for the crimes ye have led the great to commit—the great whom ye have made drunk with your fatal incense; and the woes of nations shall fall upon your guilty heads!

And you, ye tranquil egotists, who know no interests but your own, no duty but your own preservation, no country but the inside of your own homes, tremble for your conduct! for you, too, have contributed powerfully to the enslavement of your unhappy country! All, all of you, who, fully aware of the dangers arising from Bonaparte's imprudences, had unceasingly on your lips the name of a family as beloved as it was respected; O repeat now, in your lowest whisper, and from the bottom of

your shame-stricken hearts:—" *the Republic for ever !*"—" may the days reappear when other Brutuses shall kiss their sons while condemning them to death,"—and "when others shall weep upon the bosom of a father before piercing it with a poniard! . . . . ."

Such were the sorrowful reflections which continually beset me. Alas! I now saw that the part my husband had acted was fast drawing to a close, and that he was about withdrawing from the scene of illusions—what did I say?—about to be hurled from the stage; and that his fall would be frightful indeed. Whenever one of my women opened the door of my apartment, I was under the continual apprehension that it was to announce his overthrow. Did an unusual noise arise in the street? I felt afraid it was the tumult of an insurrection; and I said to myself in bitterness of spirit—"If Napoleon is not *asleep* in the bosom of a fatal security, he may still avert the storm which hastens to burst upon him." And yet, in spite of the kind of apathy to which I abandoned myself, in order to lessen, in some degree, my sufferings, I could not help experiencing a shock when I reflected that this modern Porus might soon be without a country or an asylum; that I myself, shut up in this cavern of Polyphemus, might in vain cast my wandering eyes around me to find some opening, some concealed passage, by which to make my escape. For I was perfectly convinced in my own mind that the Emperor would follow the wretched advice of rejecting terms of peace, and especially those which should look to any contingent movement upon the capital. "He will," I told my friends, "feel bound to sustain, at all hazards, and with arms in his hands, his military reputation; and the monuments and works of art which are in Paris, will prevent him from ever making the slightest concession to foreign invaders." I knew well he would chafe with impatience, and with loud cries awaken the nation to vengeance; or, rather, that he would be glad to find a pretext for renewing a war which he burned to recommence.

His orders were now in a course of execution; the surround-

ing country hastened forward the young conscripts, who soon became soldiers. He found himself impelled in some measure by necessity, for it was now in vain to think of averting the tempest that menaced him; he could no longer remain deaf to the thunder that rolled above his head; he saw that the bolt was coming; its first flashes shook the confidence of the Hero in that Destiny which had so often smiled upon him; and the lightnings of this new storm were the first rays to which he consented to open his eyes; his desires and his views were bounded by his own projects, without any anxiety respecting that public opinion which was to pass judgment upon them. Once, it was not enough for him to plan great undertakings; they must have the seal of the national approbation; the most brilliant successes would have been to him incomplete unless crowned by the approval of the French people. But, even then, he believed *their* god Terminus, like that of the Romans, ought never to recede, and that their first retrograde step would be the signal of the fall of the empire. Alas! how were times changed! To him the pride of commanding was now of little account;—it was sufficient to see his own desires satisfied!—strange concession of an ambition which lately towered to the clouds, but which now saw itself brought down to the level of the events of the earth!\* . . . .

\* A few days before the battle of Dresden, Moreau and Bernadotte were present at a conference of the allied sovereigns; a conference whose object was to settle the plan of the battle which was about to be delivered, and the ulterior operations of the campaign. Moreau was the author of the plan under discussion, which he sustained by arguments in every particular. Bernadotte, however, succeeded in effecting some modifications in it. After the conference had broken up, Bernadotte and Moreau had a conversation, which is thus reported:—

*Bernadotte.*—A fine plan, general, but whither will it lead us?

*Moreau.*—To the overthrow of Napoleon.

*B.*—Very well: but, Napoleon being overthrown, what then?

*M.*—O, we will then see what is to be done.

*B.*—Take care; don't yield yourself to a chimerical hope. 'Tis not

The most disastrous news was not slow to obtain circulation ; and for once Fame was not a liar. She related, in all its details, the fearful catastrophe which had befallen the French army. She spoke of the defection of the four regiments of Wurtemberg and Saxon cavalry, and added that seven battalions of infantry had abandoned the French ranks during the combat under the walls of Leipsic, and joined the allied troops. I likewise learned that my husband had passed the only bridge by which he could make good his retreat ; but that, in order to prevent pursuit by the foreign army, he had ordered it to be blown up at the very moment it was covered with thousands of Frenchmen who were endeavouring to fly. By means of this murderous manœuvre, he abandoned a part of his army on the bank of the stream !\* . . .

*under the garb of an aide-de-camp of the Emperor Alexander, that the French will recognise the Hero of Hohenlinden.*

*M.*—But the coalition—

*B.*—Holds together only by a single thread ; is not Napoleon the son-in-law of the Emperor of Austria ? And is not his son the grandson of that sovereign ?

*M.*—I know that : I know, also, that the children of Gustavus IV. are nephews of the Emperor Alexander. Political interests are everything. Family ties are nothing. But, Prince, what is your object ?

*B.*—To contribute to the deliverance of the great European family from the yoke which the Emperor has imposed upon them ; to drive the French behind the Rhine, their *natural boundary*, and to make Napoleon reckon, as something worth, the rights of the French nation, for which you and I have fought so long. This is my object. I believe myself still serving the French, in fighting their Chief. Did I imagine myself promoting other ends, or serving other ambition, I would instantly break the sword I wear !

C\*\*\* de S. D\*\*\*.

\*The language would seem to impute to Napoleon a design to bring about the disaster at the bridge over the Elster. Nothing can be more unfounded. The explosion was an *accident*, occasioned by the corporal, who was charged with the duty, mistaking the French for the allied troops, and supposing the latter were hurrying upon the bridge. This is admitted even by Mr. Allison, the writer who makes the greatest efforts, and goes farthest out of his way, to belie history in reference to France and Napoleon.—TRANSLATOR.



My heart bled at hearing this terrible narrative. I pitied the multitude of men of all grades in the army, and of all ranks, who there perished, either by the enemy's fire or drowning; and I shed tears over the sad fate of the Polish general Poniatowski, whose heroic courage, it had been long predicted, would bring him to a premature end.

I received a letter from Bonaparte; he informed me that he had effected his retreat though Erfurth and Gotha, and had entered Mayence. The latter town became the point for the reassembling of the army; but the great numbers of sick and wounded who arrived there produced an epidemic which occasioned frightful ravages.

It was at Mayence that the Emperor and the King of Naples (Murat) saw each other for the last time, and separated. They were still friends and allies; but, fifteen days after, Murat had separated his own cause from that of his brother-in-law.

I was promptly informed of the return of the man who was ever dear to me. The third day after his arrival, he held an extraordinary council of state. The object of the sitting was a decree for augmenting the contributions. Some days afterwards, the senate placed at the disposition of the minister of war 30,000 men, of the conscription of 1806, and the following years. The same act provided that armies of reserve should be stationed at Bordeaux, Metz, Turin, and Utrecht. But these resources were insufficient to check the invasion of the territory of France. The conqueror of so many nations had never found himself in so critical a situation. "It costs me a horrible struggle," said he to B\*\*\* and M\*\*\*, "to avow my distress; and yet it is only by making known the dangers which menace the country, that I can hope to obtain new supplies, and to identify the cause of the nation with my own; for I am constrained by the imperious laws of necessity.

"I shall convoke the legislative body, but I intend to direct its deliberations and to obtain a *senatus consultum*, in virtue of which I shall be enabled to give to that body an extraordinary

president who does not sit in that assembly;—'tis my grand judge, the Duke de Massa, whom I intend to select."

But I did not dissemble to myself the extreme difficulty Napoleon now had, longer to impose upon the representatives of the nation. As long as the deputies were but the witnesses of his success and prosperity, those docile mandatories caressed his power; they had aided him with all their influence to attain his ends. But now, when he sought to connect them with his cause, and make them adopt all his plans of defence, they sought to humble his pride, and presumed to compare themselves to that proud Roman Senate, who arrogated to itself the right to prescribe laws to the Emperors.

The opening of the famous session of the Legislative Body took place on the 19th of December, 1813; the Senate, the Council of State, and the great dignitaries of the empire, attended the sitting. The speech which Napoleon delivered to them contained some confessions; he announced to them that all the powers of Europe had turned against him, and that, without the energy and union of the French people, France itself was in danger; and then added these remarkable words:—" *I have never been seduced by prosperity*; adversity will, I trust, find me above her reach." He concluded by declaring that he had given his adhesion to the preliminary basis presented by the coalesced powers, and that the original documents contained in the portfolio of the minister of foreign affairs, should, by his order, be communicated to the deputies. He then nominated a committee of five members to receive the communication.

All oppression must be odious to a sovereign who loves his people. The Emperor was fully convinced that a bloody struggle was about to open. He made, in concert with his ministers, some efforts to disguise the truth, which now began to spread abroad its terrific rays. Every means of seduction was tried upon several of the deputies, but miscarried. The committee, through M. Laini, made its report, in which it showed the insignificance of the documents communicated, and

manifested a desire that the government should return to sentiments of justice and moderation, in order to obtain a durable peace from the European powers.

This was too much for the sovereign : habituated to command, he could not suffer the representatives to penetrate the secrets of his policy. He on the spot ordered the hall of the sittings of the Legislative Body to be closed, and the arbitrary order was instantly executed.

The deputies having presented themselves at the Palace *du Roi des Rois*, on the first of January, 1814, Bonaparte thought it his duty to declare to them that he had caused their report to be suppressed, as being incendiary. He reproached them sharply, and told them that he could not be troubled by their useless observations. Yet he did not conceal from them how difficult it would be for him to work out, alone, the result which he expected from the Legislative Body. He despatched couriers into all the military divisions, in order to hasten forward the levies *en masse*, and the collection of the contributions. He appointed extraordinary commissioners, taken from among the members of the Conservative Senate and Council of State. Instead of arousing the patriotism of the citizens, these measures all inspired terror ;—people were not persuaded ; they were terrified.

Oh, what were *my* sufferings in this critical moment ? And yet I exulted in the thought that my husband, laying aside the purple, and shunning his courtiers for a brief moment, had come *alone* to Malmaison, reposed upon me the burden of his troubles, and conversed with me upon his chimerical plans ! . . . But though in former times I had dissuaded him from the ill-advised projects which he confided to me, in which he flattered himself he should succeed, I was now almost afraid to undeceive him ! Alas, that a man upon the brink of ruin should repel the hand which Hope would lay upon his heart !

As for me, I could not be so blind as not to see the utter uselessness of all the means he thought fit to employ in order to save France. I saw that the fulfilment of a kind of pro-

phocy, made respecting me at the time of my divorce, was advancing with rapid strides. The prediction was, that, from the moment Napoleon should forsake me, he would cease to prosper.\* After taking new courage to perform the task of undeceiving him; after presenting to him grounds of hope, much more substantial than any which he entertained, I again employed all the influence that still remained to me over him, to open his eyes to the results of his present embarrassing position. I had strength to rend away, without pity, the veil which still concealed from him the real character of certain courtiers. "The most of them," said I, "are combined together to precipitate your ruin. They only await the fall of Bonaparte to make their peace with the Bourbons. 'Tis not, however, the princes of that house that they cherish, but rather the fortunes and honours you have lavished upon them, and which they are anxious to preserve, no matter in whose service, provided he be powerful. Ah! of what consequence is

\* On Saturday, the 9th of December, 1809, at 8 o'clock in the evening, I went to the hotel of Queen Hortense, in Cerutti Street. There I saw the good Josephine; she was with her lovely daughter. Both were sad. Left alone with this sensible and feeling woman, I spent nearly two hours in a private and affecting conversation with her. In this conversation I learned to appreciate both the oppressor and his noble victim; during the interview, Josephine revealed to me important things; I judged, however, that the anguish she experienced, was nothing in comparison with what she foresaw, and which her unfaithful husband was one day to experience. I did not conceal from her that the visit I had the honour to pay her, might, at any moment, cost me my liberty; but added, that I was happy, indeed, in her confidence, and especially to be able to calm her afflicted spirit. I remarked to her that I should deem myself culpable, indeed, had I, from any purely personal apprehensions, neglected to accept the invitation she had that day sent me. She replied in a feeling tone—"Should you be arrested on my account, I shall then forget all my personal sorrows, and do all in my power to save you." This excellent woman religiously kept her word. She used, effectually, the most persuasive means in my favour, though she did not obtain my liberty till I had been twelve days under arrest.—*Souv. Proph.*, p. 400.



another perjury to them? Our political troubles have taught them that in revolutions it is not best to attach one's self to a single master—that it is necessary to have a far-seeing eye, a glance quick enough to discover, promptly, upon what sea the unstable vessel of Fortune is about to launch, so as to embark in her the moment a prosperous gale fills her sails.\*

“If you will believe me, Napoleon,” said I to him on one occasion, “you might secure yourself an asylum in Italy: there, you would, I think, be sheltered from the factions. The people love you, the viceroy has neglected nothing to prepare the minds of men, there, in your favour; while, in France, you must in the end sink beneath the united efforts of a formidable coalition. Then will flight be impossible for you. Yet, there is one means still remaining in your power.”(80)

He shook his head with an air of incredulity. I kept silence. He broke it first, and said:—“The entry of the enemy upon the sacred soil of France marks out my duties; I know how to fulfil them; this occasion, it seems to me, will be serviceable to me beyond my expectations; I know how to profit by it as a man of genius should; and I shall throw around my projects of future vengeance all the colours which true greatness of soul displays.”

But the brilliant hopes which he then conceived began to grow dim; and yet, to Maria Louisa, he feigned to be filled with illusions. Every time he paid me a visit, he would say, “Josephine, when my soul is filled with pain, I feel the need of a true friend into whose bosom I may pour my sorrows. What astonishes me is, that men should study every other science except that of happiness. 'Tis only in retirement that I have found it, and that I may, perhaps, hereafter meet with it! . . .”

The allies had now penetrated into the heart of the provinces.

\* “From the step he takes,” said one of Napoleon's old favourites, “I should be afraid he would resemble those ambitious dancers, who, after having astonished us by the boldness of their movements, much above their real strength, finally breathe their last behind the scenes.”

“The Grand Austrio-Russian army, under the command of Prince Schwartzenberg, had traversed Switzerland without the least resistance on the part of the troops which formed the ‘Cordon of Helvetic Neutrality.’ General Wrède had hemmed in Befort, and his advanced posts extended beyond the department of Doubs. On the 30th of December, 1813, an Austrian advance-guard took possession of Geneva without the slightest resistance. The capture of that city opened to the allies the road to Lyons, and the way to Italy. From this time there was no longer any direct communication betwixt France and Piedmont. In the night of the first of January, the Russian corps, under General Wittgenstein, effected the passage of the Rhine, near Fort Louis. The whole of Alsace was inundated with Cossacks. On the same day the Prussian army passed the river between Coblentz and Manheim, and the Russian corps, under the command of General Sacken, crossed it in front of the latter town. Coblentz fell into the hands of the allies. Mayence was invested by a considerable force. Marshals Victor and Marmont, the former of whom occupied the interior line of the Rhine from Colmar to Weissenburg, and the latter Landau, Durckheim, Grustadt, Mayence, and Coblentz, both found themselves compelled to effect a retreat. General Wrède soon penetrated to Colmar. Vesoul was not slow to fall into the power of the enemy. They forced their way through the defiles of the Vosges mountains, and torrents of Cossacks spread themselves over the country. The Prince Royal of Wurtemberg, seconded by the *hettman* of the Cossacks, Platow, advanced upon Epinal, and took possession of it. The Austrian general, Budna, after leaving Geneva, penetrated into the departments of the Jura, Ain, and Doubs; Prince Lichtenstein directed his course towards Besançon; and the hereditary Prince of Hesse-Homburg, approaching from Dôle, joined him, in order to complete the investment of that important stronghold. General Zeichmeisel possessed himself of the fort at L’Ecluse and marched to Nantua, on the route to Lyons. The city of Bourg in vain opposed some resistance; it was

taken and delivered up to pillage. The allied sovereigns made their entry into Bâle at the head of the Russian and Prussian guards and some regiments of reserve."

It appeared to me very extraordinary that Bonaparte, in the midst of these alarms of war, should remain peaceable in his palace. His flatterers said he was preparing extraordinary measures. But I knew better than any one else, how dangerous it was for him to put himself at the head of an army compelled to retreat. And besides, he could not now be ignorant, that it was against him alone that banded Europe was advancing, and prosecuting the war. The French nation coldly awaited the issue of a quarrel which seemed to interest them not at all; while others secretly wished success to the foreign armies. I was, perhaps, the only one who could really pity Bonaparte, and excuse the profound apathy in which he was plunged, since entire France demanded to be freed from the despotic power, which had so long bowed her beneath a sceptre of iron.

Each day brought news of new disasters. The allies were advancing at the east and the south: the Prussians, English, and Dutch were marching rapidly upon Belgium. The French were forced to retire into the city of Anvers. This place, then in a condition of defence, was commanded by General Carnot. Marshal Macdonald had been compelled to abandon the line he occupied along the left bank of the Rhine from Gueldres to Cologne. General Winzingerode effected a crossing of the river at Dusseldorf, at the head of an army of thirty thousand men.

The Austrians under the command of Giulay, threatened Langres,\* and the department of the Upper Marne. Bona-

\*Twas in the neighbourhood of Langres that the Austrian cavalry first showed themselves. A reconnoitering party being immediately driven in by the enemy, the inhabitants of Langres ran to arms. The gates were shut and intrusted to a guard; patrols were passing all night. The next morning at daybreak, a flag of truce, escorted by a party of hussars, presented themselves at the Dijon gate. He insisted upon entering and having a conference with the Mayor. Having summoned him in vain to

partie sent forward several battalions of his guard, but they were not able to hold their ground against the masses opposed to them. The French effected their retreat upon Chaumont, on the 16th of January. Langres la Pucelle opened its gates to the enemy, which conquest was soon followed by the over-running of the whole of Champagne by the Prussians. The Austrian corps under Count Budna advanced towards the Saône and towards Lyons. Macon capitulated to that general. The city of Chalons at first resisted, but was soon compelled to receive the enemy within its ramparts. Lyons was also on the point of being taken, being then but feebly garrisoned; but General Budna not taking a prompt resolution, Marshal Augereau had time to arrive and succour it, and in his turn took the offensive in the hope of marching straight to Geneva and manœuvring in the rear of the allied army in Franche-Comté. On the 19th of January, Prince Hesse-Homburg made himself master of Dijon, whence he marched towards Auxonne, a detachment taking possession of the road to Auxonne. On the 24th, the combat at Bar-sur-Aube took place, where the French troops under Marshal Mortier performed prodigies of valour;

retire, the guard fired upon him. The bearer of the flag was not hit, but ran off. During the whole day, hussars were seen caracoling along the road. The national guard of the town extended a reconnoissance to the *Faubourg des Anges*, a quarter of a league from the city. Towards 5 o'clock in the evening, another flag presented himself in the name of Count de Thorn, with two hussars, while thirty hussars remained at a short distance behind them. A lieutenant of grenadiers of the National Guard fired upon the flag, and one hussar and two chasseurs fell on the spot. The inhabitants in consternation retired to the rear of the town, and were there awaiting the result, when suddenly the heads of some columns of the Imperial Guard showed themselves at the Chaumont gate. At the sight of these old soldiers, covered with scars and decorations, the rewards of their valour, joy succeeded to consternation. These brave men, the élite of the veterans of the army, after making a long and tiresome march, presented themselves, exclaiming, "We come to preserve to the city of Langrés its name of La Pucelle."

The consequence was that neither hostile sovereign nor general entered the town.



but seeing themselves about to be surrounded, they retreated precipitately into the suburbs of Troyes.

Such was the position of the foreign armies, when Bonaparte decided to quit Paris. He conferred upon his second wife the title and the functions of *Regent*, during his absence. Before leaving, he assembled the officers of the National Guard, presented to them his wife and son, stating that he trusted them to their fidelity, and that he was going to put himself at the head of the army. "Heaven," said he, "has united us; we will never again be separated. Stern duty!" he exclaimed, "which calls me into the midst of combats; to thee have I too long sacrificed the pleasures of a husband and a father. Behold, now," he added with deep emotion, and again showing to the National Guard of Paris the young prince and the archduchess, "behold the throne which it is my duty for ever to defend."

Their last farewells were pronounced; but, before leaving the capital far behind him, he resolved to revisit the place which had witnessed his hours of happiness in days gone by, and to pay a last visit to his former wife.

He arrived suddenly at Malmaison at sunset. After having tenderly embraced me, he said, "How many afflicting thoughts assail me on this sad occasion." "My friend," continued he in an accent of the deepest despair,—hopelessness that spares no one,—and did he deserve to be spared? "Ah!" continued he, while the tears flowed in torrents down his pale cheeks, "I have been as fortunate as was ever man on the face of the earth; but to-day, now, when a storm is gathering over my head, I have not, O Josephine, in the wide world, any one but you upon whom I can repose!"

The life of a republic, like that of a man, presents moments of dizziness and blindness which it is impossible to explain; at least, the finger of Providence cannot be recognised in them, Providence, that leaves us to our own weakness, the better to accomplish its designs.\* I could now coolly contemplate his

\* Bonaparte was not the only conqueror who experienced such troubles  
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misfortunes. I beheld nothing in Napoleon's transports of regret and disappointment, but the proof of a great character. While, on the one hand, violent passion is but an abandonment of reason, and no degree of moral strength is ever found in mere rage; on the other, heroic fortitude in extraordinary circumstances is wholly founded upon patience, calmness and moderation.

As to Bonaparte, nothing could assuage his feelings of despair. His intellect, clouded by mental suffering, had, for some months past, cast but a feeble ray. But when he finally saw himself ready to fall into the power of the enemy, it seemed to be utterly extinguished. He roared like the lion of the desert, and the words which fell from his lips expressed his regrets upon his past lot, and perpetual threats towards the formidable coalition of his enemies.

Such was the painful scene which took place between the son-in-law of Francis II. and myself. I still cherished the hope that I should see him again; and, although it wrung my heart, I encouraged him to go and drive the foreigners out of France. But, at this terrible moment, to separate my fate from his, when he was a prey to such cruel apprehensions,—to quit him perchance for ever, “No, no,” I exclaimed, “were I still your wife, nothing on earth should make me consent to this last sacrifice!”

“Vengeance is natural,” said Napoleon; “it is permitted us to repel an insult in order to guard ourselves against its repetition and to maintain our rights in cases where the law is silent. Yes, when thus considered, vengeance is a sort of justice; and I intend to exercise it against my enemies. Besides, is not

and the force of such reminiscences. Cromwell was all his lifetime darkly occupied in his mind, about his astonishing metamorphosis. Lord Pembroke said to him one day, “Protector, I know of no palace which unites so much magnificence with so much commodiousness, as the one you now inhabit.” “That would be true,” replied Cromwell, “were there not one defect which spoils the whole plan.” “And what is that?” “It is, that it was not built for me,” replied the Protector.—*M.*

contempt the foremost of offences? . . . . I know how to nourish in my heart eternal hatred. Such is that which I reserve for those men who have forgotten my favours and the obligations of that gratitude which they swore to observe towards me.”\*

At length he departed, without the utmost confidence in his plans, but convinced that it was his duty to hazard their execution. “*Should I fall, O my friend, my fall must necessarily astonish the world.*”—Such were the last words the Emperor uttered on leaving her whom he was to behold no more.†

\* Though flattery at times obtains unjust success, it is true, that in the end it loses more than it gains, by the degradation and contempt into which it falls whenever the eye of the prince unmask its baseness.

† Several days before Napoleon’s departure, he assembled the Council of State. While the council was waiting, M. and T. took upon themselves to go to the Tuileries and inform him that all the members had arrived and only awaited his presence to commence their deliberations. They found him in a retired cabinet, surrounded by maps of the theatre of war, and compasses in hand. He was combining and adjusting, in a profound study, all the parts of the vast plan of campaign, which, in his view, was to save his crown and preserve the empire. On seeing those gentlemen he gazed at them for a moment with an air of surprise; but recovering a little from his astonishment, he said to them, in a tone that struck them as extraordinary:—“I’ve found it, I have them—not one will escape!” “Never,” said the courtiers to one another, “never was the Emperor inspired with such lofty conceptions; the enemy is ruined, and the country is saved.”

A. de B.

## CHAPTER XIII.

“Souls truly great dart forward on the wing  
Of just ambition, to the grand result,  
The curtain’s fall ; there, see the buskined chief  
Unshod, behind his momentary scene,  
Reduced to his own stature, low or high,  
As vice or virtue sinks him or sublines,  
And laugh at this fantastic mummary,  
This antic prelude of grotesque events,  
When dwarfs are often stilted, and betray  
A bitterness of soul by worlds o’errun,  
And nations laid in blood. . . .  
When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,  
And downward pores for that which shines above,  
Substantial happiness and true renown ;  
Then like an idiot gazing on the brook,  
We leap at stars and fasten in the mud ;  
At glory grasp and sink in infamy.”\*

THUNDERSTRUCK by these many calamities, Bonaparte was compelled to witness the advance of the enemy. He now heard the thunder which was to overturn his throne. The most of the generals who possessed his confidence, believed he would never yield an inch of ground.—“Such a man as he,” said they, “cannot and must not be conquered.” But while with them, he was meditating upon all these things and forming plans to expel the stranger, his troops were in the greatest disorder.

But they soon rallied themselves at his call ; he marched at the head of sixty thousand men towards St. Dizier, of which he took possession after two battles, the last of which took place in the suburbs of that town. His design was to penetrate

\* Young’s Night Thoughts.—*Night VI.*



thence to Nancy, in order to cut off the enemy's communications with the Rhine and Germany. But, becoming apprised of the rapid march of Maréchal Blucher towards the capital, he moved towards the *Aube*, and encountered him at Brienne. Here a sanguinary battle was fought. By bombarding the town, which was of wood, Bonaparte soon produced an immense conflagration. He, however, made his entry into the place which was the cradle of his infancy, but which now presented to him nothing but a heap of ashes.\*

Scarcely had this action ended, when my husband discovered that it was but the prelude to one of still greater importance. Maréchal Blucher, reinforced by several regiments commanded by the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg, the Austrian general Giulay, and General Wrède, was in his turn able to take the offensive. On the first of February, at one o'clock P. M., the prince royal attacked the hamlet of Gibrie, and carried that important position, an advantage which secured the right of the foreign army, which now deployed in the plains of Rothière.

\* Brienne-le-Chateau, situated at the foot of a high hill near the Aube, is an open, unfortified village, made entirely of wood. It consists of only two streets, one of which runs down to the chateau and enters the road to Joinville; the other leads from Arcis to Bar-sur-Aube. Back of the town stands the chateau, built upon the hill, which, by a gentle descent, slopes off until it is lost in the forest which overhangs both banks of the Aube, in the direction of Esmont, while from the other side of Brienne towards Montiérender, vast plains extend themselves to Ivannes, in the direction of Bar-sur-Aube.

It was at the military school, formerly established at the chateau of Brienne, that Napoleon pursued his studies. Here he acquired the first rudiments of the art of war; here, he first lighted the torch of that genius which was to astonish the world; and it was here, that in the end he came in quest of the combined armies of Europe, now united against him, and in order to deliver a battle which was for ever to decide his fate.—*Campaigne de 1814.*

Brienne is on the Aube, a branch of the Seine, about one hundred and fifty miles east of Paris, in the department of Aube, of which Troyes is the principal town. The department contains about 150,000 inhabitants, and Troyes about 25,000.—TRANSLATOR.

These troops, animated by the presence of the Emperor of Russia, and King of Prussia, fought with the utmost enthusiasm; but the French repulsed them and did not lose an inch of ground. At length, the enemy's cavalry having turned the left flank of the French, the infantry remained exposed to the enemy's fire; General Sacken advanced with impetuosity, and made himself master of la Rothière.\* Thrice, at the head of his guard, did Bonaparte renew his attack upon the village, but was obliged, at midnight, to abandon that important position; victory now declared for the allies.†

After the battle of Brienne he retreated, fighting, towards Troyes; and learning that General Sacken was directing his march towards Montmirail, he abandoned the former town, and retired towards Nogent, on the 6th of February.

The congress opened at Chatillon-sur-Seine on the 4th of the same month. Bonaparte proposed an armistice; the allied sovereigns refused, although they offered to sign preliminaries of peace. It was resolved not to accept the conditions which the foreigners offered, but Napoleon delayed giving them an answer in order to gain time.‡ He immediately ordered the

\* General Duhesne defended la Rothière.

† Such was the battle of Brienne, or rather that of la Rothière, where, for the first time, Napoleon in person combated the allies upon the soil of France. The courage displayed by his troops, the heroic efforts, the danger to which he exposed himself, all go to show how important he deemed it to achieve a victory in this first encounter. Hence it was that the allies were obliged to carry by assault every village, every height, every wood, purchasing with their blood every foot of ground they gained. Their ardour, their constancy, and more than all, their numbers, triumphed, it is true, over all obstacles.—*Campagne de 1814.*

‡ "In reality" says Alphonse de Beauchamp, "the Austrian cabinet did not wish for peace without humbling Napoleon, and the Emperor Alexander yielded, out of mere respect, to the suggestions made for peace. That powerful monarch exhibited the most noble frankness in all his transactions, and, like the Emperor of Austria, flattered himself that Napoleon would yield to the wishes of all the world and bow to the law of necessity. Russia and England showed no desire but that of a continental peace con-

army to march towards Champ-Aubert, where the Russian division, under Alsufieff, had taken up its position. By his order, the Duke of Ragusa, at the head of the cavalry of the guard, attacked the enemy, who were in a moment utterly routed. The

formable to the general interests of Europe. The conferences at Chatillon-sur-Seine commenced on the 4th of February; and a circuit of country of four leagues broad, surrounding that city, was declared to be neutral ground. Lord Castlereagh, principal secretary for foreign affairs to the British government, at the request of Russia, arrived there. His name alone, his reputation for amenity of manners and for moderation, furnished ground to hope that the general desire for peace in Europe would be realized. The proposition for an armistice was made to the congress by the French plenipotentiary [*Caulaincourt*]; but the allies substituted for it a proposition to sign, on the spot, preliminaries of peace, with the exception that the principal fortresses already invested, such as Anvers, Wesel, Mayence, Strasburg, and Besançon, should be immediately delivered up as pledges. The signing of these preliminaries would have given to France all the advantages of an armistice, at this terrible crisis, without any danger to the allied courts which might have arisen from a suspension of arms. But Napoleon's real object was neither an armistice nor preliminaries of peace. He only wished to suspend the progress of the confederates by embarrassing their political movements. He had no other view than to avail himself of the advantage afforded him by his union, formed contrary to all expectation, with the Austrian princess; and he judged correctly that it would be painful indeed for his father-in-law to co-operate in a war waged against an empire whose throne was occupied by the archduchess his daughter. Would not this singular circumstance occasion imprudent delays and false measures? Josephine, and Josephine alone, seemed to see through the designs of the plenipotentiaries. She wrote a secret letter to her husband, urging him to make certain concessions demanded by the critical state in which France then was. "If you will try my plan," she wrote to him, "you will, perhaps, within a few days, be convinced of the truth of that maxim of Terence, in which he says:—'He who knows how to submit to a slight loss often gains more than he loses.'"<sup>2</sup> The Emperor seemed undecided. At one moment he was upon the point of signing the treaty, and had already approved several of the articles, when Marshal D\*\*\* asked him with vehemence—"And what then becomes of French honour?"<sup>2</sup> This single expression produced such an impression upon his mind that he instantly tore up the memorandum, and again committed himself to that destiny which had thus far smiled upon him.

general, several colonels, and more than 2000 men, were made prisoners; the remainder of them were buried in a lake or massacred with arms in their hands. The defeat of this corps, which formed the rear guard of the army under Sacken, compromised the safety of his whole division. Bonaparte fell upon it on the road to Montmirail, near Ferté-sous-Jouarre, at the moment it was uniting itself with the brigades under d'Yorck. A violent battle took place, and after each side had for more than sixteen hours hung in an even scale, the cavalry of the guard under Marshal Mortier decided it in favour of the French. Sacken retired in the greatest disorder towards Chateau-Thierry. In passing through that city, his soldiers gave themselves up to pillage and the most wanton excesses, and fled behind the Marne. This victory reanimated the French troops. On being informed of the defeat of Sacken, Maréchal Blucher advanced towards Montmirail, and, collecting together the wrecks of Kleist's and Langeron's corps, pursued the Duke of Ragusa to the village of Vauchamp. Bonaparte gave up the pursuit of the fugitives he was chasing before him, and returned in great haste with his victorious troops, in the hope of being able to envelop the field-maréchal, and thus annihilating the army of Silesia. At 8 o'clock on the morning of the 14th, he appeared upon the heights that overlook the village of Vauchamp, and immediately took possession of six pieces of cannon. Assailed on all sides by a superior force, Blucher ordered a retrograde movement, and retired, fighting, from Janvillers to a point beyond Champ-Aubert; there Bonaparte in vain attempted to cut off his retreat. The Prussian troops, animated by the presence of the prince royal of Prussia, cut their way through, and at length reached the village of Troyes, where Bonaparte left them to pursue their way towards Chalons, without following up his advantage. Their loss was 5000 men. The French cavalry lost about 1000 horses and as many riders.

But Napoleon's army was wasting itself away, by means of its numerous victories.

Scarcely had the alarms caused at the capital by the presence



of the Silesian army been dissipated, when suddenly new perils excited new terrors. The grand Russian army was advancing by forced marches upon the banks of the Seine and the Yonne. The Cossacks were overrunning Gatinais; they had taken possession of Courtenay, Montargis, and Nemours. The city of Sens was carried by the Prince of Wurtemberg; Nogent, burnt and almost in ruins, fell into the power of the enemy, as well as the cities of Bray and Montereau, whose bridges in the meantime were blown up by the Dukes of Reggio and Belluno. A part of the corps under General Wittgenstein had crossed the Seine on the 13th, and advanced upon Nangis. The country people retired to Paris, taking with them their most precious effects, and spreading alarm by means of the frightful stories they related about the outrages committed by the Cossacks, the Baskirs, the Kalmucks, and all the undisciplined hordes composing a large part of the Russian army.

On the 15th, towards the break of day, Bonaparte gave up Blucher, and with the utmost speed moved towards Meaux, where his troops arrived without having rested during a march of near fifteen days. On the 16th, he moved his head-quarters from Meaux to Guignes, and united his forces with those under the Dukes of Reggio and Belluno. The next day he advanced upon Nangis; an engagement took place; but the Russians feebly sustained the shock of an army full of ardour, and fled towards Montereau and Provins. At sunrise, on the 18th, General Chateau attacked the city of Montereau. Hardly had he shown himself upon the bridge, when he was slain. General Girard came up with fresh battalions, and the enemy was driven in disorder through the town. Meanwhile, the allied army reorganized, and retired precipitately towards Troyes.

This bloody encounter had shaken the courage of the allied sovereigns, who on the next day despatched a general officer to Napoleon, to ask for an armistice. In the evening of the same day a *projet* of a treaty of peace was brought him from the Congress of Chatillon. One of the first conditions was

that the armies of Europe should momentarily occupy Paris. Enfeebled by his victories, Napoleon foresaw that the hatred which reigned on both sides, would soon rekindle the flames of war, although an armistice should be granted for a few days ; and the manner in which the conferences were conducted, showed that it was all for mere form's sake. A moment afterwards, the balls again whistled, and the cannon uttered the signal of battle. "Then *farewell, peace !*" exclaimed Bonaparte. He took the paper containing the *projet* of a pacification, and tore it in pieces, raying, "I am this day nearer to Vienna, than they are to my capital." On the 20th, the army was on the march ; on the 21st, it halted at Nogent. Great movements of troops were discovered at Mery-sur-Seine ; it was the army of Silesia, under Blucher, rallying.

During the affairs of Montereau and Nangis, Bonaparte had caused Mery to be attacked. The city was reduced to ashes, and, the bridge having been burnt, the French and the foreign troops continued fighting, though separated from each other by the Seine. Without losing any time, the French advanced to Troyes. The allies asked for time to evacuate the town, promising to surrender it at six o'clock A. M. on the next day. Bonaparte paid no regard to these solicitations, but directed his cannonade upon the suburbs, a part of which was immediately burnt, and cut his way through the place sword in hand.

The Austro-Russian army, hotly pursued by the French divisions, now retired towards Chaumont in Bassigny and Langres. Maréchal Blucher having thrown three bridges across the Aube near Baudmont, pushed forward all his troops in a very few hours, menaced Meaux, and passed the Marne at Ferté-sous-Jouarre. His army was now united to those of Bulow and Winzengerade, who, after having passed the barriers of the north of France, had taken possession of Lille, Laon, Soissons, and Epernay. General Sacken transferred his headquarters to Triport, and some of his hussars advanced as far as the gates of Lagny. On the 27th of February Bonaparte left Troyes to make another attempt to disperse the army of Silesia.

On the 28th he established his head-quarters at Esternay. Blücher instantly took his resolution :—he marched towards Soissons. That city is opened to him by capitulation. The two armies met in the plains of *Craonne*. The Russians for a long time obstinately disputed the ground, but the French artillery forced them to retreat, and they abandoned the field of battle in disorder. Bonaparte now determined to attack Laon, where the enemy had intrenched themselves. Frequently did his troops essay to carry this post, but the Prussians, aided by their position, repulsed them with considerable loss. Bonaparte again fought upon the retreat and the allies took the offensive. Prince Schwartzemberg at Bar-sur-Aube attacked the corps under Marshal Victor and Oudinot, whom Bonaparte had left upon the Aube in order to go and encounter Blücher. The troops under these marshals performed prodigies of valour, and only abandoned the field of battle when overwhelmed by numbers. The Austrians passed the Aube on the 28th of February. Prince Wittgenstein carried by assault the village of Laubrecelle, which was defended by the Duke of Tarentum. This double victory opened to the allies the route to Troyes, which place they entered after a slight resistance. The Prince of Wurtemberg again entered Sens, on the 6th of March; and the hettman Platow advanced first upon Arcis and then upon Sézanne.

The Russians, under the orders of General Count St. Priest, on the 12th of March took possession of Rheims, from which they were dislodged by General Corbineau on the 13th, at six o'clock in the morning. Bonaparte now directed his march towards this position. He arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon at the gates of this city, before which the Russian army was drawn up in battle array. "Within one hour," said he, rubbing his hands, "the ladies of Rheims will be no longer at their ease." In a moment, fifty mouths of fire vomited death amidst the Russian ranks; they broke and fled pell-mell through the town, and in the utmost disorder rejoined Blücher, who occupied the plains of Laon.

Bonaparte remained at Rheims on the 14th, 15th, and 16th of

March, awaiting the issue of the conferences at Chatillon. His plenipotentiary at length laid before the Congress his *ultimatum*, whereby he demanded the line of the Rhine for his northern frontier, Italy and Venice for Prince Eugene, and certain indemnities, more or less, for his brothers Joseph and Jerome, and for his *nephew* the son of Louis.

Such propositions, which could have been made only by a conqueror, were revolting to the allied powers, and Bonaparte's affairs were at that time in the most deplorable condition. They were, of course, unanimously rejected; the Congress of Chatillon broke up, and henceforth nothing opposed the return of the Bourbons. Having now no hope but in a war of extermination, Bonaparte directed even the women and children to use all means in their power to annoy the enemy; he declared, that if the allies shot a single peasant whom they should take with arms in his hands, he would exercise cruel retaliations upon his prisoners; and issued a decree denouncing death against all mayors or inhabitants who should refuse to arouse the ardour of their fellow-citizens. Alas! never, in the history of war, was such desperation witnessed; the carnage was universal; whole regiments were destroyed and filled up again during that awful campaign, and had not peace taken place to arrest the work of death, it may with truth be said that the different nations which carried on this mighty struggle would not have sufficed to recruit their armies.

While the allied powers of the north and east were preparing to penetrate into the heart of France, the English, Spanish, and Portuguese, under the command of Lord Wellington, had already carried St. Jean-de-Luz. On the 11th of December, Bonaparte had signed a treaty with King Ferdinand, his prisoner, by which that sovereign reascended his throne, and agreed to cause Spain to be evacuated by the British troops; but this treaty could not be executed, inasmuch as the Cortès had declared they would not recognise any act done by the king while he was in captivity.

From the time of the passage of the Nive to the 13th of



December, that is, within the space of four days, the English had been engaged in continual conflicts, and had taken possession of the whole country between the Nive and the Adour. Up to the 7th of January, the two armies were engaged in perpetual manœuvring. On the 8th, Bonaparte ordered a levy in mass in the southern departments. The Duke D'Angoulême arrived at St. Jean-de-Luz. His royal highness published a proclamation to the French people, and was soon waited upon by a deputation from Bordeaux. Marshal Soult was forced to retire, and to concentrate his strength within the city of Orthés. The Duke of Wellington pursued him; a battle took place under the walls of the city, and victory was long doubtful; but Marshal Soult, assailed on all sides, was at length compelled to retreat. He retired upon Saint-Sever and Aires, intending to cover Bordeaux; and unexpectedly recoiled upon Agen. Lord Beresford took Mont-de-Marsan and advanced upon Bordeaux. His royal highness the Duke D'Angoulême made his formal, solemn entry into that city on the 12th of March, 1814.

After the taking of Rheims, Bonaparte reviewed his army, and detached a strong column of it, which took possession of Chalons-sur-Marne. The army of Prince Schwartzemberg passed the Seine a second time at Montereau, Nogent, and Pont. Bonaparte left Rheims on the 16th of March for the purpose of encountering him, and on the 17th arrived at Epernay. The enemy, enlightened by the counsels of the Emperor of Russia, concentrated themselves at Arcis-sur-Aube, with a view of giving battle to the French. Bonaparte did not anticipate such a movement, but supposed the Russian army was about to retire towards Troyes and Bar-sur-Aube; for, on marching towards Mery, he had said, "To-night I am going to take my father-in-law at Troyes." Arrived at Arcis-sur-Aube he learned his error. A violent engagement took place. The French battalions, and those of the allies, were by turns put to rout; night intervened, and the foreign army collected itself and withdrew through Chalons. On the next day the two armies remained in each other's presence until half-past one, ready for

battle, but no battle was offered. Bonaparte now hastened his retreat towards Vitry and St. Dizier. On the 22d Prince Schwartzemberg, placed by this manœuvre between Bonaparte and Paris, united his army with that of Maréchal Blucher.

Marshal Augereau, who commanded at Lyons, made a sortie from the town on the 11th of March, with two divisions of his army, in order to attack the Austrian general, Bianchi, in the plains of Mâcan. But he was obliged to fight upon the retreat. Prince Hesse-Homburg joined Bianchi on the 14th, and at the close of an obstinate and bloody conflict on the 19th the city of Lyons received within her ramparts a portion of the Austrian army.

Marshals Mortier and Marmont, pursued by Blucher, stood a violent fire at Fève-Champenoise. On the 27th Blucher fixed his head-quarters at Ferté-sous-Jouarre. The passage of the Marne at Triport was disputed; but a bridge of boats was constructed as if by enchantment, and the allies found no other obstacles in their way to the capital than the corps under the command of the Dukes of Ragusa and Tréviso. During this time Bonaparte was dispersing the cavalry at St. Dizier. In the evening of the 27th of March he learned that the allies had penetrated into Meaux. After having lost some time in false manœuvres, he commenced his march for Vandœuvre; he passed the Aube on the Dolancourt bridge, and received despatches from Paris, which informed him of the critical state of the capital. On the 27th Joseph Bonaparte reviewed the National Guard of Paris, and also 6000 troops of the line. Maria Louisa, her son, the ministers and grand dignitaries of the empire, fled from the capital on the 29th, and Joseph endeavoured to make preparations for its defence. A proclamation was stuck up, in which he told the Parisians that he had fixed his residence amongst them, as if his presence were a pledge of security. On the 30th the firing commenced on the plains of Pantin. Certain seditious persons stuck up incendiary placards about the city, in order to induce the inhabitants to loop-hole the walls of their houses, to dig pitfalls,

and to hurl missiles from the windows upon the enemy, in case they should dare enter the capital. Upon the heights of Montmartre and the hills of St. Chaumont, the fighting was fierce and obstinate. At last a capitulation was signed, and Bonaparte and his generals were utterly ignorant of what had taken place at the gates of the capital! They were tortured by the most agonizing suspense. Joseph was astonished at not receiving news from his brother, and apprehensive that he might have met upon the field the death he had long coveted.

I said to those about me, some days before the occupation by the Allies—"It is supposed there is a movement going on in Paris." "All will soon be dissipated," said Marshal—; "those movements can never be dangerous to you, since you entirely possess the favour of the people." "It is as inconstant as he," I replied; "such and such men were long the idols of the multitude, who are now become their victims." "You have nothing of that kind to fear," said he; "Nature has endowed you with the power to inspire both respect and love, and there is but one Josephine in the world."

I caught with avidity every whisper from the capital, and seemed about to receive important news from every one who came thence. I listened; I put them a thousand questions; my mind was agitated. I had received no letter from Bonaparte for several days; I imagined a thousand ills had befallen him, the last worse than the first. And how was I overwhelmed with consternation, when I heard that his brother Joseph had left the capital! It was, however, but the prelude to the new catastrophes which threatened us. I had already fled, and, uncertain whither to retreat, I determined to take the road to Navarre. At this sad juncture, what an example did I present to the world of the utter nothingness of human vanities! I understood the capitulation was about to be signed, and that the Allies would be masters of the capital the next morning.\* I was so terrified,

\* The news reached the Allies that the city had capitulated. The heir of Peter the Great, and the heir of the great Frederick, threw themselves into each other's arms, exclaiming, with tears in their eyes—"The cause

so overwhelmed with affright and with grief, that I expected, every moment, to see them coming to seize my person. I could not rest in my bed, where my friends had forced me to repose for a few minutes. I was about to abridge this suffering, by ordering post-horses to take me to M\*\*\*, when, suddenly, I heard a quick rapping at the door of the chateau of Navarre. It was four o'clock in the morning; a courier entered, and announced M. de \*\*\*\*.

"When," said he, "a people are happy, they judge with a feeling of indulgence, actions which are not wholly faultless; but such a tribunal becomes severe, unpitying, and almost always unjust, when it sees itself in the jaws of adversity. Then are men guilty, and their acts criminal; then are the battles in which they fell, hazarded by the blackest treason!"

When it became known that the capital was to receive within its walls the different nations of Europe, everybody was loud in accusations against the general who was charged with its defence; the partisans of Napoleon were especially vehement and bitter in their reproaches. They retailed the story with that air of mystery which always awakens the attention and lends wings to rumour. On hearing it, the people would not, except upon conditions, submit to the laws which imperative necessity obliged them to accept.

If the rumour of the approach of foreign troops rang loudly

*of humanity is gained!"* The two monarchs, immediately after the armistice was concluded, repaired to the heights of Belleville. There, they looked upon the capital of France, and received the deputations. At four o'clock, P. M., Count Nesselrode entered the city, clothed with full powers to ratify the capitulation, which was upon the following basis:—

"That the Allied troops should, on the next morning, occupy the arsenal, and all the barriers, and then enter the city; that the Marshals, the Dukes of Treviso (*Mortier*) and Ragusa (*Marmont*), should march out of it at the head of their respective corps, with their arms and their artillery.

"That in no event should hostilities recommence, until two hours and a half after the evacuation.

"Paris was recommended to the generosity of the Allied sovereigns."



through Malmaison, it did not the less resound through the Castle of Navarre, where I was, mourning over the disasters of Bonaparte. Still, all hope had not left me. I calculated upon the bravery and distinguished talents of the Duke of Ragusa. I flattered myself that the command of the troops composing the garrison was safely intrusted to him; that while that personage, so respectable on every account, should feel a secret hatred of the strangers, my husband and my family might still hope.\*

In my heart I deplored the fate of Bonaparte. I was afraid, and not groundlessly, that he might fall; for it had been intimated to me that he was to undergo a military execution at the head of the invading army. This cruel report so shocked me, that my words expired upon my lips.† For several hours I felt that my reason was failing. In my deep despair I exclaimed, with Montaigne:—"Rely not upon the promise of sovereigns, whether of regal or republican states: honey distils from their lips: they are never more cruel than when they forgive: never are they louder in their boasts of clemency than when they are signing sentences of death."

After weeping profusely over the disasters of my husband, which I deemed inevitable, I again momentarily recovered my-

\* "I have never said that the Duke of Ragusa betrayed me; I have only said, in a moment of ill-humour, that his capitulation at Essone was ridiculous, and that it was injurious to me."—*Max. et Pens. de Bonaparte.*

† The most false and absurd reports were put in circulation at that time. Sometimes, Napoleon was returning to Paris at the head of 200,000 men; sometimes, the ex-emperor was condemned to death. Men assured you, under the faith of an oath, that they had seen the carriage pass by which contained his remains. One would tell you he had seen it, another that he was present at his execution;—and give you all the details which the benevolent people always receive with avidity, and always will receive, as long as they love whatever partakes of the marvellous. The truth is, it was long thought that Napoleon had sheltered himself in Fontainebleau, in order to place himself again at the head of his brave legions, who all swore to die in his defence.

self, but soon relapsed into my former mood. Often, in accents of woe, did I repeat this sentiment of a great man :—

“O Praise, quit courts, where thou degradest thy noble office, and renounce the degrading task of flattering weak and wicked princes. Ascend upward towards thy source, towards that Supreme power that hath enriched the tongue with the gift of speech, and hath given wings to thought and being to the soul. Even, under the eyes of the Creator, man humbles himself before man ; while Thou, the sovereign owner, to whom all things belong, art deprived of the homage due to thee alone !”

No, alas ! 'tis not the ruin of Napoleon that I deplore ; the first wish of my heart, when I was with him, was to know that he was happy ; the second, that he might be indebted to me alone for a part of his felicity. This last of my prayers can now never be accomplished ; the first, 'tis my lips shall pronounce it, even upon the bed of death, if I am conscious that he survives me ; for he will ever flatter himself that a new order of things will arise and replace him on the throne. Very many of his generals hated his despotism ; but still continued to flatter the sovereign in order to obtain his favour and that of his son, who might one day occupy an important position.

My situation at Navarre was becoming more and more critical ; I knew not as yet, what I was to hope, or to fear. My courtiers could not long conceal from me the occupation of the capital ; and the trump of fame had already brought to my ears the name of the immortal Alexander. I found myself almost in the sad condition of the family of Darius. Should I await the orders of my husband's conquerors, or should I go and implore their generosity ? The melancholy state to which Bonaparte was reduced, wholly engrossed my feelings and my thoughts. *I was resolved to share his death, or to follow him into exile.\** I was painfully surprised to re-

\* Noble-hearted woman ! what a contrast does this feeling present to that which actuated his *second* wife, who abandoned him as readily, and with as little compunction or concern, as if her *child* had been the son of a

ceive from the minister, Talleyrand, a despatch, inviting me to return to Malmaison to do the honours there,(81) the Emperor Alexander, and the King of Prussia, having expressed a wish, as I was told, to see the Queen of that palace of enchantments.

I had some difficulty in mustering firmness enough to comply, thinking I might perhaps have to receive the same princes who had overthrown my husband, and broken for ever the sceptre of his authority. I made a painful effort upon myself, and the day I was honoured with the visit from those sovereigns, I managed to conceal my feelings surprisingly. But it could not but be manifest, that my heart was sorely afflicted, when I thought of my present situation, and compared it with that of the great man, to whom my lot was once united. How painful were my retrospections!

I thanked those magnanimous princes, for having had the generosity to honour with their presence the forsaken wife of Bonaparte; I testified my gratitude for the love they manifested for the French people.(82) I recommended to their kind consideration that brave army, which had long displayed such prodigies of valour; I pleaded the cause of those brave soldiers, who still formed a bulwark around the hero of Austerlitz; and I claimed, earnestly claimed the liberty of the man whom I still loved. I forgot all his wrongs towards me, and thought only of his misfortunes. In a word, I pleaded his cause with that earnest eloquence of the heart which is ever so persuasive . . . . .; and, perchance, even then did I contribute something to secure for Napoleon terms which he might, for the moment, have regarded as disadvantageous, but which it will be fortunate for him to be able to preserve for the future.

Could I have banished from my mind the thought that Napoleon was far from me, and of his cruel situation, I might say that Malmaison then became again what it had been in its best days. What charms did those beauteous scenes present, adorned

German, boor, and not of a greater than Cæsar, or Alexander!—TRANSLATOR.

by nature and art, to attract a smile from the masters of the world! The concourse thither became immense, and even without the presence of the man upon whom all my recollections, all my anxieties centered, I might here have enjoyed some degree of tranquillity and happiness; for now, all the trappings and greatness, every prestige of human grandeur had vanished from me; some private and engaging personal virtues were all that remained to me,—qualities which doubtless spoke far more eloquently in my behalf than all those mercenary orators who used to flatter me while I enjoyed the glory which surrounded the wife of a *demi-god*. It was then to myself alone that I was indebted for the sincere praises which the august sovereigns were pleased to address to me. Certainly I was not insensible to the love which the French people testified towards the family of Louis XVI., and I mingled my accents with the voice of a faithful people, who recalled their legitimate princes.(83) “It is time,” said I, “that this political crisis should cease, and cease for ever; for every one must have had his fill of revolutions. As to myself, I have never craved any other power than that of scattering blessings around me, and in this I was seconded by Bonaparte. He permitted me to co-operate with him in repairing with more or less magnificence the losses which the French Revolution had occasioned to all the families of the first class of society. The heart’s true felicity consists in resigning all that is dear to one’s self to promote the happiness of others.”

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

“WE are easily melted to pity, when we see an unhappy being overwhelmed with sorrow, seeking to hide himself from the sight of those who would fain share it with him, but who



refuses to show to others, even by a tear, that his proud heart is pierced by the shaft of adversity. The forsaken condition of such a man arouses within us the noble desire of administering to his relief, and his refusal to receive our consolations only serves to interest us the more in his behalf."

The King of Prussia and the Emperor Alexander seemed to divine the cause of a part of my profound afflictions. My most secret thoughts seemed to be those of the two generous princes. They heard and pitied me, and the pity of the conquerors was a homage paid to the wife of the conquered hero.

I could have wished to keep up a regular correspondence with Bonaparte during the whole of the time he stayed at Fontainebleau. I sought, by every means in my power, to console the illustrious unfortunate. I strove to convince him that his own interests required him to accept the favourable terms offered him by the sovereigns. "The least hesitation (I wrote him), on your part, will occasion the loss of precious time. Would that you were this day free! I am sure I should persuade you to listen to my prayers, and come to Malmaison, the place which was, as it were, the cradle of your fortunes, and which even now might become a secure asylum to him, who will, perhaps, never find one, except amidst the dangers of a stormy sea! O, my husband! forget for ever that you might once have ruled the world; your astonishing destiny was not your own work, but that of the revolution; and, without the shock of people against kings,\* you might have remained confounded with the mere officers of the army. Perhaps you might have been more lucky than others, for such a man as you cannot languish in obscurity."

Thus did I give him continual proofs of my entire devotion to his cause, and on leaving France, he could say with truth—  
*"I leave at least one friend behind me."*

\* Kings cannot all be great men; nature does not permit it, and liberty itself hath much to fear from those transcendent geniuses who feel their own strength, but do not resist the temptation to abuse it.—*Pensées de Josephine.*

Meanwhile his departure was put off from day to day, and he always found new pretexts for deferring it; (84) he hoped all from time, and the multiplied efforts of his army.\* He thought himself sure of the attachment of the old soldiers whom he had so often led to victory, and even still relied upon the fidelity of their chiefs. One day, one single day served to undeceive him. The greater part of them were more anxious to heal, than to reopen the wounds of France. They calculated the chances of a partisan war, and weighed well its results. At heart they were opposed to the discharge of that duty which their attachment to their old master exacted of them. They could not, without a shudder, contemplate the horrible spectacle of Frenchmen slain by the hands of Frenchmen, in order to prolong the power of one man, whose name had, by the united efforts of the whole world, been erased from the list of sovereigns.

The courage of these brave soldiers was not humbled by seeing Bonaparte proscribed and unfortunate. They would have dared defy the enormous mass of foes who had flocked thither from every part of Europe to battle with him; but, at the voice of their chiefs, and of the Emperor himself, who recommended to them fidelity to their legitimate sovereign, and who, also, released them from their oath of fidelity to him, those brave men, accustomed to conquer and obey, by a unanimous consent, laid down their arms. They shed tears upon their colours; such is the inborn honour of a Frenchman's heart—the sacred fire which he nourishes in his soul; and woe to those who dare criticise, or censure the kind of religious worship which he offers upon the altar of glory!

Thus passed away several days—which were to me days of anxiety and mourning. Alexander's heart was too full of generous emotions not to respect my recollections of the past, and my present situation. "How delightful," said that eminent

\* He who does not desire the esteem of his contemporaries, is unworthy of it.—*Pensées de Bonaparte.*

personage to me, "how delightful must have been this spot to Napoleon!—could he but pass his life with you, madame, he would have nothing to complain of here but the too rapid flight of time!" Thus did those foreign princes know how to appreciate the feeble merits of her, who was doubly happy to be able to consecrate her life to acts of beneficence, and to remain faithful to that great man.

Such was my anguish in contemplating the probable fate reserved for him I loved, that my very heart seemed crushed; I could not speak, and reason itself almost vanished. I was apprehensive that he would be put to death in case he persisted in perpetuating the war; and the sudden transition from this painful thought to the assurance, which I received, that he was to possess, in full sovereignty, the principality of the Island of Elba, filled me with unspeakable joy. Such were the emotions which this produced within me, that I fell down senseless, and was carried to my apartment. O! what new impulses of gratitude and friendship then thrilled me! On coming to myself, my eyes fell upon the bust of the generous Alexander;(85) an exclamation of surprise and admiration escaped me—for it was to him, to his generous protection, that Paris owed its preservation; and that I, myself, was indebted for the life of that man on whose account alone I still felt any interest in the affairs of this world.

And towards the nephew of the great Frederick, and his companions in arms, was I also forced to testify my gratitude. But, alas! destruction, the cruel daughter of vengeance, had descended upon our hapless towns and cities, making her wild work with their beauty and opulence, and threatening the utter overthrow of a second Carthage. One word, one single word from the great man, Alexander, and his allies would have hurled both the errors of the vanquished, and the resentment of vanquishers into the waves of oblivion. "Alas! prince," said I to the valiant descendant of the immortal Catherine, "how ought mankind to admire you for thus uniting clemency to grandeur and greatness!"(86)

I wrote Bonaparte a letter, as he was about quitting Fontainebleau for the Isle of Elba.\* In it, I addressed him as follows :—

“What, then, have I done, my friend, or how can I have offended you? What! You reproached me; you repel all my anxious concern for you! Do you not remember, that the mother and daughters of Darius threw themselves at the feet of the conqueror, in order to persuade him to spare the life of a son and a father? Alas, I see it too plainly, your soul is troubled, or you would not despise my kind offices. But, Bonaparte, I have done all in my power to alleviate your ills; and, far from chiding me, you will yet acknowledge that Josephine was, to the last, your most sincere friend. You will yet regret that you ever for a moment doubted it. Alas! I have been long plunged in the depths of affliction. Death alone can deliver me from them.

“I speak to you, but you hear me not; I write you, but know not that you ever will read my words; but I have at least one consolation, that of believing, that if my happiness consists in thinking of you, you will not learn that fact with indifference:—illusion for illusion! O, my friend, you may still imitate my example; renounce a deceitful world, and, spending the remainder of your days in peace,(87) cultivate the noblest feelings of your nature—those of a father to your child!—unfortunate youth, how I pity him! feeble skiff, thrown without a pilot to guide it, upon tempestuous waves, exposed to be dashed to pieces upon hidden rocks! O, my friend, how frail are this world’s goods! What man, prince or peasant, happy to-day, can promise himself to be so to-morrow? Would that your son’s fortunes might not be influenced by those dreadful political shocks which have contributed to establish your own power,

\* The answer he gave my envoy was this :—“Tell the Empress Josephine, that a true hero plays a game of chess at the close of a battle, whether lost or won. Besides, there are few men possessed of sufficient mental power to judge of me without passion and prejudice.”—*Note by Josephine.*



a power which the sudden change in the government has now overthrown.\* Happy, a thousand times happy he, who can repose himself under the roof inherited from his fathers! Who is able to say, ‘My fields, my flocks, my hearth, are sufficient for me!’ Such a one may, without pang or anxiety, view the approaches of old age! But, with ambitious princes, it is never thus; never, never does this sublime thought of Young penetrate their hearts:—

“We stand as in a battle, throngs on throngs  
 Around us falling, wounded oft ourselves,  
 Though bleeding with our wounds, immortal still!  
 We see Time’s furrows on another’s brow,  
 And Death intrenched, preparing his assault;  
 How few themselves in that just mirror see!  
 Or, seeing, draw their inference as strong!  
 There, death is certain; doubtful here: he must,  
 And soon: we may, within an age, expire,  
 Though gray our heads, our thoughts and aims are green:  
 Like damaged clocks whose hand and bell dissent,  
 Folly sings six, while Nature points at twelve:—  
 Divine, or none, henceforth our joys for ever;  
 Of age, the glory is to wish to die.”†

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\* If the reader will take the trouble to consult “*l’Histoire des Ouvrages des Savans*,” year 1687, month of December, Art. iii., p. 455, he will find a notice of a book entitled, “*Présages de la décadence des Empires*,” in which the author establishes the fact, that empires are subject to the laws of change, and that there are none whose duration can exceed a certain number of centuries. This duration he fixes at from twelve to thirteen centuries. By a long series of arguments, he arrives at the conclusion, that, “a certain Empire which hath held Europe under its yoke or in terror, and which hath seen thirteen hundred years without receiving a mortal blow, is not far from some sad catastrophe;”—and then proceeds to foretell to those who live within the bounds of that state, that the signs forewarn him, that they will flee from it, for fear of sharing the wounds which will be inflicted upon it.

† Night V.

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It appears that these memoirs of the Empress Josephine were not written beyond this period. Political events so extraordinary, so disastrous—the fall of the great man whom she had never ceased to adore as her husband, and whom his unheard-of reverses had rendered more dear to her than his astonishing prosperity had done—so many misfortunes, I say, afflicted her too profoundly to allow her to write out the harrowing details. I have been able to find only scattered notes and memorandums, from which I now proceed to draw the necessary facts for the completion of the history of the life of this princess. May the public pardon me for presuming to raise my feeble voice, after hearing that of a woman so justly and universally mourned; and may they, in the following narration, equal in real interest to anything that has preceded, forget that it is traced by another pen!

To the praise of Josephine, it may be said, she heard with delight of the return of the august prince, who was received with general acclamations. The public joy was at its height. Never did the capital see within its ramparts so brilliant a ceremony as that of the third of May, 1814!\* On that glorious day, the French people formed but one family. All the factions were annihilated; every one promised sincerely to forget the past, and, on this auspicious occasion, a unanimous vow was uttered in favour of the allied sovereigns, who, in giving us peace, united with that blessing that of restoring to us the august house of Bourbon.

The Empress must have been surprised at receiving the compliments of the king's brother.† Could she have forgotten that she was once the wife of Napoleon, this would have been for her, indeed, a triumph. But this homage was addressed to her as an individual. Her eminent services in behalf of illus-

\* The day of the entry of His Majesty Louis XVIII.

† "I esteem myself happy," said Josephine, "that fortune hath called me to be the wife of Bonaparte, for I have ever used the ascendancy I had over him, in endeavouring to save the lives of the illustrious unfortunates whom I did not believe guilty."

trious outlaws\* were well known to a prince capable of appreciating her true worth. It was not to the princess who was solemnly crowned in the great temple of Notre Dame, that these flattering felicitations were addressed; but to a woman who, for fifteen years past, had been the pride and admiration of France.

Prince Eugene, not being able to preserve Italy to himself,† was constrained by political events to renounce the viceroyalty as well as the Venetian states, and the new arrangements entered into by the great powers of Europe, annulled the act of the prince-primate by which Eugene was called to the sovereignty of Frankfort. So that the son of Josephine, notwithstanding his valour, was constrained to submit to necessity;(88) still, he was not without hope. As to his mother, she knew no other joy than that of being reunited to her children. On the return of the viceroy she again enjoyed a few brief moments of happiness, to be appreciated only by a mother—that of em-

\* Whenever Josephine happened to observe, from her apartments, a throng about the Tuileries, or on the terrace, and discovered a petition among them, she would send for it. Thirty such petitions would sometimes be presented in a single forenoon. If they happened to contain the signatures of persons of note, her habit was to grant relief on the spot, out of respect for the position of the claimant. But her bounties were not known. She charged her secretary, M. Deschamps, and her principal valet de chambre, to inform themselves respecting persons petitioning, and, in case it turned out that they were victims of the Revolution, which was most frequently the fact, she would grant a pension, or some domestic relief.

† The Prince-primate Charles, the sovereign of Ratisbon, had adopted Eugene as his successor at Aschaffembourg, Frankfort, &c. That venerable archbishop bore a singular affection for Josephine. Whenever he spoke of Napoleon, he was accustomed to say—"The little good which this monarch has done, is chiefly owing to his wife. So far as in her lies, she seeks to repair his faults: and so charmingly does she manage him that, to hear her, one would be almost tempted to admire even the political crimes of this scourge of Germany." This was certainly the most beautiful eulogium that could have been pronounced upon the mother of the prince who was to inherit the estates of a man who knew so well how to discern and to recompense merit.

bracing, after a long separation, the being to whom she gave birth. This was, so to speak, the last delicious sensation which Josephine experienced; for soon the inexorable Fates were to sever the thread of her painful existence. She had received from august lips the assurance that her estates should be preserved to her, and had been invested with the title of Grand Duchess of Navarre.(89) In a word, had she possessed a less sensitive heart she might, perhaps, in consequence of the different allowances she was to receive from the court of France, have entirely destroyed the recollection of the past, which had had so many charms for her—especially when she cast her eyes into the future.\* Unfortunate woman! she had seen the most brilliant illusions of this life pass away; she now dreamed of nothing but to die; and yet the most illustrious things of this world were still around her. One of the most agreeable moments in this closing scene of her existence, when her past grandeur seemed to her but a dream, was that when leave was granted her to be publicly presented to the king.† Alas, she was worthy of it, she who at all times, and under all circumstances, had proclaimed the virtues and innocence of Louis XVI. and his illustrious and immortal queen!—She was worthy of it, who, during the reign of anarchy, had rescued from the

\* This reflection is unworthy of the memory of that illustrious but unfortunate woman. How could she ever have “forgotten” that she was the beloved wife of the hero of the Italian and Egyptian campaigns, of Austerlitz, Jena, Borodino, and a hundred other fields of glory?—of the *elected* sovereign of the French people, whose hands had placed the imperial diadem upon her brow, whose voice had shaken down the feudal system, and made all its tyrants tremble on their thrones!—TRANSLATOR.

† The Empress engaged her son to procure her a presentation to the king. Prince Eugene met with the most distinguished reception. She herself was to have been publicly presented, accompanied by her daughter; but, from certain perfidious reports in circulation, she feared she should be regarded only as the wife of a man whose reign had ended; and this caused her so much chagrin, as, probably, to hasten the fatal malady to which she fell a victim.



hands of cruel faction, innumerable victims,\* whose opinions were ever in harmony with the most generous sentiments, who had confronted more than one danger in aiding unfortunate emigrants, who had so often dared to make Bonaparte tremble for his abuse of power. She often pointed out to him the traitors who finally managed to hurl him from the throne. Entirely convinced that her husband aimed only at the good of the people, she admired in him an extraordinary man; but she never flattered his power. She applauded his good deeds; but it is wrong to impute to her the excesses of his reign.

Those who have experienced pangs which they are constrained to dissemble, and for which they unexpectedly receive a balm which brings a momentary relief, may form some idea of Josephine's feelings on being informed of Bonaparte's safe arrival at the island of Elba.

She received from that man, whom all the nations of Europe had thought it their duty to humble, a letter which breathed nothing but sentiments of the utmost kindness. He began to see that it was to her constant and unvarying friendship, and to her kind interposition, that he was indebted for his new existence. She read the letter with the tenderest emotion. A sudden transport of delight, mixed with a thousand fears, changed her first sensation, on receiving the letter, into a sort of hope which seemed to revive her.

"You wish me absolutely to speak," wrote Bonaparte; "ah! you will praise me for keeping silent when I shall have answered:—no matter, you exact it, and you must be satisfied.—Well, Josephine, all your fears, which I laboured to destroy, all your terrors which I so long combated, are but too well justified by the event. Your husband, forsaken by his friends and his flatterers, can henceforth be saved only by Murat. Let destiny

\* For years did Josephine appear upon the vast theatre of courts; she knew how to make friends, and sought to unite all the different parties, who, before her appearance on the scene, were armed for mutual destruction.

be accomplished—it will doubtless prove more potent than men. I abandon myself to its direction, and, perchance, you will soon see your husband more powerful than ever. I cannot find an eternal abode on the island of Elba; my country—my country is where I can rule.”

However well prepared she might have been for the woes which he announced to her, the effect of the lightning is not more sudden or violent than that which this news produced upon her. She remained motionless as a statue; tears streamed from her eyes; the last spark of hope went out—and the whole world vanished from before her. Alas! she could no longer correspond freely with Napoleon, and this new act of ingratitude on the part of Murat (for she was not ignorant of his projects)(90), had the effect to deprive her at once of all happiness and of life.

Two beings only could now attach her to earth and prolong her days, days devoted to mourning; and the thought of them revived in her all her former susceptibility. In vain did she attempt to conceal her feelings; she continued to receive visits from the most illustrious personages, who hastened to honour her with their presence, though, on several occasions, she hesitated to go to her daughter's at *Saint-Leu-Taverny*.\*

The last day the sovereigns came to pay their respects, a shade of melancholy was spread over her features; nothing but the presence of the august guests then at her daughter's, could have induced her to resort to a concealment of her feelings. It was observed that she was afflicted; sorrow was imprinted

\* It was observed as very singular, that Josephine, who ordinarily took great pains in matters connected with her toilette, was absolutely *en negligée* at a dinner given by her daughter Hortense at Saint-Leu. This being mentioned to her by one of her women, who urged her to improve her appearance in order to attend the fête which was to be honoured by the presence of the sovereigns, she refused; and it was with the utmost difficulty that she finally persuaded herself to attend on that occasion.

The Empress Maria Louisa twice visited Hortense in her solitude at Saint-Leu, and addressed to her the most flattering compliments.

on her cheek; her languid look, the enfeebled accents of her once sweet voice, and that air of perfect goodness which always indicated her sympathy in others' sufferings, made her more interesting in the eyes of the foreign princes, than if she had been in the heyday of youth and vivacity. She seemed to have made an offering of her own existence; she found her only happiness in that of others, whenever she was able to contribute to it; all idea of her own felicity was banished from her heart; though the tears of joy shed by the unfortunate objects of her beneficence, were to that heart a healing balm. Her soul was the vase, which sheds its sweetest perfume at the approach of evening.

She continued her accustomed promenades. She loved to point out to the illustrious strangers who came in throngs to Malmaison to *admire and to pity her*, all that was costly and curious about that magical retreat.(91) The rarest flowers and fruits charmed the senses of the numerous soldiers who, born principally upon the frozen banks of the Neva and the Berezhina, knew nothing of their smell, taste, or beauty. She carried her bounty and generosity so far as to come herself to inquire whether anything was wanting in the service of the table. In a word, this incomparable woman made herself firm friends among the most distinguished personages of all nations. And even at this epoch, Bonaparte, whom others seemed to envy even in his unheard-of adversity, was fortunate enough, at least, to possess a perfect friend, and to preserve her friendship even in exile.

## CHAPTER XV.

IF we carefully consult our own feelings, we shall find, that when we are about to part with a dear friend, a sort of revelation tells us whether the separation is to be for ever.

On Monday, the 16th of May, 1814, it was noticed, with surprise, that Josephine's physiognomy wore a gloomy and forsaken look; her eyes were red and swollen, like a person's who has wept much; and as she was afraid her women would suspect she had been weeping, she said she had a violent headache; she became quite feeble, and her friends feigned to believe it was headache, although the most of them were greatly alarmed at so sudden a change.

Several days passed, and she began to feel the approach of the disease which was hastening her death. She observed certain precautions, prescribed by her physicians, to arrest the disease in its origin; but it had already made the most alarming progress. On the day before the one which snatched her away from France, from that lovely France which she adored, she gave, at Malmaison, a grand dinner to the Emperor Alexander. She was unable to do the honours, and her place was supplied by the Duchess of Saint-Leu. Josephine was forced to keep her room, and unable to see any one except her children, whom she sent for.

Her first effort was to stretch her arms towards Eugene. The prince, supposing it an invitation to embrace him, threw himself into her arms. He took one of her hands, and carried it to his lips, pronouncing the loved name of "Mother." That name, so dear to Josephine, and which Eugene repeated several times, penetrated her heart. She opened her eyes, which had been closed, gazed sorrowfully upon her son, and then looked



away from him. She then pushed him gently from her, and said, in a whisper—as if she foresaw the frightful misfortunes with which he was to be bowed down:—

“Soon, you will no longer have a mother; soon, will you have no one to love you as tenderly as she!”

How shall I describe the death of Josephine? Let the reader picture to himself that lovely woman, who by her pleasing qualities, and the most perfect charms of mind and character, once ruled over the most polished and gallant nation on the globe—let him paint to himself her last moments! Let him call to mind the time when the graces of her person, and the charms of goodness which enlivened her angelic face, heightened the brilliancy even of the imperial purple which she wore, and then view her in her present situation, with a raging fever preying upon her, and life nearly extinct—her head tossing upon her pillow, and almost delirious; her brow on fire, her look dull and languid—her pallid lips, from which the smile had for ever fled—the cloth which covered her dying body, and which was about to become her winding-sheet!—Great God! is this, then, the Empress? Is this the Empress and Queen? What did I say? What now are her titles and her greatness? She has forgotten them all—all save one, the dearest of all, that of a *mother*! “Alas!” said she, “nature bestows on us that endearing name to console us in life, and even at the gates of death. Who can tell but that it may even prolong for a few brief moments our transitory existence?—who knows but its empire may extend beyond the tomb? O yes,” she added, “yes, my children, everything here reveals to my heart, that, in the blessed abode to which I am summoned, I may still intercede for you—that privilege is reserved for me in Heaven.”

No longer was she that lovely and brilliant Josephine, clothed with all the graces as with a garment, and sitting upon the most glorious throne in the world! It was Josephine breathing her last! A mother stretched upon the bed of death, surrounded by the beings who were the dearest to her, whose sighs and groans fell upon her dying ear. The disease was aggravated

by the peculiar state of the blood, produced by the violence of her grief, and which contributed to hasten the fatal result. The fever, however, was intermittent, and permitted her, during her lucid intervals, to speak of her husband to the children :—" My dear Eugene," said she, " the greatest good, both for people and princes, is glory, provided its object be the public happiness. 'Tis not by following the erratic courses of great men, that a man raises himself to a glorious reputation ; but by imitating their virtues.—Imitate whatever of good and useful others have done, and you will one day have imitators among the greatest nations of the earth." Here her respiration became difficult. Her children, who did not for a moment leave her bedside, moistened it with a flood of tears. " Ah, Napoleon," said she with failing voice, " I have not been able to survive thy misfortunes ! thy utterly forsaken condition—the ingratitude of those who owe their all to thee—the treason of many whom thou callest thy friends—these things are the causes of my death—these are the causes which hasten me to the tomb ! I am fast sinking—every hour adds to my corroding sorrows. Honoured by the attentions of my husband's conquerors, I cannot but admire their noble and generous conduct towards the French people ; but I should have preferred to share Bonaparte's exile, for I should, by my presence, have soothed the days of sorrow which are reserved for him."\*

Hortense and Eugene, standing by her bedside, held those hands which were a moment since scorched with fever, but now cold and almost inanimate. They seemed resolved to hold back the spirit of their parent, now ready to leave the body and ascend to heaven. The efforts they made to recover one of her hands, which she had withdrawn from them, their increasing lamentations and prayers to God to restore her to them

\* Bonaparte in his exile could not, like Ovid, repose himself upon the hope that his wife would erect for him a tomb. She who would have gladly rendered him this pious office, was no longer in existence. She left to stranger hands the duty of closing his eyes.

for a moment, aroused the dying Josephine. She seemed to regain a little of her strength; her spirits seemed less prostrated, her brain more calm, and her words, which just before expired in an inaudible whisper on her lips, began to be heard by her heart-broken children, at the moment the physicians entreated them, as a matter of prudence to themselves, to withdraw from this scene of woe. "Ah," said she, grasping their hands with the little strength which nature still gave her, "leave them with me—leave them with me! I am still their mother!" She clasped each of them in turn to her bosom, and their tears mingled.

"It was for you, my children," said she, "for you only, that I desired fortune and honours. Did I need them for myself? Did not my attachment to Bonaparte displace every other attachment? O, my God! Thou knowest how well I loved that man, called by Thee to attain to so much greatness—the sport of Thy will—the man who seemed sent of Heaven, first as an angel of safety, and then as a scourge.\* Thou knowest how much more

\* I cannot enter into an examination of Madame de Staël's complaints against the man who governed France for twenty years. Such a task were too much for my strength. Rocks would beset my path on every side. I should wound cherished recollections, and open wounds not yet fully healed. The time for writing the life of Bonaparte has not yet arrived. Eulogies on the living are not in good taste; and sorrow and disappointment have rights which lay an interdict upon criticism. The author who wishes to write history, must choose a subject which he can view in all its relations; and only one side in the life of Bonaparte can, at present, be examined. In order to display his faults, we must wait for time to enable us to estimate his high faculties. Madame de Staël seems not to have reflected upon this. A friend of liberty, as she has proved herself to be, she should have reflected, that a writer who, at the present time, arraigns Bonaparte, exercises an irregular jurisdiction, since attack is interdicted where defence is impossible. Had she thought of this, she would not have approached a subject in which she could be unjust at her ease, and without contradiction; and, to borrow her own language, she would often have thought, that proud spirits take pleasure in defending an unfortunate man, and satisfaction in placing themselves in contrast with those orators who were

I have loved him as his misfortunes have increased. Would he were this day before my eyes with my children, as he is with them in my heart! Yes, my son—my daughter, there is but one being in the world who shares that attachment which would otherwise be exclusively yours at this trying moment—but one man who can claim any part of my love,—any portion of my dying thoughts—and that man is Bonaparte! In vain has he given to another the title of his wife; in vain, satisfied in the arms of his new companion, has he more than once contemned my useless regrets; I pardon him all, all, absolutely! Would that he were here! this, my last day, would be my happiest!” Her sobs checked her, and she was forced to pause and take a moment’s rest.

Hortense is standing at the foot of the bed of death; her face, bathed in tears, is covered by her two hands, which she removes from time to time, only to gaze upon her dying mother, and then reproachfully upon a picture of Napoleon, which was hanging near by. Eugene is kneeling at the pillow, his arms extended, his eyes red with weeping, his countenance pale and livid; his appearance seemed not to differ from that of his mother. It seemed his fate to die with her; the grave seemed yawning to receive them both. Josephine tasted a moment’s

yesterday prostrate before him; but who, to-day, labour to insult him, while estimating the height of the prison walls which surround him.

How has the writer who uttered that just and noble sentiment, herself fallen into the error she deplores; how has she been seduced, by her hatred against the sovereign, to wield it against a whole nation; to declare that, during his reign, no kind of virtue has been respected in France; to ask what distinguished man has shown himself, during that period, to pronounce a sentence of condemnation for the future, and to prophesy that, for a long time to come, no man will arise where he has ruled! When, in fine, we see the same writer parade before us a pompous list of the celebrated men which a neighbouring state has produced, and is producing, astonishment succeeds our grief—I had almost said our indignation. But, at the present time, to speak is not safe, and to be silent is a duty. We have, indeed, reached a point, where silence is more eloquent, and even more audible than words.—*Leon-Thiessé, Letters from Normandy, 12 June, 1818.*



rest ; her spirit, though ready to leave its tenement of clay, seemed yet to tarry for a brief space before taking its flight to heaven—like the lamp which burns beneath a temple's vault, near the holy altar, to which a drop of oil gives a momentary brightness before its ray departs for ever.

The Empress profited by the strength which repose gave her, to converse still about her unhappy husband. She made a sign to her daughter to take down the portrait of Bonaparte, and to place it on her bed, near to her. She gazed at it with manifest emotion ; and then, raising her eyes to heaven, said, " O, God, watch over his destinies—I fear he will involve new victims in his misfortunes, for I doubt not he is still seduced by the dreams of ambition. He would fain quit the retreat which the foreign powers have granted to him ; my children will again be exposed to the dangers of the struggle, and I, alas, shall no longer be here to direct them in their course. O God ! avert such a catastrophe ! Watch over him while he remains in the desert of this world ; spare him new and additional disasters. Alas ! though he hath committed great faults, hath he not expiated them by great sufferings ? if his projects of ambition have given birth to great evils, hath not his genius effected great good ?—is his reign marked by nothing but the calamities of war ? Just God, who hast ever looked into his heart, and seen with how ardent a desire for useful and durable improvements he was animated, I ask Thee, would it be rendering *justice* to the hero, on whose features I now gaze, to speak only of his wanderings, without saying a word of his virtues ? *Justice*, daughter of Heaven, I appeal to thee :—Hath Bonaparte done nought but evil ? I appeal to the justice of France, to the impartiality of her historians. 'Tis true, that, in retracing the reign of that man, now become so famed, the pen of history must describe the disasters of the late wars ; but that will only be after it hath consecrated to undying glory a multitude of glorious campaigns. Yes, history must speak of the ills of Spain, of Russia, and the invasions of France ; but her sacred lips must first teach to posterity the glories of the campaigns of Italy and Germany.

She must first teach them to revere the names of *Marengo*, *Ulm*, *Tilsit*, *Jena*, and *Austerlitz*. If she is compelled to record the devastations which followed Napoleon's rash enterprises, she must also speak of the superb monuments which arose from the earth at the bidding of his genius, of the temples he raised, the altars he rebuilt, the rivers he made to contribute to the embellishment of cities; she must point to the Apennines, the Alps, Mount Cenis, and the Simplon, once impassable, but made level, as it were, under his reign, presenting to the traveller superb roads, facilitating commerce, subservient to the arts, and opening a ready communication between France and her neighbouring nations. In short, if his ambition has had its thousands of victims, the historian must add that his bounty and munificence have made, and are to-day making, thousands of ingrates.\* But I stop here—it does not belong to me to name them; my life is closed; I have terminated the brief years of my existence—years which have seen so many flowers spring up and perish in my path. Now, the struggling breath of dissolution is upon my lips; their accents are fast failing; but the words I now utter are no less the interpreters of my last thoughts. O God, deign to approve them; and may this image of my *husband* bear me witness that my latest wish, my latest prayer, were for him† and for my children!" She still spoke: "Preserve the Bourbons for their country and their subjects! Alas, it is in their power to restore to France both its ancient splendour and its modern prosperity!—Josephine implores this blessing!"

\* Whenever an emigrant's petition was presented to Napoleon, he would hand it to his aide-de-camp, or put it in his right pocket, a sign that the matter was to be looked into. Whenever he placed it in his left pocket (which was called the good pocket), it was a sure sign he was disposed to grant what was asked.

† Bonaparte ever preserved his esteem for, and was tenderly attached to her, at least during the last two years of her life. She did not abandon him in his disgrace, but continued to be his consolation and support to the last day of her life.

A short time before she breathed her last, the windows of her apartment were open for the admission of the fresh air of spring. The weather was pleasant, the trees clothed with flowers, and the west wind, laden with perfume from the neighbouring groves, wafted the odours to her bed. She was thus enabled to breathe the fragrant air of spring. "She dies," exclaimed the weeping bystanders, "at the birth-time of flowers." Alas, Josephine, from her infancy, had been acquainted with sorrow—she had learnt at an early age how much it costs one to have a feeling heart!

If, on the one hand, she felt her heart relieved by pouring the secrets of her sorrow into the bosoms of her offspring, whose souls were so congenial with her own, this long recital had, on the other, reopened all her wounds, and renewed all her emotions.

In her expiring moments, she said, "My sight grows dim; a cloud, a boundless cloud, rises between the world and me; I am dying; I am insensibly escaping from myself; though I feel that I have but a few moments to live, I know, also, that there are eternal years before me."

Full of hope and confidence, sure of enjoying immortal bliss, she waited for death with a feeling of security. "I might," said she, "invoke death, had not my Maker forbidden me to desire it."

No passion agitated, no interest longer guided her thoughts. She was about to close her eyes for ever. But those of Omnipotence were upon her; at any moment she might hear the summons from her final Judge.

The Emperor Alexander, understanding that Josephine was in danger of falling a victim to the sudden and cruel disease whose symptoms he had observed in her some days before, arrived at Maimaison and asked to see the Empress. She seemed to gain a little strength on seeing him. Deeply affected by the picture which she had before her eyes, she gazed upon it with a look of gratitude. Prince Eugene, kneeling,

received the blessing of his illustrious mother, as did also Queen Hortense, whose anguish it is impossible to describe.

"At least," said Josephine with dying accent, "at least I shall carry with me some regrets. I have aimed at the good of the French people; I have done all in my power to promote it, and I may say with truth to all who attend me in my last moments, that never, no never, did the first wife of Napoleon Bonaparte cause a tear to flow . . . ." These were her last words.(92)

Thus died Josephine; thus perished, in her forty-fifth year, that lovely and wonderful woman, an interesting victim to her attachment to a husband whom she never ceased to love. Alas, misfortune and the passions never fail, sooner or later, to drag into the abyss of death the beings who have been marked as their victims.

Josephine expired; her face still preserved all its serenity, all its mildness—the image of a soul which had returned to its Source. It seemed as if the smile and the gracefulness which once dwelt upon her lips, were rekindled there, though death had closed them for ever:—"Thou art no more our mother," exclaimed her children, pressing her cold and lifeless hands: "'tis all over with us—we have no longer a friend!" After a short silence, interrupted only by sobs and groans, Eugene added—"If there be another abode for maternal love, for benevolence, for every lovely virtue, alas, yes, Josephine, thou shalt dwell there.\* Sister of the angels! ascend to them, and after loving us on earth, remember us in heaven."

The Emperor Alexander burst into tears.(93) That powerful sovereign had shown the most marked personal respect towards Josephine. He esteemed and mourned her. His eyes remained fixed upon the mortal remains of the wife of a proscribed and unfortunate man. The young hero honoured with his presence the last moments of a universally regretted woman. He left the room, deeply affected; but returning after a few hours to the coffin, he raised the death cloth from the



face of the corpse, and, with eyes filled with tears, uttered his last adieu in these touching words :

“ This princess is dead, and she leaves eternal regrets in the hearts of her friends, and of all who knew her.”

This testimony of esteem on the part of a great monarch fills the measure of eulogy to the memory of the Empress Josephine ; and I should add nothing to it, could gratitude have any bounds.

Doubtless it will require a more eloquent pen than mine to erect a literary monument worthy of her memory, and I am by no means insensible of the feebleness of my means and the smallness of my talents ; but, as that admirable princess was the most modest of women during her life, I have judged that her august spirit could not reject even the humblest homage after her death.

Unite with me, then, all ye who knew Josephine : like me, you have been witnesses of her benevolent deeds. “ ’Twas she who gave us work and bread,” exclaimed a numerous procession of unfortunate persons, who followed her towards her long resting-place. “ She is no more, and in her death we have lost our mother and our support.”

Scarcely had the solemn convoy(94) that conducted the remains of the Empress to Ruel, reached the threshold of the church, when her funeral oration was on every tongue. Every one exclaimed, “ Death has unexpectedly stricken down this heavenly woman, whose memory will for ever be dear to the unfortunate. Without any other strength than that of a generous patience, without any other intrigue than a knowledge of the human heart, she signalized the days of her prosperity by uncounted acts of benevolence. Her heart was the fountain of those numberless virtues which rendered her the model of women.” The eulogy and the rehearsal of her good qualities formed the most interesting portion of her funeral pomp.

If history is forced to consecrate some of the errors of Napoleon, she will also relate that heaven placed beside him an angel of goodness, clad in all the seducing forms of beauty and gracefulness. She will also say, that, in the times of our calamities,

that goodness was never implored in vain ; and that, if she was not always able to prevent an abuse of power, she could always inspire the sufferer's heart with hope, that last consolation of the afflicted.

Josephine is no more ! There scarcely remains, of that celebrated woman, enough to fill the smallest urn. Yet the sparkling flame of a funeral pyre has not devoured her remains ; the celestial genius which animated her, still keeps watch over them, and causes them to be respected. That monument is not covered by a pompous marble ; it is not surcharged with eloquent inscriptions, ordinarily the homage of flattery, or the tribute of vanity. Wreaths of roses, and crowns of amaranths, and violets, replace the pompous escutcheons, and the long and tiresome epitaphs in letters of gold. But her dust deserves, in my opinion, another resting-place. A few days before her death, she took pleasure, more than once, in repeating the following touching and remarkable words :—" I have, at least, succeeded in drying up a tear, but have not to reproach myself with ever having caused others to shed tears." Certainly, she, who, during her mortal life, was an honour to the arts, and an ornament to the virtue of friendship, ought not to remain unknown in the vault of the church at Ruel. Plants, flowery shrubs and trees, ought to form an arbour on her tomb, and exhale their united sweets above her ; and, by a diversity of fruit and flower, present to the visitor a subject of delicious contemplation. The zephyrs sporting through the foliage, and waving their branches, would seem to impart life to them, and animate the shade of Josephine. A globe, an image of the sun, should shed its light upon the darkness of the night, and keep watch at the entrance of her tomb. At day-dawn, a new star would recall to us the imperfect idea, but one which we have adopted, of the palace of the Divinity, whose vaults are formed of eternal suns. The virtues of her deceased Josephine would seem, then, to shine with new brilliancy ; and, in this moment of ecstasy, the visitor should see her statue seated on a throne of gold ; crowns and immortal palms should circle her brows ; the earth be

made to rejoice at her presence among the celestials, and her bliss in being associated with that holy band, who celebrate the greatness and goodness of God with songs in which angels and archangels join with the sound of lyre and harp. She should point the way to that blest abode where repose the souls of the just, whose conduct here has been righteous and pure.

Our grandchildren, thinking there will be no more night, and that an eternal day beams upon us, will sometimes contemplate the shrubs planted here and there upon the grand lawn of Malmaison. The amaryllis should spring up around her tomb, and bend above it, like the weeping willow, giving to the place an aspect at once picturesque and gloomy. The tears of friendship should often water their roots; upon her tombstone should be read this inscription, eloquent in its simplicity:—"Here lies the first wife of Napoleon Bonaparte. She was universally mourned by her contemporaries. She transmitted to her children the heritage of her virtues. She was seated upon a throne whose foundations were sapped by the death of the unfortunate Louis XVI."

Josephine, Bonaparte's last friend; Josephine, the first object of his ambition, and the only woman whom, notwithstanding his inconstancy towards her, he truly loved, will live for ever. Bonaparte was fortunate while her lot was connected with his. His life was less miserable while she survived. Dying, she still wished to press his hand; his name was the last word she uttered, and her last tear fell upon his portrait.(95)

If, after death, there remains of us a fitting shadow, Josephine will dwell in the Elysian Fields. Approach her, illustrious Beauharnais! Hoche, Lannes, Bessières, with brows bound with roses and laurels! Haste to her, thou august prince (*Duke D'Engbien*), whom she sought to save; haste, and crown her with myrtle and amaranths! Lightly rest the earth upon her coffin!—May the place, where a simple stone now covers her,(96) still tell the traveller that, on the second of June, 1814, the remains of the Empress Josephine were here deposited; but that her name shall pass down the stream of time for ages

to come, and be known throughout the world, when it shall, perhaps, be searched for in vain amidst the ruins of the Church at Ruel. But 'tis at Malmaison, in front of the cherished abode of Josephine, that our posterity will come to visit her tomb.

Time destroys great reputations; that of Napoleon's first wife will be deathless. Envy persecutes the living only; it respects the dead, and troubles neither their glory nor their repose. Josephine will live when the earth shall be consumed.

Life is a perishable good; time, in its rapid flight, destroys it. The violet and the lily are not always in bloom; the rose falls to the ground, and its stock remains, armed with thorns. Thus pass our years. What do I say? They flow on like a river; the wave rolls not towards its source; the passing hour returns no more. I have seen the faded, despoiled shrub clothed again with flowers and verdure, and its stock, though armed with thorns, hath afforded me a lover's wreath; but now, alas, its roots are dried up.\*

The silence of contemporary historians will leave posterity for ever ignorant of the immediate causes which hastened the death of Josephine. The secret is for ever buried in her tomb, and it belongs to no one to reveal it to the French people.

Death separates her from the present. Unpitying Death gives her to the future; the Future, Josephine, is thy recompense. Thy spirit, attracted towards another world, breathes a purer air above the tomb, and repels the approach of time, which sets bounds even to Hope.

\* Ovid, *Ars Amandi*, l. i.



## NOTES TO VOL. II.

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### (1) Page 22.—PICHEGRU.

BONAPARTE did not order the murder of Pichegru, but was guilty of great imprudence in saying, ill-humouredly, to D\*\*\*, M\*\*\*, S\*\*\*, "*When shall I be rid of this man?—he fatigues and annoys me.* It is impossible for me to send him to Synnamari, and I cannot make up my mind to sentence him. Louis XI. was not in so sad a predicament as the First Consul!" Those cowards understood him, and resolved upon the destruction of the unfortunate general. It could not be disguised that the conqueror of Holland still had some partisans. He was also feared for his unbending veracity, and was, moreover, possessed of a correspondence which might seriously have compromised the general of the army of the East. The latter knew that fact, and was anxious, at any price, to regain it. He had written to Pichegru, and caused others to write to him, while he resided in London; but Pichegru refused him that satisfaction. The secret police had beset him with their bloodhounds. A woman, who had a certain degree of influence over him, attempted more than once to get possession of the correspondence by means of artifice. All was useless. The Consul swore eternal hatred against this Frenchman, a victim to his zeal in the cause of his king.

In order to satisfy, in some sort, the resentment of Bonaparte, and hoping thereby to render themselves agreeable to him, D\*\*\*, M\*\*\*, and S\*\*\* agreed to send to the Temple four Albanians, with orders to search Pichegru, and possess themselves of his despatches. This was but a vain pretext for sacrificing him. These miserable islanders fell upon Pichegru, and struck him. The unhappy prisoner made some resistance; one of them held his hands, another his legs, a third gagged him, and the fourth, placing his feet on his throat, strangled him with his own cravat. They even insulted the body of their victim, and mutilated it in several places. The jailer was not in the secret; though those who ordered the commission of the crime were there. The hapless Pichegru had just pressed the hand of one of them in token of their ancient friendship; but the heart of S\*\*\* was as cold as marble, and he remained unmoved during the execution. The body was so placed as to raise a suspicion that the prisoner had committed suicide. But such a mistake could not be made; the lie was too glaring. Shortly before the commission of this crime, the report was circulated in Paris that Pichegru had poisoned himself. "So much the better," said Napoleon; "it will spare me the disagreeable necessity of punishing him." But when he heard of the general's death,

he was manifestly moved; his knees trembled. *Was he playing a farce?*—*He had always assured me of the contrary.* “I should,” said he, “have pardoned him;—I only wanted to try him.” Such was his language to Madame de la Rochefoucault, who took the liberty to speak to him on the subject. The papers which Bonaparte was anxious to reclaim were not found: they had been deposited in faithful hands. “This crime,” said he, “is a useless assassination; ’tis horrible! I swear that I am innocent of it, and you ought to believe me.” He often used this language to me: “I wish,” continued he, “that M\*\*\* might long feel the effects of the blow he received from that unhappy man while expiring by so cruel a death.” Then, tapping with his foot, he added—“Had Pichegru lived, I should have been a fearful enemy to him. He has fallen by the assassin’s dagger; I ought to pity his fate, and have the Albanians punished.” They afterwards disappeared, and Bonaparte regarded it as a happy circumstance that the truth respecting this nocturnal crime remained buried within the tower of the Temple, which recalled to the minds of men such thrilling, such bitter recollections!—*Note by Josephine.*

(2) Page 26.

*“Pardon, provided he would ask it.”*

Bonaparte was anxious to attach to his interests the famous Georges Cadoudal. “This Breton,” said he, “is an important character to his friends. He is extreme in everything. I had much rather pardon him; but he must in the first place humble himself before me. Otherwise, he must fall a victim to his zeal for the wretched party he belongs to. It is true, I admire his courage. There is an end to everything;—after serving the Bourbons so well, he might, I should think, attach himself to my cause. Ah! what does it matter to him whether he serves under the banner of an Octavius or a Lepidus? Such a man as he is certainly valuable to the sovereign who knows how to employ him.” I boasted of his courage, his rare devotedness, and interceded in his behalf. “No, madame,” said he, “you will obtain nothing for him—he is not of the same temper as the others—he is a phenomenon of the present age, *a rare friend*. I want to gain him over, and to do so, he must owe his life to me. Use all your efforts to induce him to do this act of condescension—I give you full liberty.” I promised to neglect nothing to effect that object. On the sad day of his condemnation, I charged a devoted servant with this honourable mission. He visited the Vendéan general, and found him in the court of the Conciergerie prison, surrounded by a group of prisoners, who were gazing upon him in silence and admiration. My messenger wished to speak with him in private, and for that purpose persuaded him to withdraw under one of the sombre galleries which surround that penitential pit.

Georges refused to listen to any individual communication, and said, in a loud and animated tone: “Sir, you can speak in the presence of my friends; the same oaths bind, the same sentiments animate us; my cause is their cause, and their cause is mine. What do you wish?”

“To save you,” answered M. de F\*\*\*; “I have come to you in the name of the empress; write to Bonaparte, and ask to be pardoned.”

“Ask to be pardoned!” replied Georges, warmly, “and what is to become of my noble companions? Will they be spared?”

On being answered in the negative, and told that four of them were marked for execution, he replied, with vehemence and indignation—

"Go, tell Bonaparte that Georges Cadoudal can humble himself for his friends, but for himself never! Thank the Empress for her generosity; but tell her that my last word is—*All, or nothing!*"

These words were reported to me, by my messenger, immediately. I flew to Bonaparte: I entreated him to respite them all. He repulsed me. I instantly sent back my messenger to the Vendéan chief. He was playing at quoits when F\*\*\* arrived. The latter renewed his efforts to speak with him in private, but Georges refused. "Sign," said the benevolent man, who sought to rescue him from death, "sign this petition, and have it presented to the Emperor without delay."

Georges glanced it over, but seeing only his own name in it, refused to make the slightest concession. Charles d'Hosier besought him repeatedly to reflect before he refused to sign. Georges replied:—"Life is nothing to me; honour is everything. Could I save the lives of all my friends, freely, freely, would I silence my offended self-pride; but, as I can save but a part of them, I must share the fate of those who are marked for destruction. Such a man as I will know how to submit to death; until his last moment will he be worthy of himself, and of the noble cause he has espoused." This said, he turned his back on F\*\*\*, and immediately retired into his prison.

These words were reported to Bonaparte; they threw him into a rage: "Ha!" said he, "thou refusest my pardon! Very well; nothing on earth can now rescue thee from thy fate!"

He instantly gave orders to transfer Georges Cadoudal to Bicêtre, there to await his execution. The general was quietly dining with his friends, when several keepers of the prison came, and informed him that he must go to the registry.

"I hear you," replied the intrepid Vendéan; "I am with you."

He embraced his friends. Several of them had obtained pardons, or a commutation of their sentences. He seemed not to envy them their good fortune. He embraced Charles d'Hosier, and others. All were in tears. The most of them were never to see him more. He was imprisoned at Bicêtre until the day of his execution. Never would he subscribe to any request to postpone the execution. He died as he had lived.

The day after his execution, a letter from him was left on my toilette. It was in the following words:

"I thank you for your generosity towards me. I should have violated my oath had I listened to your proposals. In two words, I could not accept them. Enjoy the good you do, and the good that remains for you to do. Do not, madame, forget him who dies for his king, and whose last sigh will be for the welfare of the protectress of unfortunate Frenchmen!"

I confess I was deeply affected by the magnanimity he displayed, and shed tears over his fate. I could not help testifying to Bonaparte my regret at the loss of so valuable a subject.

"What would you have me to do?" said he; "one or the other of us must have yielded, and, in that alternative, I must have been the one. Thus it was necessary that heroism should succumb."—*Note by Josephine.*

### (3) Page 21.

"*Secrets, which the dark future concealed from him.*"

On his arrival in the United States, Moreau visited the Falls of Niagara, the Ohio, and the Mississippi. He returned by land to Morristown,



whence he started. He purchased a pleasant house on the banks of the Delaware. This river recalled to his mind the passage of the French across it, in 1781, under Rochambeau, and the little siege of New York, more worthy to be remembered than a hundred battles in Europe which have decided nothing. Surrounded by friends, and a wife worthy of his affection and esteem, he forgot the wrongs he had endured, and seldom alluded to the author of them. The Americans, so simple in their manners, could not reconcile so much celebrity with so much simplicity on his part. Hospitality, however, is one of their virtues, and they admired his, which was displayed in relieving misfortune. He preferred fishing and hunting to all other amusements. He might have been seen returning home, in the evening, with his negro, in his little boat, filled with fish and game. 'Tis one of the singularities of the human mind, that great men excite our surprise when they do what the vulgar are employed in. The respect of the Greeks for Phocion was increased, when they saw him drawing water from his well.

He spent his winters in New York, and was visited by persons of different political sentiments. The French Revolution had taught him that political opinions vary according to interest, birth, education, the times, and the usual inconstancy of the human mind. The history of almost all celebrated men is but a history of their changes. How many of them are there, who, after twenty years of revolution, are still like themselves? He spoke freely, but not seditiously, respecting the French government. Unable to forget the evils which France endured, he refused to listen to the proposals made him by certain powerful sovereigns, hoping to be able to aid in the re-establishment of the peace and glory of his own country. The consternation produced at Paris by the news of the disasters of the expedition to Moscow, will long be remembered. They surpassed those of Athens, when Pericles told the assembled Greeks, "that all their youth had fallen in battle, and that it was as if the year had been despoiled of its spring-time." At the news of these terrible reverses, Moreau's affliction was turned into rage. "This man," said he, "is covering the French name with opprobrium; he calls down upon my unhappy country the hatred and maledictions of the whole world." On other occasions, he would say—"His ignorance only equals his folly; he has never learned that there are bounds to the efforts even of the greatest commanders; that mere blind force must dash itself in pieces against the natural obstacles presented by the elements. Had he read Polybius, he would have learned that a general must study the climate of a country he proposes to conquer. Charles XII. might have taught him the danger of being cooped up in the Ukraine without magazines, or the means of retreat. And, had not Frederick the Great predicted that the German or French army that should pass Smolensk, would find its grave in the deserts of Russia? But his flatterers have told him, that Alexander the Great penetrated to the extremity of the empire of Darius, and that he must go to Moscow."

When he had given up all hope of seeing his country saved by the efforts of its citizens at home, who were all either overawed or sold to Bonaparte, he joined the Emperor Alexander; and because that monarch, not entertaining ambitious views upon France, only armed himself to repel unjust aggression. He could not be compared to Coriolanus, who sought to punish Rome because she had refused to make him consul; but rather to Dion, who resolved to deliver Syracuse from an oppressive yoke. Like him, he might have said, "I march, not against my country,



but against the most despicable of tyrants. The soldiers of Denis will soon be subject to my command; I am as sure of effecting a glorious revolution, as I should be happy in having led you into Sicily, should I perish on arriving there." Plutarch informs us that the people of Syracuse, when delivered from their tyrant, prostrated themselves before Dion, invoked him as their guardian god, and cast handfuls of flowers upon his head. Moreau felt assured that the enterprise he had espoused, aimed only at results the most glorious—the deliverance of nations, the avenging of kings, and the restoration of a legitimate sovereign to his throne. His native generosity forbade him to pay any regard to the liberal offers made him by the Russian monarch, through his ambassador. There was no agreement between them, such as vulgar minds rely upon, in order to assure themselves of the gratitude of kings. He shunned all resemblance to those generals, once called *Condottieri* (mand-drivers), who, when compared to our Turennes and Catinats, are entitled to no esteem, and who take part in foreign strifes only because they are paid. In Moreau's mind, the art of war became but a mere trade when it ceased to be ennobled by patriotism and the love of liberty.

His wife and infant son were in France, where they had been for six months. He was fearful she might not receive the letters, in which he had confided to her his secret purposes; but an answer from Madame Moreau at length reached him, in the month of May. She had pried into the mysterious sense of her husband's letters, and had left France. Moreau had to conceal his departure from Bonaparte's minister in the United States, who would certainly have despatched a ship to overtake and seize him. He embarked on the 21st of June, 1813, with M. Swinine, a gentleman attached to the Russian embassy. His vessel was a fast sailer; and, aided by a fog, and a favourable wind, he escaped all danger. After a voyage of two months, he reached the coast of Norway, and M. Chatan, the captain of a frigate, came in his boat to meet him. From the captain he learned that Madame Moreau had arrived in England, and this news gave him inexpressible joy. "I shall never forget," says M. Swinine, who accompanied him, "I shall never forget this happy part of my life. I had the great pleasure of hearing him discourse upon all sorts of topics. His mode of expression was characterized by the frankness of a soldier, and the politeness of a man of the world. He uttered his thoughts with clearness and fluency, and his reading and observation were so extensive, that his conversations were exceedingly rich and interesting. The only subjects upon which it was difficult to induce him to speak, were the deeds which constitute his own military renown, and the persecutions he had suffered. He never could pardon Bonaparte for the ills of France, although he pardoned him for those he had inflicted upon him. His angelic soul knew no hatred, and his heart rejected all idea of personal vengeance. He often spoke to me of General Pichegru, whose talents and energetic virtues he admired, and whose lamentable end he deplored. He loved, also, to converse about our illustrious Suwarrow, whose genius and talents he admired. He had written something, by way of correcting the errors committed by historians respecting him; but his observations were lost with his library, which was destroyed when his country residence was burned."

Scarcely had he reached Gottenburg when he was obliged to conceal himself from the populace, who thronged around him with acclamations of joy. He wrote to the Emperor Alexander, and the prince royal of Sweden. Marshal Essen remarked to M. Swinine—"You have brought

us a reinforcement equal to 100,000 men. What pleasure will his arrival give the prince royal, who can never cease speaking of his old friend, General Moreau! How many times has the prince told me that Moreau was born a general, and that he had the conception, the glance, the decision of a great captain!" For more than a year it had been rumoured throughout Sweden that Moreau was coming, a rumour occasioned by the questions put to Marshal Essen by the prince, whenever they passed a handsome country house, and his adding, that he wanted to select one worthy of General Moreau.

Moreau brought with him nothing but his geographical charts, and a small quantity of linen. "Few men were more circumscribed than he in their personal wants. A domestic servant was almost a superfluity. When I expressed to him my astonishment at his independence in respect to all those conveniences which are regarded as indispensable, he replied:— 'Such should be the life of a soldier; he must know how to dispense with everything, and not to be discouraged at privations. 'Tis thus that we have carried on the war. The general-in-chief scarcely had a carriage; our baggage did not impede our march; and when on the retreat, we were not encumbered with that multifarious equipage which often occasions the loss of more men than a defeat.'"

At Stralsund, an aide-de-camp delivered him a letter from the prince royal of Sweden. All the generals accompanied him to the palace. The prince royal embraced him, lavishing upon him the most enthusiastic expressions of friendship. They passed three days together in concerting the plan of operations which was to restore peace to the world. It is still more difficult to describe the general joy manifested towards him in Prussia wherever he travelled. The inn-keepers refused to receive any pay from him; all eyes were turned upon him, and every heart was filled with joy at his presence. "The good people of Prussia," said he, "show how deep is their hatred of the yoke imposed upon them by Bonaparte." At the gate of a small town, an old corporal seized the general's hand, covered it with kisses, and raised his feeble voice to call three invalids, who composed the entire guard, and ranged them in line to salute the general; the latter was melted to tears by the touching spectacle.

He expressed to M. Swinine his high admiration of Charles XII., the highest which he felt, not only for a king, but for man; and of the genius of the great Frederick, and his strength of mind, which was equal to all reverses. "That king," said he, "never abandoned his army in the midst of combat; his victories were the fruits of high military combinations, of a quick perception of results, the most rare coolness, and a courage fully becoming a king. The furious tactics of Bonaparte have entirely overthrown the art of war. Battles have become mere butcheries; and it is not now, as it was formerly, in sparing the blood of the troops that a campaign is to be decided, but in causing it to flow in rivers; — Napoleon has gained his victories only by blows."\*

At Berlin, his reception by the people as well as the grandees, was still more flattering. He met with deserters in every town, in every village; they were chiefly Germans and Italians. One of the veterans fell to weeping on seeing his old general, and assured him that there remained in France scarcely any portion of that army of the Rhine which he had once

\* A certain minister asked Bonaparte what he thought of a young officer, his nephew; to which he answered: "He is a brave man, but he don't like blood." In one of the reports from the grand army, he wrote thus: — "After the battle, I caused the dead bodies of the enemy to be counted. They were found to number 18,537."

saved from destruction; that all of them were daily exposed to danger and death, as examples to animate the young troops, who alone now composed the body of the grand army. Moreau asked him what motive caused him to desert; the veteran replied—" *Mon Général*, there is no longer any pleasure in serving in the French army; it contains nothing but children, who cannot fight until their ears are stunned by the discharge of 200 cannon." He assured the general that his memory was engraved on the hearts of the soldiers, and that Napoleon was so sensitive in reference to Moreau, that he had forbidden any one in the army to pronounce his name, on pain of death; and that he had caused the rumour of his arrival on the continent to be contradicted.

At Prague, the first object which struck his view was a park of Russian artillery. He admired the dress of the troops, the beauty of the horses, the lightness of the gun-carriages and cannon. "Its appearance alone," said he to M. Swinine, "accounts to me for its superiority during the last campaign." When he had advanced into the midst of the Imperial Guard, his name flew from mouth to mouth, and the young officers pressed around him, and in front of his carriage, to get a sight at their great model. The next morning he was informed of the arrival of the Emperor of Russia, who conversed with him for two hours. Moreau, touched by the Emperor's manner, exclaimed to M. Swinine—"What a man is your emperor! All that has been said of him falls far short of his real, his angelic goodness." The emperor himself presented Moreau to his sisters, the Grand Duchesses of Weimar and Oldenburg, two princesses, whose minds, possessing varied and brilliant accomplishments, were also endowed with that distinguished talent of pleasing, which characterized the court of Catharine II.; a court as enchanting at the present time, as was that of Augustus during the days of the Romans. The Emperor of Austria reminded Moreau of his old companions on the Rhine, adding that "the character of the general had contributed much to diminish the horrors of war in regard to his own subjects." A sort of equality of greatness and glory seemed to reign between those monarchs and the general. Alexander presented the King of Prussia to him; who, on approaching him, remarked that it was with pleasure that he paid a visit to a general so renowned for his talents and virtues. The Emperor Alexander loved the man whom some other sovereigns were so unhappy as not to appreciate; his own heart taught him what alone could captivate the heart of a great man; and, in company with Moreau, he seemed to forget his supreme rank.

Hearing him one day speak of the "best of princes," "How, sir?" said he; "say rather of men." The emperor, in the course of a few hours, related to him the incidents of the preceding campaign, and with so much clearness, precision, correctness, and depth of thought, that Moreau felt he was listening to the most experienced of commanders. Moreau used to say that if anything marred the perfection of that truly noble and loyal mind, it was an excess of modesty; and, speaking of the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, that she was the "great Catharine herself, and that her genius astonished and captivated all who knew her."

His frankness and noble simplicity forbade any envy, so common at courts, to show itself at his reception by Alexander. That monarch's unbounded confidence in the general, whom he had induced to co-operate with him in the cause of mankind, was applauded.

"The grand duchesses," says Swinine, "addressed me a thousand questions respecting our new general, and required me to inform them respecting his mode of life in the New World, in its most minute details. They



told me that they had never seen a man who merited so much renown, and who, having a right to put forward such high claims, was yet so modest, so frank, so simple. They commanded me to persuade the general immediately to send for his wife, and added that there was no woman in the world in whom they felt such an interest."

Moreau approached Dresden in the immediate company of the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia. That city was attacked by the allies at four o'clock in the afternoon. Towards evening it was set on fire in a dozen places. Moreau, in company with M. Swinine, descended into the valley, where the Austrian cavalry was drawn up; he passed along the line in the midst of balls and shells, for the purpose of reconnoitering the French batteries. Such was Swinine's confidence, inspired by the presence of a hero, that he saw none of the perils that surrounded him, although Moreau exposed himself with so much temerity, that he was conjured to reflect how great would be the sorrow of the allies should they lose a man upon whom all their hopes hung. Moreau listened to the advice, and with the flames of burning Dresden to lighten his path, and the explosion of bomb-shells, which were falling around him, returned to the allied sovereigns. His safe return relieved the Emperor of a great anxiety; he gave his majesty an account of the position of Bonaparte's army, at all points. In the night he saw the Grand Duke Constantine for the first time. The latter brought the news that it was the intention of the French army to debouch upon the right. Several prisoners confirmed the fact that Bonaparte had arrived at Dresden with 60,000 men. It was on this day that two Wurtemberg regiments deserted the French, and passed over to the side of the Russians.

On the 27th of August, 1813, the rain fell in torrents, and scarcely permitted the use of the artillery. Moreau was making some observations to the Emperor Alexander, when a cannon ball, discharged from a French battery, which had been brought up for the purpose of dismounting a Russian battery, behind which they had retired, broke the right knee and leg of the general, passed through his horse, and carried away the calf of his left leg. No language can express the monarch's grief; he wept, and with his own hands rendered him all the aid in his power. Colonel Rapatel leaped from his horse to receive the general in his arms. "I am gone," said the latter, "but it is glorious to die in such a cause, and under the eye of so great a prince." The colonel sought to inspire hope, but the general, though unwilling to discourage the hopes of friendship, showed, by his silence, that his mighty mind already contemplated death; and that without any fear.

A litter was formed of several Cossack pikes, upon which he was borne into a neighbouring house, less exposed to the French fire. M. Welly, chief surgeon to the emperor, amputated his right leg, just below the knee. Moreau begged him to examine the other, and on being answered that it was impossible to save it, he remarked, coldly, "Very well, then, cut it off." He consoled those who shed tears. Notwithstanding the efforts made to conceal this catastrophe, it soon became known to the army. He was removed to a greater distance, and enjoyed a brief, but quiet sleep, experiencing but little fever. On the 28th of August, he was placed on a litter enclosed with curtains. He asked for water, often, to moisten his mouth. The King of Prussia, on arriving at Toplitz, said to Swinine, "I regard his death as the greatest calamity which could befall me." The Emperor of Russia met him on the frontiers of Bohemia. He asked whether he had slept; and, coming near to him, inquired, with the deep-



est interest, respecting his health, carefully saying a few words respecting the position of his army, but in a manner indicating his fear to agitate him. But it is impossible to depict the grief with which all were penetrated, when, towards night, he was seen stretched motionless on the litter at head-quarters. Tears ran down the scarred cheeks of the beholders; and soldiers, hardened by years of fatigue, were melted by the affecting spectacle.

Notwithstanding the fatigues of the journey, the fever decreased, and Welly, the surgeon, began to entertain hope of his recovery—a hope which arose from the unusually healthy appearance of the blood, and that serenity of mind which prevented any violent agitation of the physical organization which might have proved fatal; though he assured his attendants that a wound as serious as that was seldom cured. Moreau endured with fortitude the journey over mountains, valleys, and torrents. The emperor again visited him with his suite, and asked him how he did, but feared to make him speak too much. While descending into a deep valley, Moreau heard a brisk cannonade, and saw two villages and the city of Toplitz in flames. At eleven o'clock, in the evening, he reached Ducks, where the bandage was loosened. There was very little inflammation, and the wounds had begun to heal.

The next day, 29th, he proceeded to Laun, where, notwithstanding his weakness, he wrote a letter to Madame Moreau, giving the lie to the calumnies which Bonaparte had caused to be insinuated through the *Gazettes*, as to the manner in which Moreau had sustained himself under the blow that had befallen him. It was as follows:

“MY DEAR FRIEND:—At the battle of Dresden I had my two legs carried away by a cannon ball. That rascal of a Bonaparte is always lucky.

“The amputation was performed as well as was possible. Although the army has made a retrograde movement, 'tis not owing to a reverse, but to join General Blucher. I love and embrace you with all my heart.

“V. MOREAU.”

All persons were kept out of his apartment, though it was impossible to deny admittance to the Duke of Cumberland. The duke told him he was happy, indeed, to make his acquaintance, though his pleasure would have been enhanced had their acquaintance been formed on the field of battle. The general replied, that it was very probable they might meet there in six weeks. But the hope which he entertained began now to abandon his friends. He remained quiet till midnight, when hiccupping and vomiting supervened, and greatly reduced his strength. He seemed reanimated, however, by the news of one of Blucher's victories. He was engaged in looking over a map to ascertain the best route either by land or water to Prague, when he heard cries in the street. They proved to be the yells of the populace against General Vandamme; Moreau gathered strength enough to say,—“'Tis high time that monster was put beyond the power of doing harm.” He was told that General Vandamme had complained of being subjected to the insults of the populace while passing along in his carriage.\* Duke Constantine replied to him, that the severest treatment would be good enough for him, covered as he was

\* General Vandamme was made a prisoner, by the Prussians, at the bloody battle of Culm, August 30. 1813. in consequence of departing from Napoleon's instructions. This disaster occurred four days after Napoleon's arrival at Dresden, and the defeat of the allies before that city.—TRANSLATOR.

by the blackest crimes; that he had taken away his sword, although the Emperor, from an excess of generosity, had suffered him to wear it.\* M. Swinine witnessed the declamation of that French general against Bonaparte, whom he accused of abandoning him.

After an unquiet night, he begged M. Swinine, who was the only person with him, to write to his dictation the following:

"SIR:—I descend to the tomb with the same sentiments of admiration, respect, and devotion with which your Majesty has inspired me from the first moment of our acquaintance."

"He then closed his eyes," says M. Swinine. "I supposed he was about to proceed with his dictation; but he was no more. Death had impressed upon his features no trace of suffering. He seemed to be sleeping a peaceful sleep. During the five last hours, his friends were sensible that he was slowly sinking to the grave; but he consoled them. His perfect resignation was shown by these few words:—'Divine Providence has thus willed it; we must submit without murmuring.'"

The Emperor Alexander received the news of this sad event through M. Swinine, and said to him, in a tone of the deepest affliction—"He was a great man,—a noble heart." He ordered the body to be carried to Prague, there to be embalmed, and taken thence to St. Petersburg, and interred in the Catholic Church with the same honours which had been paid to the remains of Prince Kutusoff. "Let us, at least," said the Emperor, "try to do honour to his memory." He then dispatched M. Swinine with a letter to Madame Moreau, with these words:—"Tis a consolation which I cannot refuse to send you to her. It will interest her to see a man who was with her husband in his last moments."

The three sovereigns were each anxious to have the remains of General Moreau. Alexander said—"His dust is to me too precious not to be deposited in my capital."

The Emperor's letter to Madame Moreau shows at once the sovereign who protects, and the friend who consoles. He wrote thus:

"MADAME:—When the dreadful stroke which befell General Moreau, in my presence, deprived me of the enlightened counsels and experience of that great man, I cherished the hope that, by proper care and attention, he might be preserved to his family and his friends. Providence has willed it otherwise. He died as he lived, in the full energy of a firm and constant mind. There is but one remedy for the pangs of life—that of seeing them spared by friendship. In Russia, madame, you will everywhere meet with the same sentiment; and should you be pleased to fix your abode there, I shall seek every means to solace and adorn the life of a woman of whom I esteem it my sacred duty to become the consolation and support. I beg you, madame, to consider this pledge as irrevocable; to leave me in ignorance of no circumstance whatever in which I can be of service to you, and always to write directly to me. To anticipate your wishes will ever give me pleasure. The friendship which

\* It seems to have been characteristic of Duke Constantine to trample on a fallen foe. After Napoleon's defeat and banishment to St. Helena, he insulted Prince Eugene, the ex-viceroy of Italy, at a dinner given by his brother, the Emperor Alexander, who had invited Eugene as one of the guests. The duke's toast was a brutal reflection upon Napoleon, which Eugene resented on the spot. An encounter would instantly have followed, had not Alexander directed his drunken brother to leave the table.—TRANSLATOR.

I have sworn to your husband goes beyond the tomb; and there remains to me no means of discharging the debt, at least a part of the debt, which I owe to him, but to do all in my power for the welfare of his family.

"Accept, madame, in these trying moments, this testimonial and assurance of my feelings. (Signed)

ALEXANDER.

"*Toplitz, the 6th of September, 1813.*"

M. Swinine, whom I have often quoted or translated, wrote, in English, a simple notice of the last moments of General Moreau, which concludes as follows:—"The Emperor Alexander regarded General Moreau as a mediator between the allies and the French nation. Alas, who as well as he could have shown to the French people, whom he loved so well, and to whom he was so dear, that it was not to enslave, but to deliver them, that the allies had taken up arms?"

General Moreau died before the proclamation addressed to the French people, and approved by Alexander, was published. It was short, simple, energetic. It set forth the reasons of his return to Europe, which were to aid the French people in shaking off the dreadful despotism of Bonaparte; and, if need should be, to sacrifice his life for the good of his country, all whose true sons he invoked to join the standard of independence. He had requested Alexander to bestow upon him no personal title, his sole ambition being to restore peace to France, and to end his days in the bosom of his family when that wish should be accomplished. The emperor replied to him, "Very well, you shall be my friend, my counsel." Certain memoirs which he had begun to write upon the preceding campaign, were sent to the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, for whom they were written.

After winning a glory, followed by so many calamities, I am reluctant to speak of the recompense. Alexander made a present to his widow of 500,000 roubles, and a pension of 30,000. It is the characteristic of true greatness to purify the source of this metal, so fatal to men in the hands of bad rulers. 'Tis for the best of historians to collect and record those immortal deeds. For the great monarch, and the great captain, the most lasting monument is the pen.

A. H. CHA\*\*\*.

Obs.—The foregoing note is calculated to mislead the judgment as to the true character of Moreau. As a general he was never vigorous, though his professional attainments were certainly high. He was, at an early date, filled with jealousy at the rising greatness of Bonaparte. In the campaign against Austria, which terminated in the victory of Hohenlinden, in December, 1799, he more than once showed this jealousy in his reluctance to push forward and attack the enemy in obedience to the First Consul's repeated and earnest solicitations. Indeed he was really urged into that glorious achievement by Bonaparte. It is probable that, from the moment of Napoleon's elevation to power, his sombre and jealous soul determined to recall the Bourbons, or, at all events, to overthrow the consular government. With this view he became concerned in the treasonable plots of Pichegru and Georges Cadoudal, and was banished to the United States. This was but a postponement of his overt act of treason. He fell, not a martyr to the good of France, but a victim to his own narrow-minded repinings at the good fortune of a man whom he assumed to regard as his *rival*, but who was infinitely his superior both as a soldier and statesman. The fact of his joining the allies is proof



enough of his utter selfishness, and his disloyalty to his country. *Sylla* was a better patriot than he.—TRANSLATOR.

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*“His sceptre and his power.”*

Nothing could equal the affection of Josephine for her children. Whenever her daughter was about to be confined, a courier was despatched for the mother. She would leave on the instant, no matter at what hour of the day, and never quit her for a moment, but continue to encourage her in the most affectionate manner until she was safely delivered, and out of danger, when she would withdraw into another room, overcome by the effort, and fall into tears.

At the time of the death of her daughter's eldest son, who died of the croup in Holland, Josephine was ill. Although the fever had not left her, she started immediately for Lacken, near Brussels, with but few attendants, in order to go and visit that distressed mother, whose anguish was so overwhelming that fears were entertained that she would go mad. What must have been Josephine's feelings at finding her in such a situation!

She was inconsolable at the loss of her grandson, and the more so because Bonaparte, on hearing of his death, had said, “*'Tis a sad thing for Josephine. High hopes rested upon the head of that child.*” The project of repudiating his wife, *although it had been previously suggested to him*, dates from that decisive moment. His brother's two other sons never seemed to him fit for the succession. Moreover, he wanted a lineal heir, and Josephine began now to lose all hope of giving birth to one.

Napoleon thought of nothing less than the subjugation of the world; and, speaking of his two nephews, used to say, with a smile, “One of them shall wear the *tiara*; as to the other, I will make him *sovereign of the East*. His kingdom shall be composed of Upper and Lower Egypt, &c. Ah, who knows,” continued he, “but it is reserved to my family to reanimate the ruins of the Grecian empire, and to *build a new Athens?*” &c., &c. Thus spake the conqueror. Already had he astonished Europe, but new conquests were still reserved for him, and other nations were to receive his laws.

(5) *Page 35.*

*“I could no longer dispose of my time.”*

Josephine's mode of life was almost always the same; whenever she stopped with a view of remaining temporarily, her time was employed in the same manner. She had what are called *habitudes*, in respect not only to places and pastimes, but to persons.

At the Tuileries, at St. Cloud, and during the grand journeys of the court, her habit was to rise at eight in the morning, take her combing-cloth, and commence her toilette. While her head was dressed, she would glance over half-a-dozen journals, and receive the merchants whom she had sent for, or such other persons as she could not admit into the saloon. When she was fully dressed, which lasted ordinarily about an hour, she would pass into the saloon at ten or eleven o'clock, where she found the *dames de service*, and those whom she had invited to breakfast with her. At noon she sat at table at least an hour. Breakfast was in some sort her only meal, for, on leaving her bed, she was in the habit of taking nothing but a cup or two of tea, with a little citron. I do not speak of her dining with the Emperor, for he was always so engaged in



travelling by the post, that he never had time to eat. After breakfast, if the weather was good, she would ride out in a caleche, and go to Malmaison, or on a hunting party. In case she did not go out, she received calls from all such persons as had obtained the promise of a meeting, of which she was advised either by the *dame d'honneur*, or the chamberlain *de service*. These two functionaries could introduce only such persons as the Empress was not acquainted with, or knew but slightly, whilst all the ladies who were admitted to her court came whenever they pleased without a card of invitation; unless there was a concert or a spectacle, a matter appertaining to the Emperor's chief chamberlain. From breakfast till four o'clock, Josephine would receive two or three private visits in her separate room, or repose upon a sofa; at four she retired to her cabinet, undressed, went to reading, and took a little *punch*. This lasted till five, when a second toilette commenced. She rarely received a call at this time, because it was the hour at which the Emperor came, unless engaged in council; and when this was not the case, he seldom failed. They dined at six o'clock, and she again entered the saloon, where she found the *dames de service*. In the evening, the ministers, marshals, generals, &c., made their calls. Josephine conversed, spoke to every one, and played a game at backgammon or whist. If the Emperor came in, which was never before nine o'clock, he remained not to exceed a quarter of an hour, unless he wanted to form a party at play, and then he would appoint the persons to compose it. His party always consisted of ladies, never of gentlemen. But woe betide his partner! for such was the pre-occupation of his mind that he paid no attention to the card he was playing, and threw out his trumps and high cards without any necessity, and even without noticing his mistakes. No one dared to make any remark upon his mode of playing. After going through with this kind of game, he would leave the saloon, Josephine meanwhile remaining, until the hour of retiring to bed. She usually became so much fatigued during the day, that she found it difficult to fall asleep, and would sometimes converse with her *femme de garde* until three o'clock in the morning. At Malmaison the only difference in her mode of life was, that she saw somewhat less company, and spent a large share of the day in walking, though never alone. After the divorce, Bonaparte used to visit her at Malmaison; he would lead her into the park, remain an hour or so, bring her back to the saloon, and then get into his carriage. She received him with perfect politeness and dignity of manner, would go forward to meet him, and when he left accompany him to the gate of the vestibule.

(6) *Page 39.*

"*Twenty minutes at table.*"

The Emperor was never more than twenty minutes at table, eating little and drinking little. He allowed himself, however, time enough, after his soup, to taste of two or three dishes and a little fruit. He had to be served without any delay; for, unwilling to lose a moment of time, and there never being but one course, his broth had to be replaced nimbly with such meats as he had designated. Otherwise he would make his dessert with an almond or something else. When he rose from table, all the rest had to do the same. He then passed into the saloon, where his habit was to take a small cup of coffee. One would have supposed that the guests he invited to dine, found it necessary to take a hearty breakfast beforehand, or to return and take dinner at home. Those who dined

with him for the first time, or were unaccustomed to his habits, almost starved. They found it impossible to say that they had a kingly repast, although his table was always well spread and well served. But nothing whatever could induce him to remain at it more than fifteen minutes—a circumstance much to the annoyance of Josephine, who was often hungry, but could not find time to satisfy her appetite.

On the occasion of the marriage of Prince Eugene at Munich, which took place at eight o'clock in the evening, all the nobility of the country were invited to supper, which was ordered to be ready at nine o'clock. The cloth was spread for the accommodation of 200 guests, seated in a spacious gallery, the entrance to which was so broad as to allow the imperial banquet, composed of two families, to be so placed as to command a view of the whole of the apartment. The Emperor's table was in the shape of a horse-shoe, and overlooked that of the two hundred guests, illuminating it with the glitter of diamonds and splendid chandeliers. While the marriage ceremony was pronouncing, the whole company were seated; when it was closed, the Emperor seated himself immediately at the table. It being a day of great pomp, he remained with his guests for nearly a quarter of an hour (a thing which very rarely happened), and then went to Josephine, and gave orders that the whole company should retire. The order was given before the table was filled, or scarcely a napkin unfolded. The good Germans were utterly surprised. They expected a splendid repast, but were compelled to go and sup at home.

(7) Page 40.—“AMPULA.”

A vessel in use among the Romans, especially in their baths, where it was kept filled with oil to be used in rubbing the body after bathing. The Christians also made use of the *ampula*; and the vases which contained the oil for anointing the catechumens and the sick, the holy chrism, and the wine for the sacrament, were called *ampulas*. And that is at present the name of a phial, preserved in the church of St. Remi at Rheims, which it is pretended was sent from heaven, filled with balm for the baptism of Clovis;—a fact attested by Hinemar, Flodward, and Aimonius. Gregory of Tours and Fortunatus do not mention it. Some writers of ability have disputed it; others of equal ability have affirmed it; and it is pretended even that there was an order of knights of the holy *ampula* who traced their origin to the times of Clovis. According to Flavinus, these knights were four in number, viz.: the Barons de Terriers, Belestre, Sonatre, and Louvercy. They wore around the neck a ribbon of black silk, to which was tied a cross incased with gold and white enamel, and having four fleurs-de-lis at the angles; at the centre of this cross was a dove holding in his beak the holy *ampula*, received from a hand. On the reverse was the likeness of St. Remi with his pontifical robes, in his right hand holding the holy *ampula*, and in his left the cross. During the Revolution, the *ampula* disappeared from the church of St. Remi at Rheims; but was recovered and carefully preserved by M. de T\*\*\*. It must, it is said, appear again and be used at the coronation of a *young prince*, now a captive, but who shall yet recover the lily crown—according to the *Liber Mirabilis*. While we wait for the fulfilment of this singular prophecy, let us pray that the memory only of our tribulations may remain, and that a firm and vigorous hand may seize the reins of government and prepare the way for the restoration of the throne of St. Louis, by rebuilding the altars of worship. An angel brought the

holy ampula from heaven. A new miracle shall exhibit it at Versailles, at which all good Frenchmen shall wonder. Nothing is impossible in the 19th century. Every hour is but one step towards the accomplishment of the grand purposes of the Deity in respect to France. The tree which hath been cut down near to its roots, will yet send up vigorous shoots, whose flexile boughs shall yet cast a shade that shall extend from the east even unto the west, and make glad the hearts of the people:—

“*Sæpe creat molles aspera spina rosas.*”

(8) *Page 42.*

“*En Representation.*”

Josephine's manner at the audiences she gave was admirable. Her air and attitude were at once dignified, graceful, and seducing. Her mode of expressing herself was gracious, always in choice terms, and with so much ease and fluency that the spectator was really astonished to see a woman talking almost at the same time with fifty persons, from every class of society, from her mantua-maker up to monarchs, and saying something pleasing and appropriate to each of them.

(9) *Page 42.*

“*Tallien into my presence.*”

Shortly after Napoleon was made Emperor, at the close of a private audience which Josephine had granted to Tallien, the new monarch expressed his dissatisfaction at the facility with which that lovely woman received her former friend. “When one is on the throne,” said he, with some sharpness, “he ought to forget everything.”

“Yes,” she replied, “everything but gratitude; and so long as I have done nothing for Tallien, I shall be far from supposing my obligations cancelled.”

“Have you, then,” said he, “forgotten his conduct towards your husband in Egypt? I am a Corsican, and, of course, cannot forgive him.”

“And I am a Creole, and a French woman at heart,” replied the Empress, with spirit: “I recognise my obligations towards Tallien, and charge you, my friend, to acquit me of them. Without the 9th Thermidor, neither you nor I should now be here.”

Napoleon was struck with the force of this reply, and admitted that his wife (he always called her so when they were together at home) was correct; and engaged to devise some means of proving her good will towards that old friend. As for Josephine, she did her utmost to manifest her gratitude towards him, being always disposed to treat him with kindness. She took care of his daughter, and never forgot that it was in part owing to her acquaintance with him that she was indebted for the astonishing consideration which she then enjoyed. But she really did little for the ex-director; her recommendation in his favour was often a motive with Napoleon for refusing him a favour.

(10) *Page 44.*

“*The old court at Versailles.*”

Napoleon stood much upon etiquette. He regarded it as the chief barrier of the throne, and even of more importance than mere politics. Hence he caused an exact and minute account to be drawn up and presented to him of all the ceremonies formerly in use at the courts of Louis XV. and



Louis XVI. He directed the most scrupulous conformity to them, and even added to them. Upon points which to him were doubtful, he would direct the ancient archives of the old monarchy to be searched for precedents. Josephine was not so severe; she admitted to her presence all persons who came well recommended, conversed in a friendly way with them, and entered with interest into all their private matters and their minutest details. But her mode of receiving the functionaries who had governed France during former years was dignified and reserved; and a pleasant smile would play upon her lips on seeing the *French Brutuses* clothed in the livery of Napoleon's court, and adopting all the airs of grandeur which once formed the charm and luxury of the old court of Versailles. Sometimes, while drawing the comparison, the Empress would so lose her gravity, that she had to withdraw to her apartment to give vent to her merriment. "I can contain myself no longer," she would say. "This throng of new courtiers, almost all of whom have sworn eternal hatred to kings and to royalty, are regularly in attendance at the great and the little *levée* of the Emperor, in order to obtain the appearance even of a look from his imperial person, and to repay him for it with the pompous titles of '*Sire*,' and '*Your Majesty*.'"

(11) Page 45.

"*Your looks betray trouble within.*"

"Shade of my father!" exclaimed Bonaparte, the night after the battle of Austerlitz, "I cannot credit thy prediction. What! can you compare my fortune to the inconstancy of the seasons? Surely, never did the seasons exhibit such evidences of permanency. You foretell to me dreadful reverses, and even that I shall be abandoned by all my friends and relatives. Do you not know that they owe to me all that they are, and that mine is the noble ambition of attaching them to me by the ties of gratitude? They cannot be ungrateful. And you even add that those whom I have loaded with my favours will one day be able to forget me, and to *increase my benefits an hundred fold*. In my most trying moments, how much will Josephine be able to contribute to the mitigation of my deep misfortunes, if she shall remain faithful to the duties which friendship shall prescribe, and pity sincerely the new companion who is destined to me—the woman who will have replaced her in my heart. Ah! this is too much; I am invulnerable in the eyes of Europe. My name alone awes Destiny!"

This dream is no fiction; it was several times told by Josephine to her friends; and what is still more astonishing, Napoleon himself was surprised at it, and continued to speak and think about it for many days, although he never dreamed. Whenever Josephine referred to these particulars, it was to advise him to profit by the voice of destiny, which seemed to farewarn him to be on his guard against the advice which might be given him by his friends.

"You are right, madame," he would say: "I know how to guard myself against all their influences. *You are my wife and my friend*. I want none other. Your lot is bound to mine for ever; and woe to that one of us who shall be the first to break our oath."

Such was Bonaparte before the epoch spoken of in the text. He had rejected the advice given him by Lucien. And yet, in 1809, he could not guard himself against the suggestions of the *bees* of his court, who hummed in his ears: "You must separate from the Empress Josephine. A princess



of the blood of the Cæsars will esteem it a glory to give heirs to the great Napoleon. Then will his dynasty be established for ever."

(12) Page 47.

"To achieve that victory."

A tomb has been erected to General Desaix, near the road leading from Strasburg to Kiel. Upon a square cenotaph *en pierre rose*, is placed an immense buckler, a sword and a Grecian casque, of colossal proportions. Four bas-reliefs represent the defence of the bridge of Kiel by Desaix, the battle of Cairo, and the battle of Marengo, where he was slain. His portrait in medallion, and the attributes of Victory form the bas-relief of the foreground; but no inscription appears upon this monument—a beautiful and sublime thought! for the last asylum of the hero ought to be known by all those who know what glory is! A few steps in the rear of the tomb, and surrounded by a grove, is a small one story house, adorned with columns, and intended, doubtless, for the accommodation of the keeper of the monument, which stands near the way-side. What must have been the ideas suggested to our soldiers, by the sight of this monument, when carrying our colours forward into the heart of Germany! The memory of Desaix's exploits; his dust reposing upon our frontier;\* the honours rendered to his valour—the gigantic proportions of his arms!

(13) Page 74.

"Arming themselves against me."

Josephine really had reason to complain of the family of Bonaparte. Joseph could not endure her, while, on the other hand, his wife rendered her the fullest justice. As to Madame Murat, she was by no means careful to conceal her thoughts, and, on many occasions, sought to humiliate Napoleon's wife. In truth, Josephine paid her in her own coin; the two sisters-in-law were continually at war. The princess showed more frankness and less gall. Madame Bacchiocchi† considered Josephine as the earliest instrument of her brother's greatness. "But," said she, "the moment her power becomes unassailable, it must be broken down, and that without pity." She was one of the first to advise that unrighteous separation, which worked so much prejudice to the Emperor and his whole family. Madame Letitia occasioned real trouble and vexation to her daughter-in-law. Their feelings were in perpetual opposition. The one was remarkable for her acts of benevolence; the other for her extreme parsimony. The mother loudly disapproved of the luxury which reigned at her son's court, and charged the fault to Josephine. "She will ruin him," she would often say: "her prodigalities are boundless. Why does

\* The body of Desaix does not rest in this tomb. He was buried in the hospice of Mount St. Bernard. The Emperor caused a mausoleum of white marble to be erected in the choir of the church. It represents the general, expiring in the arms of Col. Lebrun, his aide-de-camp. Those two figures are well designed, and of a fine expression. But a hussar, standing behind Desaix, and holding his war-horse, turns his back, and seems a stranger to the scene. Nothing about this monument calls to mind Desaix's splendid campaign in Egypt—that Desaix whom the Arabs surnamed the *Just*.

† It is natural that gratitude should erect several monuments to the memory of a great man; but why erect several cenotaphs! His mortal remains can be deposited only in one tomb: the others are, therefore, lies, and tend to change the truth of history.—GASSICOURT.

† Eliza, Napoleon's eldest sister.—TRANSLATOR.

she not, like me, enter into the most minute details of her expenses?" And she would then give a lecture upon practical economy. She used to go into the kitchen and keep watch of the head cooks, as well as those employed under them. Nothing escaped her keen sagacity. "Don't forget," said she, "to place plenty of vegetables on the table; they purify the blood, and improve the health; but not much meat: that provokes, without satisfying the appetite."

(14) Page 48.

"But not me."

Josephine was always afraid, and not without reason, that Bonaparte would be carrying on intrigues with other women. And hence arose that kind of constraint which she manifested whenever a young and pretty woman was presented to her. She was for a time afraid of Mesdames de Chev\*\*, Tall., Can., Mar. S. V., Mad'lle A., &c. But she who most particularly excited her jealousy was a young and beautiful lady, who for a short time was attached to her in the quality of *lectrice* (reader). Mad'lle Guill\*\*\* possessed high accomplishments both of mind and heart. She was well educated, to which advantage she united that of great personal elegance. To see and to love her was for Bonaparte but the work of a moment; nor was he slow to avow it. He met with a stern and severe rebuke. But Josephine, who suspected the mysterious feeling, kept watch of him, and finally succeeded in surprising him at Mademoiselle Guill\*\*\*'s feet. The young lady seemed to repel him. "Come," said she to the Empress, on seeing her, "come and remind your husband that he has now forgotten that he is that same Napoleon whose duty is to furnish to his people examples of virtue and wisdom." Napoleon was confused. Josephine immediately sent off her *lectrice* to Paris, accompanied by Madame Fournau, and did not cease, afterwards, to bestow upon her particular marks of her attention. As to Napoleon, he could never forgive that young lady for telling the Empress of the nature of his projects. "She's a little fool," said he;—"I merely wanted to test her virtue—to prove her." When he heard of the marriage of Mad'lle Guill\*\*\*, at present Madame \*\*\*, he said, "So much the better; I shall send her husband so far from France, that she will be glad to come and humble herself before me, and solicit his return. Then will the beauty become human, sigh and weep; I shall remain inflexible, and it will be only by prostrating herself at my feet that she will enable me to avenge myself, in some sort, for having had the weakness to throw myself at hers." According to his ideas, nothing must resist him. And yet he knew perfectly well how to esteem persons who had courage to hold up their heads in his presence. "I rely upon such men," said he, "and know where to find them when occasion requires—their character cannot fail them." As to Mademoiselle Guill\*\*\*, it gave him pleasure to meet her again, on several occasions; though Josephine kept her away from court, and took particular pains to anticipate all her wants, lest Napoleon should find some new opportunity for personal intimacy. "There are," said he, "certain ladies of my acquaintance, whose charms I am for a moment afraid of; but this Mademoiselle Guill\*\*\* inspires me with wholly different sentiments. Her virtue terrifies me, while her generous heart reassures me. But it is best that a price should not be offered either for the one or the other, and to send her away altogether." And thus thought the Empress, who feared the fulfilment of a certain prediction which had been made to her, *that another*

woman should yet supplant her, should occupy her place with Napoleon, and cause her to be exiled.

(15) Page 49.

“You alone continue to inspire me with confidence.”

Bonaparte had long aspired to the imperial purple, and cherished the idea that he should one day surpass Charlemagne. Hence it was that he visited with a sort of religious veneration the tomb of that Emperor at Aix-la-Chapelle.

He crowned Josephine with his own hands. Henceforth she became a necessary friend; for some time previous she was a stranger to his heart.

He fluttered about continually. His discretion in keeping a political secret was equalled by his indiscretion in reference to love affairs; indeed, he was quite fond of making women blush. Such was his conduct towards Josephine, that he made her the confidante of his amours, and accustomed her to the inconstancy which was so natural to him. Often was he seen talking with the woman who had displaced her in his heart.

She early feared he might suffer himself to be governed, but was happily undeceived;—she now possessed his entire confidence. He had need to communicate to her his thoughts, and she often made him acquainted with the underhanded plots and tricks of the courtiers. “Beware of Taill\*\*\*,” said she; “you have offended him; a man of his character cannot bear the thought of being abased by a man of your character.”—*Communicated.*

(16) Page 50.

“The tears I shed.”

Napoleon hesitated a while whether he ought to seat his wife upon the throne of the Lombards; but Josephine was adored in the newly acquired provinces. The Emperor, who was very suspicious, entertained some fears respecting her extreme popularity, and resolved to overthrow the Cisalpine republic, and reign alone; though, in order to flatter that best of mothers, he summoned her son to come and share with him an immense power. Eugene, at the time of his step-father’s coronation at Milan, was appointed Viceroy of Italy.

During Josephine’s stay in those new States, balls and fêtes were unceasing; but Napoleon’s extreme jealousy occasioned her such cutting mortification, that, on arriving at Venice, she was for several days seriously indisposed. And yet that strange and extraordinary man loved her: he could not dispense with her for a single minute. In the midst of the pomp and ceremony with which he was surrounded, he had to run to her every moment and tell her of whatever of curious had taken place, and ask her advice upon this or that scheme which he proposed to undertake. Josephine, during the whole of the journey, did not leave him for a moment; together they visited those magnificent palaces, and breathed the delicious fragrance which embalms the air, along the banks of the Brenta. He stopped a short time at Padua, and showed Josephine the statue of St. Anthony, which, during the wars in Italy, the inhabitants redeemed at the sum of 35,000 francs. Returned to Milan, they remained a short time in the palace situated in the great square, and paid several visits to the town of *Bonaparte*; but the residence to which the Emperor was most partial was Mondozza. Before returning to France, he took a fancy to visit the house of *Pliny*, which is in the angle of the *luc di Como*. At a distance of twenty feet from the spot where it stands, is a cascade,



ninety feet high; and the visitor descends into the house as into a cave, where he finds a fountain which has the ebb and flow of the tide. Josephine was reluctant to examine this curiosity except at a distance, being afflicted with her accustomed headache. But Bonaparte finally persuaded her to accompany him, and, to please him, she did so—such was her devotedness and disposition to oblige him.

(17) *Page 50.*

“*Caprara.*”

During the stay of the Imperial court at Fontainebleau, in August, 1807, Cardinal Caprara, the pope’s nuncio, who was there, was poisoned by a dish of mushrooms. A physician was instantly called in to administer an antidote. The cardinal got well, but his cook disappeared. Wherever he went, the cardinal always carried his papers about his person. In order to get them, it is supposed that Napoleon caused him to regale himself upon a plate of *richly dressed mushrooms*. His eminence’s life was saved, but he lost his papers. In the confusion which followed the attack, they were *stolen from him*. “What a trait in an imperial and royal government!” says the author of the *Cabinet de Saint Cloud*. (The Empress contradicted this statement in my presence, affirming that the only object was to frighten the cardinal, the means whereof were not at all such as stated by God\*\*\*)

(18) *Page 51.*

“*Without adding to them that of sacrilege.*”

In religious matters Napoleon was tolerant. Indeed, he was more than indifferent to almost all creeds, though he seldom spoke about them. He occasionally remarked to Josephine, and particularly at the time of the coronation,—“I do not approve of these conferences which are held in many of our Catholic churches. Of what use are all those arguments, and the *pros* and *cons*? How can that which is inconceivable be proved to the satisfaction of a rational mind? Ah, gentlemen,” he would exclaim, in speaking of the clergy, “have mercy upon us; let alone all your abstract matters; they trouble the mind. The morality of the church is interesting and sublime; Jesus Christ was, in my opinion, a great legislator; he undoubtedly understood the Code of Confucius. And yet the principles of the Son of God appear to me admirable. Yes, Josephine, I honour and revere a priest in the exercise of his functions. He must, indeed, be an extraordinary man, especially if he be sensible of their grandeur, and fulfil them with zeal and piety. But if he want that tolerance which the Saviour prescribes, and is guided by vain, human considerations, that same man whom I looked upon with respect and even admiration, ceases to awe me—especially if his be a heated faith. Then, I say, he acts merely in his vocation like any other man. All men have aims, more or less ambitious, although the ways by which they reach them are different. Some of these paths lead to a relaxation of morals; while others, more difficult for men of feeling to tread, present dangers to the traveller. And yet they are honourable. Nothing inspires me with more respect than a venerable country curate. I would not hesitate to yield him my confidence, and much sooner than to the almoner of brother Joseph (alluding to Cardinal Maury). From the former I might demand a general absolution, while to the latter I might grant the *feuille des benefices*. I have not the courage to approach the table of the



Holy of Holies. I am without faith, and profane. Never was Bonaparte a fervent Catholic, nor shall Napoleon ever have occasion to reproach himself with being a hypocrite—especially on the day of his coronation. In this respect I prefer not to edify the good Parisians. Besides, I will not lie to my own conscience. The time will come, and it is not, perhaps, far distant, when, like certain philosophers, La Harpe, La Lande, and others, for instance, I shall become, if not actually devout, at least quite religious. My friends will then have faith in my complete conversion; and it will be the more sincere that no worldly motive will have induced it; and it will be consoling, indeed, both to me and my friends, that, at the close of my career, I may for ever sleep the sleep of the just. What do you say to that, madame? You don't answer.” Josephine did not like to hear him express himself thus. She honoured her husband, although their sentiments were often opposite, and especially on the subject of religion. She, however, cannot be charged with attempting to innovate upon his principles, although she was convinced that religion was the compass of the state, and that it was the duty of the sovereign to be attached to it, and to show an example to his subjects.—*Communicated.*

(19) *Page 55.*

“*Court balls and concerts.*”

Napoleon personally occupied himself very little with the arts. He cultivated none of them. He viewed a picture or a statue with very little attention. If he was pleased with it at the first glance, it was always fine to him; but no remarks were to be expected from him, either upon its beauties or its faults. As the chief of the state, he encouraged artists because he knew that to be necessary and useful; but never from mere taste. The only art from which he derived a constantly-renewed pleasure was music, in respect to which it was not easy to please him. He detested what is called full band music, and consequently did not like the grand opera. Of loud music he was fond of none but martial; and, if accompanied by the discharge of cannon, it was so much the more agreeable to his ears. But while absent from the parade or the army, he fell into the opposite extreme. He preferred vocal to instrumental music, and was particularly fond of Italian singing. He had in his pay numerous Italian singers, of both sexes, and gave them an annual stipend of 30 or 40,000 francs, without including the presents they received while following the imperial court. The emperor had his private concerts every week, at which he was wholly engrossed in listening. The greatest difficulty was to accompany the singing with the piano. He disliked such an accompaniment exceedingly, and never would tolerate it unless sustained by the rarest talent. In giving his idea of the mode in which the voice should be thus accompanied, he would say—“Gentlemen, give me only a *mere vapour of sound.*” It is certain that sound, when soft and sweet, had a wonderful charm for him; and it was seldom that a person whose voice made a favourable impression on his ear could fail to please him. So far did he carry this passion, that he was charmed with the harmonious sound of a name which happened to be given; but if, on pronouncing a new name, it sounded badly to his ear, he would grit his teeth, pronounce it wrongly, and never remember it; in which case you might be sure the person who bore it displeased him.

(20) *Page 57.**"The debt of gratitude he owes me."*

When the Empress was at Munich to attend the wedding of her son, Prince Eugene, she experienced the greatest difficulty on the part of that court. The queen was then desirous of marrying the Princess Augusta to the Prince of Baden, her brother. Some false and unfortunate expressions had so prejudiced the Princess against Beauharnais, that she had made a frightful picture of him. Her governess, however, possessed, as it appeared, an unbounded influence over her. It was necessary to gain the governess over, and she seemed to be incorruptible. But Napoleon undertook to smooth all difficulties, and succeeded. The marriage took place by the consent of both families.

The same woman who had so determinedly opposed the marriage of her pupil, was, nevertheless, appointed tire-woman to the princess at the time the marriage was agreed upon; and, at the time of the first confinement of the viceroy's wife in Italy (at Milan), she addressed a letter to the Empress, giving her an account of the birth of a princess, and a minute detail of the tender and affectionate attentions of the prince towards his wife, during the pains of child-birth. She compared Eugene to a beneficent divinity. Her letter was written in a tone of exultation which surprised the Empress, and led her to reflect that the judgment is often governed by mere outward circumstances.

(21) *Page 57.**"His study and meditation."*

The eldest son of Hortense, Eugene de Beauharnais, already evinced the highest promise. His disposition resembled that of his uncle, and Bonaparte showed a strong affection for him. "I recognise myself," said he, "in that child. He has the faults of childhood, but a feeling heart." "He has his mother's heart," said Josephine; "a more perfect model could not be conceived." The Emperor cherished the chimera that the little Louis would one day be able to succeed him. "I should," said he, compare my brother to Philip of Macedon, had he given us an Alexander, provided always, like him of old, he cuts the Gordian knot, and restrains and extirpates the factions. The boy," said he, with a feeling of enthusiastic pride, "is worthy to succeed me, *and he may even surpass me.*" But while Josephine was preparing such high destinies for his nephew, death suddenly and unexpectedly cut him off; and thus was broken the reed upon which the great man leaned; thus, like a shadow, disappeared that feeble star, which had shone but with a momentary glow. His body was deposited in one of the chapels of Notre Dame, at Paris, where it still was in 1814, though it has since then been carried to St. Leu, Taverny.

(22) *Page 59.—MALMAISON.*

Josephine had, at Malmaison, a flock of *Merinos*. The shepherd who attended them did not want to be treated as the shepherd of a simple farmer, and, wishing to obtain some mark of distinction, begged the intendant of the gardens to represent to his sovereign that his bed was a very bad one, and that he must have one of feathers. Josephine laughed outright. "My shepherd," said she, "would laugh at me should I insist upon a change of his habits merely because he takes care of my flock; but only think, should I give him a bed of down to-day, he would, in

three months, want to stable my sheep upon my carpets." When Napoleon was travelling, she had a piquet-guard to do service for her. One night, towards morning, she heard marching and coughing under her windows, on the side of the garden. She wondered who it could be that was walking so late at night, when the air was so chilly; she was told that it was the sentinel posted there. The moment she quitted the saloon, she sent for the officer of the guard, and said to him, "Sir, I have no need of a sentinel at night; these brave men underwent enough in the army when they followed it to the wars; they must rest while in my service—I don't want them to catch cold." The officer could not help smiling at Josephine's apprehensions, and the excess of her kindness. The sentinel was dispensed with, and his place never resupplied.

## (23) Page 60.

"*His personal habits.*"

Napoleon slept but little; and at every part of the day, as well as night, he would slumber an hour or two, and then go to work. And it frequently happened that he would wake, and make Josephine get up and take a walk with him in the "little park." She never demurred to the call. He would bring her back, after an hour or so, full of laughter and merriment; she would then again go to bed, and sleep till eight o'clock, her usual hour of rising whenever she resided at court.

## (24) Page 61.

"*Able to perceive them.*"

Bonaparte enjoyed himself at this place, which he saw embellished by the care of Josephine, under whose hands it seemed to assume a new form, and the appearance of new creation. The daily occupations of the Emperor were uniform. His promenades in the "little forest" were frequent, and he was often accompanied by the Empress. She loved to point out to him the objects of art contained in her museum. Sometimes she would lead him to her sheep-fold, and show him, with a kind of pride, her beautiful flock; on another occasion she would contrive to play off some agreeable surprise upon him while visiting her beautiful farm, where she had a number of cattle; thence she would take him to her gardens, and make him wander through them, naming to him all the plants with which they were adorned.\* Bonaparte was quite fond of a country life. He would willingly have spent his time, and it would have been his happiest, at Malmaison, had not the cares of government prevented. He loved to come there, take Josephine by surprise, and play some sly trick upon her.

\* Josephine one day called Napoleon's attention to an *arbre à pin*. He looked about it, and said, "Why, this is no pine tree—I see nothing pine about it." "'Tis," said she, "the name of the tree." 'Tis necessary to study the language of plants in order to understand them." She then told him it was called thus on account of its beauty, and that it was not at all surprising that a man who had, so to speak, been fed upon Cæsar's Commentaries, should have failed to be taught in the school of Buffon and Volmont de Bonmare. M. de Beauplan, intendant of the Malmaison gardens, was present. Josephine asked him the name of a new flower which he was putting in a flower pot. He appeared embarrassed, and replied, "I don't know—I will go and get my catalogue." He went, but before he returned, Josephine had thought of the name, and hastened to tell him—" 'Tis such a plant." The Emperor was struck with surprise at the accuracy of her recollection; and the sapient botanist hath remarked to many persons that he was perfectly astonished at the extent of her knowledge, and the prodigious strength of her memory. Nothing could escape her observation.



Ordinary sports amused him but little. His favourite pleasures were always of a noisy kind.

The second son of Louis Bonaparte was one day beating a little drum, given him by the Empress, and manœuvring his soldiers, and trying in vain to direct their movements. "I'll break that company," said he, with indignation; "they don't keep the step." His uncle heard him scolding his puppets, and laughed heartily at his repartee. "Good," said he; "if you go on you will be a good soldier; you will love to keep up the discipline of the army." "This is the first proof of it," replied the Prince, dashing in the head of his drum. "When my soldiers hesitate to march, or refuse to do duty, I have no need to rally them any more." Bonaparte repeated this anecdote to Josephine, who was much amused by it: he added, "I believe that my *Pope*\* (it was thus he called the boy) will become a great general; and one day, perhaps, a pontiff, wholly temporal."

When the Emperor was at St. Cloud, he was always amiable. He delighted to play slight tricks upon the ladies of Josephine's suite. Josephine would be the first to take it to heart. One summer's evening the whole company were sitting together in a circle, and enjoying the fresh air upon a mossy bank. Josephine, passionately fond of flowers, had some before her. Napoleon, with his hands, scraped up some gravel, and poured it into the cup in which she was preparing her bouquet. The bunch of flowers was spoiled. He went and collected another, and presented it to her in the most gallant style. She was always the first to laugh at his jokes.

He used to talk familiarly with the people in his service, and *thee'd* and *thou'd* them all, or the most of them. He was fond of putting questions. While examining the orangery at St. Cloud, he perceived a man named *Father Oliver*, an old gardener of Louis XVI., old, and sinking under the weight of years, though still able to labour.—"What wages do you get," said he, "my good old man?" "Thirty sous, sir," was the answer. "Why are you not dressed like my house servants?" "I don't know; the undertakers, I suppose, lay the money one side to pay my rent when I die." "Here," said the monarch, "are twenty-five Napoleons to pay thee the arrearages due thee. I shall direct that for the time to come, thou shalt receive yearly a suit of clothes, and an additional allowance. Thou art the Dean of St. Cloud (he is still there); thou hast witnessed more than one reign; thou hast passed through a terrible Revolution without looking back. What matters it what master thou servest, so long as thy orangery is not displaced? It is but just that thou shouldst yet obtain the honours due to thy labours; and 'tis I, my brave old man, who charge myself to bestow them."

In general, Bonaparte freely received into his employment the servants of the preceding reign. He did not consider their fidelity as a crime; on the contrary, that was a sure means of securing his patronage. In this, Josephine imitated him. Both agreed upon that point.

She happened one day to see her principal huntsman (M. Guérin). She was taking a walk with her husband at Trianon. She saw the man take from beneath his waistcoat a medallion portrait, and carefully wipe it. As Guérin was no longer a young man, she supposed it must be the miniature of one of his children, and asked to see it. The man's embarrassment was extreme. He stammered. The presence of Bonaparte greatly increased his fears. The poor huntsman almost fainted. With a trembling hand he untied from his neck a cord of black silk, and placed

\* His holiness, the Pope, baptized Queen Hortense's second son.



the trinket in Josephine's hands. She showed it to her husband, and both asked him how he came by it. "Sire," replied Guérin, who began to be more calm, "I have not abandoned Louis XVI. He was my master, and I shall mourn him as long as I live. While he was in the Temple, I served the masons, who laboured constantly to render his prison more horrible. I was so fortunate as to bring him some comforts, and this portrait is an evidence of the confidence which that unhappy monarch deigned to repose in me." "Ah, yes," exclaimed Josephine, "and assuredly you deserved it." Bonaparte applauded this burst of feeling, and congratulated Guérin upon his faithful and generous conduct. (He had even fulfilled some secret missions abroad in behalf of the royal family.) Napoleon promised him his protection, and assured him that he should never forget an act of such rare fidelity and disinterestedness.

(25) *Page 61.*

*"A Pylades."*

General Bertrand followed Bonaparte to the Isle of Elba, from mere devotion to his person, not his party. And so strong was the dominion of gratitude over his heart, that, foreseeing without passion, and without hope, the event of his re-entry into France, on the 20th of March, 1815, he rushed to Mont-Saint-Jean, as to a voluntary death. From the first, he pronounced against the war in the chamber of Peers; and even at the peril of displeasing Napoleon, dared to counsel peace. No man can ever be so unjust in his appreciation of events, as not to know what was the opinion of Bertrand respecting Bonaparte's gigantic enterprise. Perhaps our astonishment would be less, had the issue of the war been doubtful, or the fortunes of the combat uncertain. But why could not he who, while victorious, loved the friends of peace, have found it more to his interest not to fight at all, than to conquer two hundred and fifty Ciceros of the 19th century?

(26) *Page 62.*

*"Some mysterious design."*

Bonaparte was really superstitious. "I have often seen him," said Josephine, "fall into a terrible rage, if one of his valets-de-chambre happened to place on the left hand what belonged on the right; for instance, his box of razors. He contracted singular habits in Egypt, which probably related to certain practical secrets. In taking off an article of his clothing, he would often throw it over his left shoulder, saying, "*lands*;" another, and add "*castles*," and so on to the end, repeating "*provinces*," "*kingdoms*," &c. I have seen him, while sitting upon the inlaid floor of his apartment, take off his stockings, and throw them both in the same direction; he would then come and lie down by my side. If one of my women happened to leave a light burning, though carefully set aside, he would jump up instantly, and go and extinguish it. He could never look at a lighted candle with composure."

(27) *Page 62.—SAINT-CLOUD.*

Josephine was fond of children, and by no means afraid of their noisy sports, when they seemed to amuse those who were present. She loved to see dancing (though she never danced), and especially when her daughter attended the ball. It would have been difficult to find a woman who could excel Hortense in dancing. The grace and agility of her movements rendered her an object of admiration; and her mother, as well as the other spectators, could not turn their eyes from her. Balls, lively

sports, and charades *en action*, kept Josephine in a constant laugh; and when she was on her short journeys, her evenings were spent in this kind of sport. One evening at Saint-Cloud, shortly after the coronation, the night being quite dark, Napoleon took a notion to play at barriers in the park. He was told that it was not light enough for that, and that there was danger of breaking his head against the trees. But, since it was his pleasure so to do, some twenty torches were lighted, and carried by the valets, so as to light up the ground. The scampering commenced, but, owing to the darkness, they ran against each other's noses, while the valets scudded off in every direction, under the idea of giving light to the sportsmen. Josephine, who was then slim and nimble, ran with great agility, and caught the Emperor by his clothes, shouting out—"You are my prisoner!" By a violent effort, he escaped from her, ejaculating—"I a prisoner? Never, of any one whatever!" He could not then read the future. [No, nor needed. He was never a *prisoner* of war; he was decoyed under the idea that England would permit him the same rights as other foreigners at peace with her. She then, after he had *voluntarily* come within her jurisdiction, violated the rights of hospitality, treated him, not as a prisoner, but as a *slave*, and doomed him to perpetual confinement. He never would have suffered himself to be made a *prisoner*. Sooner would he have thrown himself into the sea, or turned his sword upon himself! Read his letter to the Prince Regent, in which he asks, simply, for a seat at the "hearth of the British people," a letter never *answered* by that base prince, and then judge, whether the heroic soul which dictated it, could, under any circumstances, be capable of a *surrender*! To her shame be it said, that England, whose government had harboured and encouraged the Bourbons and their hired assassins, refused to extend the common rights of hospitality to Napoleon. But the day of retribution, though distant, may overtake that haughty and unjust government.—TRANSLATOR.]

(28) *Page 62.*

"*Agreeable to my husband.*"

I have already said that Josephine often displayed a thoughtlessness in her generosity which embarrassed her, and from the effects of which she found it difficult to extricate herself. This arose from her fear of offending, and producing discontent. She was in the habit of receiving, with perfect civility, the actors of the Theatre Français and the opera, whenever they had any favour to ask. I do not speak of *Talma*, who was frequently admitted into the presence of Napoleon and his wife, in order to read tragedies to them, but of those who wished to make a profit by their playing. Mademoiselle Contat, whom Josephine had long known, frequently paid her court to the Empress, at the time she thought of retiring from the stage. She was on a visit, one day, to Malmaison, and when about taking leave of her, Josephine made her promise to come and breakfast with her, two or three days after. Mademoiselle Contat, though sensible of the favour, did not forget that she herself was perfectly versed in the usages of society, and aware of all its requirements and conveniences; and resolved that, although Josephine had, for a moment, forgotten her rank, she would not forget her own. She was, however, pardonable, for having, without much reflection, accepted the invitation.

The morning of the day agreed upon, Josephine bethought herself that she had invited the actress to breakfast, who, she might be sure, would not fail to come. She related the circumstance to a confidential friend,

in a way that sufficiently showed her embarrassment. Her friend told her she must find some means of avoiding the breakfast, which could, on no account, take place, without producing an unfavourable effect. After casting about for excuses, it was finally concluded, that the most honest one would be to feign sickness. Mademoiselle arrived, and was met by an attendant, who told her that the Empress was afflicted with a terrible headache, that she was in bed, and utterly unable to see company; that she much regretted this unseasonable attack; but that, if Mademoiselle Contat would pass into the octagonal saloon, she should be served with breakfast. The latter, probably, now began to take the hint, and instead of passing into the little saloon, she immediately jumped into her carriage, and returned home to breakfast. Everybody knows how much grace and gentility that famous actress wore in her face; but it was remarked that henceforth her looks became less amiable.

(29) Page 62.

*"The smallest details."*

The return of Talleyrand to France presents some curious incidents of a private nature.

Madame de Staël took a deep interest in the return of the *Bishop of Autun*; but his name was on the fatal list, and he could not safely re-enter France. What was to be done? Madame de Staël presented herself to Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\*, and besought her to unite her influence with hers, to obtain from the Directory the erasure of his name. They were of opinion that Talleyrand ought not only to be recalled, but appointed to the ministry. The matter was attended with great difficulties. As an emigrant, and a *ci-devant* noble, his claims, if any, must appear ridiculous. Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\* agreed to speak with Barras about it; but at the first allusion to the subject, he utterly rejected the idea, and said to Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\*: "I really know not which of us is sleeping, or which waking. If you are in earnest, either you or I must have lost our senses." "Ah!" said she, "why do you think it impossible? On the contrary, it is, in my judgment, an entirely politic act; for the moment Talleyrand consents to accept the office of minister, your government will be consolidated, and your personal power greatly augmented and confirmed. His name alone ought to form an exception to the general rule. The Bishop of Autun is a man of learning, and thoroughly acquainted with the policy of European courts. Under the circumstances, it seems to me, that man becomes necessary to you. I certainly have no personal motive to desire his return. What I have said has no other aim than to enable you to avail yourself of the mental resources of a man of profound erudition, who has travelled much, and seen much. Now that he has returned from the United States, and gone to the continent, what will his restless spirit employ itself about? Perhaps, in pamphleteering against you. Well! by attaching him to your cause, and paying the debts he has left unpaid in France, you will gain a partisan who will owe you an obligation; and it seems to me that this course becomes you much better than to continue his proscription. Reflect! Director," said she, on leaving him.

When she again met Madame de Staël, she told her the result of the interview, and how little hope she had of effecting Talleyrand's recall. She, however, engaged to renew her efforts, but upon the condition that Madame de Staël would not meddle in the matter:—"For," added the



keen-sighted Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\*, "no wit must be shown with such men; they would not understand you; and it might throw the bishop's affairs all out of gear." Some days passed in useless parleys, before Barras began to see the force of Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\*'s argument. But he despaired of gaining Carnot. "He is," said Barras, "an intrepid man, a real Cato, and has all the Roman's inflexibility and disinterestedness." Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\* made no remark upon that subject, but immediately wrote to Talleyrand, advising him to repair to the favourable director. Barras was wholly ignorant that the Bishop had already, in some degree, gained the confidence of the modern Aristippus; and the consequence was, the erasure of his name from the lists of proscription, and the promise of being elevated to the ministry. On his arrival, Talleyrand's first visit was to his officious friend. She made him sensible that for his own sake he ought immediately to present himself to the Directory. "For," said she, "'tis useless to conceal from you the fact, that the decree of radiation, passed in your favour, was reconsidered, three days ago, and that your name is now restored to the lists of proscription—the tablets of the modern Sylla." She immediately conducted Talleyrand to the Directory. The guard at first refused to admit him, and compelled the bishop to leave his cane behind, although it was to him a necessary support. In passing up the steps, he leaned upon Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\*, saying, with perfect composure—"A pretty government this, whose members are afraid of getting a caning." Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\* was surprised at his perfect self-possession at a moment when he had everything to fear. When in the presence of the directors, he captivated them by his language and the originality of his replies. He spoke to Carnot the language of Franklin, who, on being asked what he did in America, answered, that he sold cabbages out of a cart, in New York, with Madame Dillon. To Barras he gave some hints respecting his nobility, and the perpetual constraint and disgust which such a man as he must feel at being assimilated to such models even as Rewbel, who recognised in our prelate a profound intellect and extensive acquirements. Talleyrand at length gained a complete victory over the Directory.

Madame de Staël often showed an ambition to excel in conversation. "Let's be still," was Madame Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\*'s constant reply. "This is not the place for wit, but for flattery; we must use a style of softness, sweetness, supplication, lowness; and, when proper, of irony and superiority;—these are the shades which are necessary to the picture; all the rest is out of place here;—for mere sentiment has here an artificial appearance, and is not to be met with except under some foreign and unusual garb." A few days after Talleyrand's accession to the ministry, he gave a great dinner to the principal directors. Madame Le Tourn\*\*\* was present, and at the conclusion of the feast, remarked to him—"Citizen minister, your installation in this hotel must have cost you dear." "Citoyenne," replied Talleyrand, with a bow, "*a great deal* \* \* \* \*." He had thus to adopt the tastes, the language, and even the dress of the times, in order to keep his place.

(30) *Page 66.*

"*A rival.*"

The Empress was often seriously affected by the tales told by evil-minded persons at court. Those lying drones, whose smiles concealed calumny, dared to repeat in the saloons that Mademoiselle Beauharnais,



wife of Louis Bonaparte, was favoured, in a very particular manner, by her illustrious step-father. And they even went so far with their imprudence and malignity, as to state that her eldest son had a double affiliation with the Bonaparte family. "These stories," said Josephine, "hurt my feelings; I know Hortense; I pity her; you see that I suffer for two; I would fain forget such tales; they are unworthy of my daughter and of me; my husband merely treated her with kindness, and nothing more. Often did that unhappy wife, while the eyes of the courtiers were upon her, hasten to her mother, and pour out her griefs in her bosom—while the rest of the company supposed she was spending her time in social amusements. Had I listened to the insinuations of some of the courtiers, I should have drunk the cup of jealousy to the dregs; but I must repeat it, my daughter is as pure as an angel; she will hereafter be better understood."

(31) Page 67.

*"The lady who was to replace her."*

Jerome Bonaparte's first wife was a Miss Patterson, whom he married in the United States. Her family was highly respectable, and had rendered him the most urgent services during the first part of his residence in New England. Everything seemed to promise that happy pair that the ties which bound them were woven with flowers; and in his exile the young man had occasion to exult a thousand times in the choice he had made, and in the good fortune of having a son by Miss Patterson.

The sudden elevation of Bonaparte, and that singular destiny which placed him on the throne of France, necessarily changed the condition of his family. Jerome was recalled by his brother, and found it necessary to obey. He left the cradle of his son, and separated himself for ever from a wife whom he had sworn to protect. But the glitter of a crown could not but be singularly flattering to the vanity of a young man of a light and ardent temperament. And yet it must, to his praise, be said, that he did not forget Miss Patterson. He preserved a tender recollection of her, and, though afar off, watched over the fortunes of her son.

The kingdom of Westphalia was offered him as the price of his obedience to his brother's command. Thus it was that Napoleon influenced all his relatives. Lucien alone maintained his pride and haughtiness to the last, and refused to repudiate Madame Jeauberteau, whom he had espoused. Jerome, more docile, consented to give his hand to Princess Catherine, of Wurtemberg; and Cassel became the capital of the new estates given to him. His second wife succeeded marvellously in attaching to herself the most volatile of men. That woman, worthy of the throne of Westphalia, made many partisans and warm friends. Indeed, nobody could deny the noble qualities of her heart. At the commencement of her reign, she was generally supposed to be without much strength of character; but the events of 1813 and 1814 developed a remarkable degree of courage in her, and added wonderfully to that energy which she had displayed from the commencement of her husband's misfortunes. There is something very singular connected with her personal history:—the fact, which time will not fail to record, that it was predicted to her *in writing*, in 1808, and again in 1810,\* that her happiness should cease from the time there should be a great conflagration in

\* That princess more than once deigned to honour the editress of these Memoirs with her private confidence. What is stated above, is perfectly notorious, and cannot be contradicted.

her palace;\* that, shortly after, troubles should break out in Westphalia; that she would find herself under the necessity of flying from her kingdom in disguise; that she should come to France, where new troubles would await her. Then (it was added) "you will be forced to escape again, and you will even shun the one of your relatives who shall be near you. Your effects shall be almost entirely dispersed; many persons shall appropriate them to themselves; and when this shall happen to you, you shall be with child of a son."

(32) *Page 70.*

*"Madame Letitia."*

Madame Bonaparte, the Emperor's mother, was very cleanly in her private habits; always dressed like a young woman, she wore robes of muslin or white lawn, with a wreath of flowers upon her head. She had been a very handsome woman, and at this period still preserved the traces of her former beauty. Napoleon very often reproved her on the subject of her dress, which he regarded as ridiculous for a woman of her age, and yet too plain for a court dress. He directed Madame Bacchiocchi to take Madame Letitia to the celebrated Lenormant, and get a full suit of clothes becoming her age and rank. Madame Bonaparte, after some urging, consented to go; but, on arriving at the shop, everything seemed of too high a price for her, and she wanted to return home empty handed. But Madame Eliza held her back, made a purchase of a thousand crowns' worth of silks, and forced her to take them; which made the good dame sick for several days, overwhelmed with chagrin at having spent so much money.

After the departure of Lucien, her son, Madame Mère occupied his house. She paid 1200 francs a year to his ushers and valets-de-chambre, to whom, however, she did not furnish provisions. Her three cooks had only one dish-cloth, one apron, and one towel a day. She retained her old water-bearer from the faubourg St. Honoré, who furnished her this liquid for five centimes a load, and who, in addition, drew well-water to wash and rinse her dishes. The good dame would not board her servants, though she left them the fragments; and bought, ordinarily, only three half-pound loaves of bread a day, which she shared with an old chambermaid, whom she had brought with her from Corsica, and who had been her servant for thirty years. Whenever Mesdames Eliza and Pauline wanted a frolic, they would go and ask to dine at their mother's, and would always have a great laugh at seeing her, on their arrival, send right off to the baker's for bread. After her son obliged her to keep house, the old chambermaid kept herself, during the repast, in an entry through which the domestics carried the dishes from the table; and every dish which was not touched, or but partially consumed, the old woman would carefully set aside in a closet, of which she kept the key. They were re-served on the next day, and following days. When any one asked Madame Letitia why she was so careful in her expenditures, she would answer:—"When I had the care of a family, and had to provide for nine children, I got along with less than 100 Louis d'or a year. At present, I have my son Lucien, who is not provided with a place, and whose expenses are great. He will never be able to furnish his daughters

\* During the night of the 21st of November, 1811, the day of a fête at the Court of Cassel, a fire broke out in the palace. The moveables were all thrown out of the windows, and the most precious articles seriously damaged or destroyed.

with a dowry, and I am going to take care of that myself; — besides, it is always best to be economical; you don't know what may happen."

After the disasters of the Russian campaign, Bonaparte found out that his mother had five millions of francs, concealed behind a picture. One day, as she happened to be at the Tuileries, her son said to her: — "Mother, I know you have money, and I shall be infinitely obliged to you, to lend me some—I need it." "Ah, sire," said she, "how they have deceived your majesty; I have, absolutely, only enough to pay my expenses." "It is, I repeat," said Napoleon, "a favour which I expect of you." "And I repeat to you, sire," said she, "that that is all the money I have; — what I had, I have sent to one of our acquaintances (Lucien)." "Well," said he, "I am willing to believe it." The conversation now turned to different subjects. But Bonaparte knew how to manage the matter; and so, some two or three days afterwards, he came incognito, and asked to dine with her. After rising from the table, he busied himself looking at the pictures, and stopped in front of the one which covered the secret deposit. "I shall," said he, "be greatly obliged to you, mother, if you will give me this picture." "In welcome, my son," said she; "I will have it carried to the Tuileries." But he instantly rang the bell for the servants, and ordered them to take it down. Madame Letitia showed some opposition, but Bonaparte would be obeyed on the spot. The picture being taken down, he perceived the hidden packet, and was careful to ascertain, himself, what it contained. He directed the whole to be put into his carriage, and left immediately without saying anything more to his mother, who was so mortified that she could not speak.

Lucien Bonaparte left a well furnished room to the governess of his children, Mademoiselle Annet. Madame Mère found it more to her own convenience, to send her away from the house, and to keep the furniture. Annet complained of this treatment to Josephine, who, the same evening, spoke of it to the Emperor. "What are you thinking about?" said he; "my mother is always afraid of coming to want. Happening to breakfast with her, a few days ago, I observed that the cooks had served her some *mauviettes*; having sucked several without opening them, she took the extreme precaution to put them back into the platter. On my remarking that this was a scene worthy of the pen of Molière, and that she even outdid Harpagon, she replied, seriously, "These dainties will be very gratifying to persons who eat nothing but common food. In this way, my son, nothing will be lost, and I shall make somebody happy."

After indulging in these slight criticisms, I must, in justice, and to the praise of Madame Letitia, say that she loved to do an act of kindness, and that, whenever the object was to influence her son Napoleon to grant a pardon, or repair an injury, she was enchanted in being successful in her suit, and she would herself, with pleasure, send the news of her success to the applicant. She did not approve the Emperor's conduct towards the Pope at Fontainebleau; and, speaking of her son, often said to Cardinal Fesch, her brother: — "Your nephew will injure both his own interests and ours, by acting thus. He ought to stop where he is. *He who wants too much, often leaves off by having nothing.* I fear on account of the whole family; and I think it wise to be ready for every event." Madame Letitia, it will be seen, had the gift of prophecy, and neglected nothing, during the last years of her son's reign, to place her fortune upon a respectable footing, and to shield it from peril, in case of accident.



(33) Page 71.

*"Before my death."*

Josephine had a sister *de lait*, named Lucette, who, from her birth, had been particularly attached to the family. She calculated upon the benevolence of her protectress, to give her her liberty. Not being manumitted as soon as she wished, the wretched creature, who was only twenty-two years old, resolved to poison Madame de Tascher; and for that purpose, prepared some small peas, into which she put some pounded glass. Fortunately, her mistress discovered it in season, and finally, compelled the guilty Lucette to own it. The spoon, which Madame de Tascher was bringing to her lips, was filled with them. That generous woman, however, strove to save the life of the slave, by sending her to St. Thomas. But the affair created too much sensation to permit her to go unpunished, and she was condemned to be burnt alive, which punishment she underwent. All Madame de Tascher's efforts to save her were useless—she could not obtain even a commutation of the sentence. It is said that this woman, so benevolent, and so addicted to practical good works (everybody on the island knew that her house was at all times the refuge of misfortune), more than once felt all the agonies of dissolution. After experiencing the keenest suffering for a long time, she died of a cancer, having spent a life devoted to benevolence and philanthropy.

During the most prosperous and wonderful portion of her daughter's career, she refused to accept anything from her. "I have," said she, "more than I need, for there still remains to me wherewithal to alleviate the sufferings of my countrymen; that is enough" (she wrote to Josephine); "I am not fond of greatness, and am afraid of it; its shadow seems to me so fleeting, that I have little faith in the permanency of your good fortune. But, meanwhile, enjoy the present with moderation, and beware you do not trust too much to the future. I distrust courtiers; I hold them in horror; the ambition of your husband will ruin him. Could I have confidence in his continued prosperity, I might occupy at Martinique a rank worthy of you. Alas! my Josephine, my beloved Josephine, I regret but one thing, and that is, that your brilliant position will not permit you, as heretofore, to come and beautify with your presence, my solitude of the *Three Islets*. Then should I have nothing more to desire in this world. I might then press you to my bosom once more before I die."

Madame de Tascher died in 1807. Josephine was the more afflicted at this event, that she could make no public manifestation of her grief. She wept for her mother in the silence of midnight, and wore mourning in her heart, although unable to display its outward signs. Josephine, now become Empress, was forced to submit to the rigorous rule prescribed by her rank; and, as Madame de Tascher was not, like Madame Letitia, recognised as queen dowager, the court wore no symbol of mourning. Bonaparte was not an admirer of Madame de Tascher's character. "She is," said he, "a country-woman (*bourgeoise*), in the true sense of the term. Her ideas are contracted; talk to her about the labours of farming, and the best mode of enriching the soil, and add thereto a dissertation on hens and hares, and you will see her face lighten up. She will tell you—'I prefer this peaceful mode of life to the first throne in the world.'"

Such was Madame de Tascher during her life. She refused all the favours offered her, and was so disinterested, that she returned to her daughter the diamonds which adorned the portrait of the wife of an Em-



peror. "The picture," said she, "is sufficient; I recognise in it the features of my beloved daughter;—I need nothing more." She had a picture representing Napoleon, and took pains to keep it hung up in an unfrequented room. "I am afraid," said she gayly, "I may be seized with the mania of governing, and have, therefore, been careful to put the picture away, so as not to have before me anything which can suggest that idea. That's glory enough for my family; I want no more; I am afraid of reverses, and the causes that lead to them."

(34) *Page 74.*—BERLIN.

Napoleon made his entry into the Prussian capital on the 27th of October, 1806. To the municipal council who were presented to him, he said: "Gentlemen, I hear that nobody's windows have been broken. My brother, the King of Prussia, ceased to be king on the day he neglected to hang Prince Louis-Ferdinand for daring to break his ministers' windows." To Count Néale he said:—"Ah ha, sir, your women have made war;\* behold the consequence! you must restrain your family.—No! I don't want war; not that I distrust my power, as you suppose, but, because the blood of my people is precious, and not to be shed but for their safety and prosperity. But the good people of Berlin have become the victims of war, while those who have provoked it have saved themselves by flight." To M. de Hatzfeldt he said, "Sir, do not present yourself to me; I do not want your services; retire to your estates." On leaving, he ordered Hatzfeldt to be arrested, because, as some thought, Hatzfeldt's interest required, either that Napoleon should show himself magnanimous and clement towards him, or, that he should be shielded from the reproaches of the court. However that may be, Napoleon caused Madame Hatzfeldt to burn, with her own hand, the only letter which could have testified against her husband. To some, this was a sublime act, while others regarded it as a petty trick, that lady being too much overcome by her feelings to verify the date. This act of generosity, however, secured to the Emperor of the French a high reputation for clemency.

(35) *Page 77.*—FRIEDLAND.

The battle of Friedland, fought and gained by the French on the 14th of June, 1807,† led to the interview between the two Emperors on the Niemen. Here was realized what Napoleon had promised himself at the time of his conference with Francis II., Emperor of Austria, in the bivouac at Austerlitz.‡ "That pavilion on the Niemen," said Napoleon,

\* In a letter, written by the daughter of M. de Néale, she said—"If Napoleon does not want war, he must have it."

† During the battle of Friedland, gained by the French on that day, the Emperor was stationed in front of his guard, which was kept in reserve behind the lines of battle. For some time he was without any news from his main army; and such was his impatience that he rolled on the ground in an indescribable rage. At length an officer arrived, and, while still at a distance, exclaimed, "Sire, Königsberg is taken!" Getting up instantly, he repeated, "Königsberg! Königsberg is taken! Good; peace is made; I have it in my pocket."

‡ On the 24th of September, 1805, Napoleon left Paris, arrived in Strasburg on the 26th, and crossed the Rhine on the 1st of October. From this time his progress was but one continued triumph. On the 16th he was at Augsburg; on the 19th Ulm opened its gates; on the 14th of November he entered Vienna; and on the 2d of December his troops triumphed at Austerlitz. The definitive treaty of peace was concluded, and signed at Presburg on the 26th of December. The Emperor of Germany renounced the possession of Venice, which was to be annexed to the Kingdom of Italy; he also recognised the new Kings of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, and agreed to deliver up the possession of all the towns, forts, and territories ceded, within the space of six

“had a great advantage over the different European palaces which I have occupied. There was about it an air of sincerity which even now excites my wonder. Except as to my principal project, I explained myself freely and fully to my brother Alexander. The King of Prussia is indebted to him for his crown. I myself wanted to dismember his dominions—a superb operation!—people, things—all would have been new.”

(36) Page 80.

*“As long as Saturn shall live.”*

The unfortunate Queen of Prussia knew Napoleon well. “Never,” said that princess, “never will Europe be quiet while that son of Saturn shall reign: he is the god of lightning. To-day his projects are gigantic; to-morrow they will be sublime, and he be able to execute them. He can do anything and everything with an army so brave and so fond of glory. Ever true to his flag, that wonderful army will only rest long enough to revisit the happy shores of their own country, and then return to impose conditions more severe perhaps than ever, conditions which fatal necessity and the fear of passing under the yoke of a foreign nation may make it necessary to accept;—for man cannot exempt himself from the law of necessity. The minds of men, after the close of a revolution, are slow in becoming calm. That is an inevitable evil. But this evil does not always cause one to renounce his country’s good, or what is regarded as such. In order to prevent the return of the French, and the achievement of further victories by them in Prussia, if ever again—which God forbid!—they are to trouble our repose—I should desire to see them kept out of our principal towns and cities, in order to prevent the spread of their fatal doctrines of, ‘*by and for the liberty of the people.*’ You would have to adopt a constitution at the point of the bayonet.

“In my judgment, the most respectable citizens should be consulted in the concoction of laws, and allowed to deliberate on the necessities of the State; but never to vote. He who acts as executive, but without the concurrence of the nation, legally represented, would hardly be able to propose anything which would be accepted. Where there is violence, the initiatory of laws is a mere nullity. All the sovereigns of Europe may yet escape from the whirlwind of the new errors. They can say, and ought to say to their subjects—‘We reign over you, because our ancestors reigned over your fathers; we reign by right of birth, reserving to ourselves the right to stipulate with our people the form of the institutions by which our power is to be regulated, civil and political liberty secured, and all parties satisfied.’ Then would the conduct of princes be systematic and wise; they would soon dissipate the idea of a *universal republic*, which begins to agitate Europe. Then, indeed, that strange fabric, floating in the air, without support in heaven or on earth, would be seen through; it would vanish with the first breath of the storm. But, it may be asked, would not men say, with Cicero, ‘the name only of king is changed, the thing remains?’ No, certainly. Most monarchies are ancient trees, whose trunks are to be respected. If you would graft new fruit upon their branches, you must prune off whatever

weeks. Napoleon remained fifteen days longer in Germany, giving his attention to the interests of a throng of petty princes, whom he proposed to unite in the alliance and confederation which were signed at Paris on the 12th of July in the following year. These preparatory measures being taken, he returned to the capital, where he arrived with Josephine on the 26th of January, 1806.

obstructs the fruitfulness of the boughs, and cut away with a strong and resolute hand the parasitic wood which sucks up the fertility of the soil. It needs only the disposition, and the evil is soon cured. Europe, resplendent with glory, rejuvenescent in her institutions, would be powerful enough to repress all factions which might spring up in her bosom. The people's love for the integrity of their soil would give them courage to resist all future attacks from Saturn or his descendants. What Leibnitz said to Charles XII., is here applicable:—"Conquerors are strange people; they seem to imagine that the world is obliged to them for their devastations; they forget that their defeats are crimes against their country, and that their victories are murders committed against mankind." "

Thus spoke that courageous female in the last moments of her life. Her latest prayers were for the tranquillity of her country, and her last thoughts for the happiness of her husband and her children.

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*"Come and reside in France."*

In his youth he was in love with a Polish lady, Madame L\*\*\*ki.—She was one of the women who, after having had a liaison with him, lost neither his esteem nor friendship, and gave him the most touching proofs of affection. At the time of his abdication (in 1814) at Fontainebleau, she repaired thither to bid him farewell; and learning that Maria Louisa had not followed him to Elba, she went there with a son that she had by him, purposing merely to remain there with him as a friend whose society was agreeable to him. But Napoleon would not consent to it, being unwilling to give her husband the mortification of knowing that his wife was near him, although he (Napoleon) had loved her before her marriage; and she remained but three days.—M\*\*\*.

OBS.—This story of the Polish lady has found its way into history, and Mr. Alison has been careful not to omit it. Why was he not equally careful, in his biographical sketches of George the Fourth, to relate the glaring and brutal immoralities of that mean-spirited monarch, and many of his courtiers? The answer is plain—the English aristocracy would not have read his book.—TRANSLATOR.

(38) Page 81.—DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

It was expected that the King of Sweden would have been found in company with the Duke d'Enghien, with whom he was to pass several weeks. The envoys had orders to arrest him; but he was then at Carlsruhe with the Elector of Baden, his father-in-law. The king arrived four hours after the duke's departure, and conducted himself with much courage and presence of mind. He caused the alarm to be sounded through all the villages, and endeavoured to rally force enough to pursue those who had carried off a duke, and pillaged his house; but before the king had reached Ettenheim, the duke was at Strasburg, shut up in the citadel.

The King of Sweden wrote a letter to Bonaparte, which he forwarded by his aide-de-camp, M. Tanart. Bonaparte refused to see the letter, and ordered Tanart to leave Paris in one hour.

Gustavas recalled his ambassador; whereupon Bonaparte ordered Pignuel, Consul-General of Sweden, to leave Paris in one hour, and France in three days.

The King of Sweden, in his quality of prince of the Germanic Empire,



presented to the Diet of Ratisbon a note similar to that of Russia; and shortly afterwards returned to the King of Prussia the order of the black eagle, alleging as his reason, that the Prussian monarch wore the order of Bonaparte.\*

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*"Cashmeres."*

His Excellency, As-ker-kan, made a present to the Empress of some stuffs of remarkable beauty. She distributed them among the ladies attached to her, reserving to herself such only whose colours were most pleasing to the Emperor; Napoleon wanted to see the French cashmeres adopted at his court;\* but as the new nobility imitated the old in matters of the toilette, he found it impossible to influence the beauties of his court, who constituted its charm and ornament. He used to torment Josephine with questions respecting the price of the clothes she wore; to satisfy him she would answer—"Tis Saint Quentin linen." "Ah," said he, "this proves the superiority of our manufactures over those of our neighbours," which greatly amused Josephine, whose dresses were chiefly of the richest of India muslins. Learning one day that Josephine was receiving, habitually, articles of merchandise, smuggled across the frontier of Holland, he fell into a violent rage, and gave instant orders to have them seized before their introduction into France. M. Halsen immediately confiscated the cashmeres. The Emperor observed that she seemed to be in trouble at not receiving any news respecting the articles she was waiting for; he chuckled in secret over the trick he in his turn had played upon her, and remarked, with seeming anger, "Madame, the deepest pang, the severest punishment a husband can inflict upon a wife, is to hide her bonnets, her dresses and her gewgaws. I will pardon you this time, and restore the cashmeres; but I swear to you, that, for the future, I will have every one, guilty of committing a similar fault for your good pleasure, tried, condemned, and executed. Empress, as you are my wife, you are not above the laws; on the contrary, 'tis for you to show an example of obedience to them."—*Anecdote related by M. Halsen, the Collector of Customs at Mons.*

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*"Much amusement."*

All the members of Napoleon's court were in a hurry to call upon the Persian ambassador previous to his public presentation:—all the ladies hastened to taste the tea and the saffron cakes of the illustrious stranger. For some time his Persian excellency was all the rage, and many of our pretty women had their day-dreams about him. He was a handsome man, though surpassed in that respect by his nephew. Each found him-

\* Gustavus Adolphus firmly believed that Napoleon was the Antichrist foretold by the Apocalypse, and consequently always called him "the Beast." On this hypothesis, it was evident to him that the number 666, which the beast was to bear upon his forehead, was included in the name of Napoleon Bonaparte. On the 22d of July, 1807, he wrote thus to the Duke of Brunswick-Oels:—"Nothing can induce me to treat with the beast, because in so doing, I should not only betray my duty and every principle sacred among men, but call down upon myself evil in this world, and in the world to come. Reflect, I pray you, upon what I have written, dictated only by my friendship for you."

† Napoleon detested *shawls*. He loved to see a lady's shape, and used to say that shawls were the invention of hump-backed women, a defect which, to him, was most disagreeable. He did not like to see women without rouge; he thought them always sick.



self perpetually surrounded by a throng of the curious, following them wherever they went; and the parties they gave at their residences were both brilliant and numerous attended. The Empress determined to see them while at their meals. Several ladies of her suite accompanied her; but she preserved a perfect incognito. On being introduced to him, he honoured her with a gracious smile, and presented her a small bottle of rose-water; a kind of present among the Persians, intended as a mark of high personal respect. She tasted several Persian dishes, and expressed her admiration of his excellency's pipe, which was brought to him by two slaves, who kneeled when placing it in his hands. She noticed that the extremities of his nails were coloured with different colours. The ambassador requested Josephine, whose gracefulness of manner struck his attention, to come and be seated by his side on his divan; which she declined. "That honour," said she, "belongs only to privileged persons;" unwilling and unable to make herself known. The ambassador asked her, through his interpreter, Jaubert, whether she was willing to go and reside with him in Persia, and assured her that if she would consent, he would render her situation an enviable one. She replied that she was married, and had two children; that both her duty and interest required her to remain in France, where her destinies seemed fixed. On the day of the ambassador's public presentation, Josephine, adorned with all her graces, received him with dignity and amiability. The air and the attitude of the poor Persian cannot be described; he at once recognised in the Empress the woman he had tried to captivate, and stood dumb. That admirable woman instantly relieved him of his embarrassment, and said, with a gracious smile, and in a sweet tone, "You must admit, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, that I had good reason for telling you I preferred to remain in France. Your offers could not seduce my ambition. If you think well of me you will remain faithful to that beautiful Persian wife of yours." The woman referred to was his excellency's favourite wife. He made a sign of respect, as much as to say to her that he should esteem it a pleasant duty to follow her advice.

(41) *Page 84.*—MADAME BACCHIOCCHI.

This sister of Napoleon had very much his own character; she loved to rule. Having become Grand Duchess of Lucca and Piombino, she established a firm government, founded upon good laws. Her police was vigilant and admirable, but leaving the people a measure of freedom. Her ministry were chosen with judgment. She possessed one of our most sensible men, whose talents were well fitted to organize a new state, and establish it upon a solid basis. That ancient director of the general police of Milan, from the duchy of Venice, became indispensable to the grand duchess; and, thanks to the vigilant care of that political Hercules, Florence and the neighbouring region enjoyed the most perfect tranquillity. He restored plenty. Bonaparte sometimes compared the grand duchess Eliza to Queen Elizabeth. The comparison was far from just; but whenever Napoleon espoused an opinion, or took sides, everybody had to yield.

One day, while conversing with his Uncle Fesch, the latter remarked to him—"It must be confessed, my dear nephew, that the sin of pride is innate in our family. You have inoculated your brothers and your sisters with it, and I am sensible that the bishop's purple does not guard me against it." Bonaparte laughed heartily at the prelate's naïveté, and particularly when the latter recalled to his recollection certain little in-

cidents in the history of his childhood, which went to show that the young Corsican would not suffer himself to be thrown into the shade, even in trifling, ordinary matters. "I caught you one day," said the prelate, "at the age of eight years, reading the history of Cromwell, and asked you what you thought of that celebrated man. '*Eh bien,*' you replied, 'Cromwell is a good work, but incomplete.' I supposed you were speaking of the work, and asked you what fault you could charge upon the author. '*Morbleu,*' you replied, quickly, 'I am not speaking about the book, but the man who is its subject;' and, it seems to me, your majesty has put in practice what you then said, '*All, or nothing!*'"

(42) Page 84.—PAULINE.

There is related a little piece of roguery on the part of Pauline Bonaparte, the Princess Borghèse, which, if true, shows at once great levity of character, and goodness of heart. At the time we speak of, she possessed a high and powerful influence, and could obtain by force what she could not effect by persuasion.

The hotel she lived in, at Paris, although spacious and commodious, was not sufficiently so to please her fancy. Learning that the apartments of one of the two houses which joined her own were exactly on a level with hers, she sent a person to solicit the owner to sell it to her, and offered him a price much above its true value. He was a man in easy circumstances, and attached to a residence which he had so long occupied. He obstinately rejected the proposition. The princess then asked him to lease her a part of the lower story, necessary, as she thought, to accommodate her, and increase her apartments; but the negotiation was unsuccessful, and the matter was apparently dropped on both sides. But it by no means passed out of her mind. The owner was in the habit of travelling into the country during the spring. The moment the princess was advised of his having left, she got ready her workmen of every description. The wall was opened which separated her apartments from that which she coveted; the furniture was entirely removed from the latter, and piled up on the stairway, and the address of the Princess's notary left upon a chair. All the doors leading from the usurped apartment were walled up on the inside; and lo! she was in full possession of the new abode, which she furnished, and decorated in the highest style. But these arrangements were not made without the knowledge of the owner's servant. He lost no time in writing to his master, who, it may be supposed, lost none in returning. Enraged at thus finding himself dispossessed by main force, he rushed to the lawyers, to the judges, demanding counsel—justice. Every one advised him to submit with patience to the calamity, and seek out the notary whose address he had found. Nobody had the courage to send him to Napoleon, who certainly would not have smiled at this high-handed conduct of his amiable sister.

At length, our good citizen went to the notary, who was charged to pay him down the sum that had been offered either for the title of the house, or the use of it for the term proposed. From the silly advice given him, he was led to suppose that a lawsuit would only draw down persecutions upon him, and finding the sum offered exceeded the value of the property, he finally signed the contract of sale, and was glad to get away from so venturous a neighbour.

(43) Page 86.

*"A new army at Bayonne."*

On the evening of Joseph Bonaparte's arrival at Bayonne, his brother determined to cause him to be recognised as King of Spain. In pursuance of this determination, he ordered all the Spanish deputies who were there, to meet in their respective classes and professions, and each one by himself, to prepare a discourse felicitating the new king. These men, commanded to commit their thoughts to writing, met together in the grand saloon of Marac, where each one set himself about writing a speech. Whoever had entered the room, at this moment, would have supposed himself in a college recitation room. The business of composing being ended, the principal deputy of each class was introduced into the ante-room of the saloon. Here he read the discourse to Napoleon, who, like a true schoolmaster, pointed out the corrections to be made therein, with all the pedantry of a college regent. At length, after the speech was duly concocted and settled upon, the deputations were admitted into the presence of Joseph.

The style of composing the speech gave rise to a scene between Napoleon and the Duke de l'Infantado. That nobleman's speech did not express a formal acknowledgment of Joseph as king, but only wishes for the prosperity of Joseph *through Spain, and of Spain through Joseph*. But what Bonaparte wanted was a good understanding, well expressed and formal. He was not a man to be put off with those effusions of mere love or hope; he took fire, and assailed the duke with a volley of words, which were heard in the adjoining rooms. "There must be no tergiversation, sir," said he; "recognise him frankly, or refuse to do so; crime, as well as virtue, must be illustrated by talent. Do you want to return to Spain, and place yourself at the head of the insurgents? Go,—I give you my word I will send you there in safety; but remember, should you again fall into my hands, I will have you shot in twenty-four hours." The duke, however, defended his ground, and seemed not particularly seduced by the offer of a safe conduct. But a new sally from Napoleon overthrew him; the duke gave in, and, enraged by the petulance of his adversary, let fall these words:—"Well, well, sire, I have made a blunder."—*M.M.*

(44) Page 87.

*"Lucien's eldest daughter in marriage."*

When the projected marriage of Charlotte, Lucien Bonaparte's daughter, to the Prince of the Asturias, was announced to Lucien (his consent not having been obtained), far from being dazzled by an alliance with which he had been flattered two years before, and which would have given him for a son-in-law the heir of Charles V., and of Louis XIV., he notified his absolute opposition to it. "No," he wrote to Napoleon, "I will never consent to sacrifice my children to your policy. God may know what are your designs upon Ferdinand; but I know well that you have already done too much against that prince for me ever to call him my son-in-law." This trait of character in Lucien was surely one of those which did him most honour.

'Tis easy to conceive the effect of such a reply on the impetuous Bonaparte, and we are indebted to his anger for a knowledge of the conditions which he had made up his mind to propose to the King of Spain. The Ebro was to become the new frontier of the two countries; the cabinet of Madrid was to be chained by treaties to the fortunes of France; and



numerous garrisons of French troops in the principal fortresses and ports of Ferdinand were to answer for the submission of that prince, now become tributary. Such were the political views to which the King of Spain owed the preference granted him in regard to Mademoiselle Lucien; for Napoleon had also thought of the Grand Duke of Wurtzburg, supposing, apparently, that the latter prince would readily consent to marry his niece. This project had been broached to the young lady, who, on seeing the Grand Duke, evinced an infantile repugnance to him. This was enough. The father, who, with an energy worthy of all praise, had set forth the grounds of his first opposition, was, perhaps, less wise this time. He refused the honour of the alliance again offered him; and, the spite between the two brothers increasing, he imperiously demanded back his daughter. "Give her back to me," said he, "or, braving my proscription and your orders, sir, I will come and take her even in the saloon of the Tuileries." On reading this fierce and haughty letter, Napoleon was highly incensed. "Let her go," said he, "I don't want to hear anything more about it; in twenty-four hours let her be no longer in Paris." The order was executed. Lucien, informed of his daughter's approach, went with his wife twenty leagues to meet her, and, on meeting her, said with transport, "My child, I committed a great fault; but you are restored to me, and the wrong is repaired."—*Mem. Sec. de Lucien Bonaparte.*

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*"The Queen of Etruria."*

The unhappy Queen of Etruria, *eldest daughter of the Emperor*, a denomination which she gave herself, was sacrificed by her adopted father. The French minister, M. d'Aubusson, was charged with the painful duty of signifying to her the pretended arrangement between the courts of France and Spain, which placed the Tuscan state in the hands of Napoleon; it having been six years before erected into a kingdom. On reading this declaration, made in a council extraordinary, the princess not having been informed of it, fainted. She retired into Spain with Louis, the young king, her son, without foreseeing the still greater catastrophe which was in secret preparation for her august family.

"On the 19th of February," (says the Queen of Etruria in her *Memoirs*,) "we arrived without any accident at the palace of Aranjuez, where, after enjoying the pleasure of seeing my parents and my brothers, my first step was to inform myself respecting the treaty. They answered me that they had been deceived, and that no treaty whatever was in existence. On the one hand, I was struck as with a clap of thunder at the horrible treason committed against us, while, on the other, that same discovery afforded me some consolation, and encouraged me to renew my application for permission to return to my beloved Tuscany. In the course of my efforts, my father renounced the crown of Spain, and my brother was proclaimed his successor. I renewed my application to him, and obtained from him the most solemn promise that my wish should be gratified; when, by a second act of treason, he was carried off to Bayonne, and we all forced to follow him. I left Madrid on the 3d of May, having scarcely recovered from the measles, with which I had been attacked. I was utterly ignorant of what had taken place, and the first words my parents spoke to me on my arrival at Bayonne were, 'You must know, daughter, that our family have for ever ceased to reign.' It almost took away my breath. I could not imagine what had happened, never having dreamed of the possibility



of such an occurrence. I bowed to my parents, and retired to my room, more dead than alive.

"Bonaparte being then at Bayonne, I asked permission to see him, but received a dry and angry *no*. I then endeavoured to obtain at least the restitution of Parma, which was also refused me. At length, while I was employing all the means in my power to recover one, at least, of the two states which belonged to us, and of which we had been despoiled by the blackest stratagem, that dreadful event, so unexpected, so fatal, took place—I mean the treaty of Bayonne; in which it was stipulated to pay an annual instalment of 400,000 francs, in consideration of the cession of the kingdom of Spain, by King Charles IV. to Napoleon. In part execution of this treaty, my brothers, King Ferdinand VII., and the infant Don Carlos, with my uncle, the infant Don Antonio, were ordered to repair to Valancey, whither we went a few days after. My parents, with the infant Francis Antonia, left for Fontainebleau, and I was forced to follow them with my children.

"We arrived at Fontainebleau, after a fatiguing journey, and were lodged in the palace, where my father and mother were already established. Napoleon had assigned to them the entire service of the imperial court; ladies, gentlemen, guards, all was at their disposal.

"On the other hand, myself and family had but a small, miserable apartment for our accommodation. My principal care now was to find a house in the country, where I could live in peace with my children, and the small number of persons attached to me; for I had told Bonaparte, while at Bayonne, that I thought it would be much better for me to live separate from my father and mother, with a distinct establishment, conformably to the circumstances in which I was placed—an idea which he seemed to approve. As soon, therefore, as I had arrived at Fontainebleau, I found a pretty country house, called Passy. I rented it, and furnished it for a year. My parents were fully advised of this arrangement, and expressed their entire satisfaction with it; they spoke continually of paying me a visit, saying that the plan was a pleasant and agreeable one. For myself, I went on with my preparations with the most perfect innocence, never imagining that those demonstrations of good-will were simulated; although I began to entertain some doubts on that head, when, being about to leave for Passy, I was refused post-horses, under the pretence that there were none on hand at the moment. I then sent for some livery horses, and took leave of my parents that evening. Being about to get into my carriage with my children, and go to my new abode, where I was expected to arrive the next morning, and before we had reached the inner gate of the palace, I was arrested and forced to return, accompanied by a general, who, in a mournful way, informed me that he had been ordered to arrest me, and to station sentinels in the court of my lodgings; which was done. Thus, to my utter confusion, I had to provide for expenses to which my means were inadequate; for the proprietors of the house insisted that I should satisfy them, and obliged me to pay the rent of the entire year, as if I had had the actual enjoyment of the premises; besides all the expenses they had been at in putting the house in a condition to receive me. I tried to show myself superior to all these embarrassments; but physical strength is not at our command, and my own was so exhausted, that I began to feel the approach of the convulsions to which I became subject three years after, and during the continuance whereof I was not mistress of myself. Everybody belonging to the French court, from the highest rank to the lowest, was touched with pity at such treat-

ment, and commiserated my sufferings, mental as well as bodily. Those nearest to me by the ties of blood, were the ones who showed the most indifference to my distress. They told me it was Bonaparte's business, and that I must write to him. I did so, but the answer I received was exactly what I might have expected, viz: 'that I was wrong, and my parents right.' A few days after, they were ordered to go to Compiègne, and I to follow them, which I did, meeting with a thousand inconveniences on the way. We arrived there on the 18th of June. My father and mother alone had charge of the palace, the gardens, the woods, and all the dependences. An apartment was assigned to me, which rendered the court as uncomfortable as possible.

"On our arrival, I asked for the first month's pension, but learned with astonishment, that the government had seen fit to retain 12,000 francs a month, to defray the expenses of our journey, and other expenses; although it would at least have appeared civil to have charged France with the cost of our journey from Bayonne to Compiègne. But no representations could secure our rights, and I was obliged to submit to this abatement; besides being unable to obtain any pension whatever for my children, although they were infants of Spain. Thus, I was compelled to live upon 33,000 francs, and support myself, my children, and my household. Beseet with afflictions on all sides, my health daily declined. My physician, who knew that my disease was the effect of melancholy, directed me to exercise on horseback, and, occasionally, attend the chase. I adopted his first prescription, that of riding on horseback, as soon as my monthly allowance enabled me to get a horse; and until then, I contented myself with walking out with my children, although it was the warmest season of the year, and everybody else was on horseback, or in a carriage. As to the second prescription, that of the chase, as the woods belonged to my father and mother, I asked of them permission, which was readily granted, but before I was able to profit by it, it was revoked. I was not a little wounded by this disobliging, not to say cruel treatment. The director of the chase offered me a little piece of ground in a small wood, which was his property, asking me, 'Will it be agreeable to you to go upon land which belongs neither to the Emperor nor the King of Spain, but to me alone?' I pray you to accept my offer.' I accepted it, and from time to time visited that spot. I passed in this way the rest of the month of June, the whole of July and August, after which people began to talk about the project of the royal family quitting their present residence, in consequence of the ill health of my father; it was supposed that the climate did not agree with him, and they obtained permission to go to Marseilles. They then declared that it was their absolute will that I should accompany them still, and employed every means of persuasion to gain my consent. But I this time succeeded in remaining where I was, giving them to understand that my family, my interests, and my privileges, were wholly distinct from theirs, and that it was better that we should be apart.

"They left on the 16th of September, and I occupied the palace after them. I now renewed my application for an increase of pension, and for that purpose sent different persons from time to time with letters to the Emperor, stating the grounds of my claim, but he returned only ambiguous and inconclusive answers, or no answer at all. At length, an order came that I should retire to Parma, where, it was said, the Colorno palace, with all its dependencies, was assigned me. Marshal Duroc, Duke of Frioula, informed my chamberlain that he had come to speak with me about my affairs; that Bonaparte wished me to retire to Parma; that he

had given me a palace, and that immediately upon my arrival there, my pension should be augmented to 50,000 francs. He insisted, also, that I should leave by the 5th of April, although my son was seriously sick, and I myself only now recovering from a severe indisposition. All this could not suffice to retard our journey a single day, and we set out on the 5th of April, nine months after my arrival at Compiègne. Just as I was leaving, I received a letter from Napoleon, wishing me a happy journey, and saying that my presence would cause great joy in the country I was going to, without mentioning its name. Thus our journey commenced; it was prosperous as far as Lyons, where, to my astonishment, I found that my people had been sent on before me, and that the hotel at which I was set down was surrounded by men-at-arms. The commissioner of police made us a visit, followed by the prefect, who showed me an order of the government purporting that I was to go to Nice, and not to Parma. The prefect added in a peremptory manner, that convenience required that I should leave immediately, although it was then midnight. Nevertheless, we obtained permission to stay where we were till morning, but they did not leave us while we were here. The commissioner of police remained all night in the ante-chamber, the gens-d'armes waiting below. We left the next day, but were taken to Avignon by water, and although the boat was procured at our expense, we were compelled absolutely to walk, according to the will and pleasure of our conductors, seized with cold and hunger, and maltreated, simply because I complained of the change of my destination. We continued our journey by water for three days, at the end of which we took the land route for Avignon. At length, on the 18th of April, we arrived at Nice. From this place, I forwarded a pressing request for an increase of the pension promised me, when I should arrive in Parma. But supplications and remonstrances were all in vain, and the system was adopted of not answering me at all. I was then in deep affliction; no respect was paid to my family, but the most trifling order which arrived relating to us, was executed with a rigour that kept me in constant terror and alarm. I finally conceived a plan of rescuing myself and my children from the tyranny to which we were victims; and took all measures which I thought necessary to give my project success; but, unfortunately, when on the point of executing it, towards one o'clock in the morning, a colonel of the gens-d'armes entered the house where I was, with a detachment, while other men belonging to his brigade scaled the two garden walls. My house thus suddenly became a court of justice. The soldiers were armed with hand-cuffs, ropes, and two sacks. They entered under the pretence that an Englishman was within. Sentinels were posted at each door, and the strictest search made throughout the house. They seized all the papers they wanted, took away my equerry and *maitre-d'hôtel*, and sent them to Paris. My pension was now suspended. The government, who had discovered my project, permitted it to proceed to the very moment of execution; and then followed that insult, too gross to be inflicted even upon a plebeian, that of filling my house with police officers, who remained there for two whole hours. After this, four months passed, during which the offence seemed to be forgotten. Seeing that all my hopes had completely miscarried, I wrote to Bonaparte himself, assuring him that all the blame ought to fall on my head, and exculpating all those who had been suspected of having espoused my cause.

“Four months had passed, since I made those representations, when I learned that a public personage, preceded by a military commission, had



commenced proceedings against me. At the end of four days (August 1st), when coming from church, where I had been to assist at the jubilee, I met the commissioner of police, with my sentence in his hand, which to my great confusion had been publicly pronounced. After having read it, he announced to me that, through the Emperor's clemency, I should only be shut up in a monastery with my daughter, and that my son should be sent to my father and mother. Twenty-four hours only elapsed between this order and its execution. In that short space of time, I was doomed to separate myself from a son whom I tenderly loved, from my household who lost all in losing me, and from all my property, which fell into the hands of the spoilers. I travelled day and night with my daughter, with only one lady to accompany us, a *femme de service*, and a physician; and, to complete our company, we had that same miserable commissioner of police along with us, who showed the most brutal insensibility on seeing me shed tears for my son, who had been torn from me. Every hardship which he could make me undergo, in the course of our journey, he inflicted, and we were more than once exposed to the insults of the populace, who could not see a wagon, filled with women, following us, unless accompanied by a police officer. And thus, at the end of some six days, we arrived in Rome. At the last post I was placed in the care of a Roman policeman, and, at about nine o'clock at night, we reached the monastery, where the prioress, with a simple countryman, came to the door to receive us. Neither bed, nor supper, nor chamber was prepared for the Queen of Etruria and her daughter.

"For two years and a half I remained in this monastery, seeing or speaking to nobody whomsoever, and without being permitted to write a letter or receive any news, even from my own son. I was put into a chamber which overlooked the interior court, but was forbidden even to look out of the outer windows. Exactly one month after my incarceration in this convent, Janet, the intendant of the treasury, came to visit me, and to take away the few jewels I brought with me; after which there was assigned to me a pension of twenty-five hundred francs a month for my maintenance. I had passed eleven months in the convent when my parents came, with my son, to Rome, July 16th. I was in hopes my liberation would immediately follow their arrival. Far from that; instead of diminishing the rigours with which I was guarded, I was placed under still more stringent orders; and to such lengths was this severity carried, that my father and all the members of the family were prohibited from visiting the convent, or sending an express thither. Once a month only, and sometimes less frequently, General Miollis brought my parents and my son to see me. But I could not bestow a kiss upon that beloved child, nor look upon him even, save at a distance and always in presence of witnesses. These visits, as rare as was the indulgence, never lasted more than fifteen or twenty minutes. I remained in this forlorn situation for two years and a half, so utterly cut off from all communication with the world, that, whenever a stranger visited the monastery, I was ordered to shut myself up in my chamber, and not to leave it until the prioress had informed me that the visitor had gone. General Miollis came often, not only to visit me in his capacity of jailer, but to insult my woes by his sardonic grin and insolent language. During the last month my health had suffered so severely that I was obliged to keep my bed; my physician, as well as the lady superior herself, sent pressing requests to Paris to obtain, if not my enlargement, at least liberty sufficient to allow of my taking exercise. But no answer was returned.



Perhaps nothing would have been more gratifying to the court of France, than the news that I had died in prison, the death of a member of the house of Bourbon being to them a subject of joy and exultation; and that joy I must certainly have given them, had my cruel situation continued much longer. But Providence, who watches with particular care over innocence, opened a new way for my deliverance. By the treaty concluded by Murat with the allies, Rome was occupied by the Neapolitan troops, and I began to breathe freely, in the expectation of a change of government. Miollis used all his efforts to shut up my relations within the chateau, and threatened to send me to Civita-Vecchia, where Heaven knows what he would have done with me. Meanwhile, on the 14th of July, all unexpectedly to me, a strong Neapolitan guard came to the convent, and, on the day after, General Pignatelli called to inform me that, immediately after the arrival of the Neapolitan troops, he had seen fit to send me a guard of honour, to be at my disposal. On the 17th of the same month, the government was changed, and the new governor, M. de B\*\*\*, came, and informed me that I was at liberty. I told him I accepted my liberty, but would use it only to take air and exercise, until I had arranged my affairs; and that my object was to procure a house in which I might reside with my son, a residence under the same roof with my parents being, for many reasons, out of the question.

"Nevertheless, on the following day, as I was going to dinner, General Pignatelli came to receive me, and, without permitting me to eat, without any regard to the inhuman treatment I had been subjected to, and no longer addressing me as a free person, announced in a harsh way that I must quit the convent and repair to my father's house. Nothing which I could say moved him. He persisted in his injunction, at first with an appearance of politeness, but afterwards with threats of constraint, having, as he said, soldiers in the convent ready to employ force against me. I was compelled to obey, and was carried in a miserable carriage to the residence of my parents. My only consolation was that my son would be with me; I was ever a victim, under whatever circumstances. A shabby apartment was assigned me. One table only had to suffice for the whole family; and although, as an especial favour, my expenses were defrayed for one month, I was, at the end of it, deprived of that condescension, and compelled to seek elsewhere wherewithal to procure my support;—but how was that to be done?

"As soon as I had left the monastery, I demanded an increase of my allowance, since it was impossible for me to live upon 25,000 francs. Having spoken to Murat, and written him repeatedly on the subject, he entered a decree on the 6th of February, raising my pension to 33,000 francs; I began by drawing 22,000 francs of this fund; but, on reaching the last third thereof, which would have exhausted it, I was informed that on the day before, another decree had arrived, dated the 6th of February, whereby the first was annulled; that there was now allowed me only 1,000 francs a month, and that the small sum which had been advanced me out of the last third would be retained for the months of February, March, and a part of April.

"Such is my luckless history," continues the Queen of Etruria. "I could write volumes on the subject. You see what have been the vicissitudes of my fortune. I am at present in deep affliction, degraded and forsaken. I trust that England, the asylum of unfortunate princes, will not refuse to take under her protection a mother and an unhappy widow, with two children dependent upon her, and all three without support;

although possessing incontestable rights as infants of Spain, and proprietaries of the States of Parma, Plaisantia and Guastalla, as well as of Etruria."

(46) *Page 91.*—ESCOÏQUIZ.

The Prince of the Asturias, before going to Bayonne, had received intimations from all quarters, which should have dissuaded him from his proposed journey. What fatality lead him on to his ruin? Well informed persons warned him not to deceive himself. Every member of his council was compromised in the affairs of the Escorial and Aranjuez; they had the prospect before them of perishing on the scaffold in case the Prince of Peace should regain the reins of government; and therefore felt strongly tempted to go to Bayonne; because, not suspecting the treacherous designs of Napoleon, such a step tended directly to procure the recognition of the Prince of the Asturias as king, who would then become their safeguard against the vengeance of Charles IV., his wife, and especially Don Godoy, the Prince of Peace. They, particularly the prebendary Escoïquiz—(whom Napoleon used pleasantly to pat on the cheek in their familiar conversations)—Escoïquiz, and the Duke del Infantado, imagined that Napoleon would not refuse the advantages which they perceived in offering the prince's hand to his niece. Afraid of being anticipated in their efforts by Charles IV. and his queen, who might possibly divert Napoleon from this project, they hastened to Bayonne, and thus to their destruction.

(47) *Page 92.*—VALANCEY.

On their arrival at Valancey, a chateau belonging to Talleyrand, Napoleon sent to the Spanish princes several purveyors with orders to furnish them whatever they might stand in need of. While the unhappy grandchildren of Louis XIV. had anything of value about them, all went well; but when their resources began to fail, they were often left in want of the most necessary articles.

The Empress Josephine really commiserated their lot, and obtained aid for them—sometimes conveying it to them secretly. The inhabitants of Valancey furnished them provisions in abundance, and of every kind. They were closely guarded, being seldom permitted to mount on horseback or to walk in the gardens without guards. A certain Irishman, Baron Kolly, undertook to rescue Ferdinand, Don Carlos and Don Antonio from prison. He introduced himself into the chateau under the pretext of exhibiting sundry objects of curiosity which he had for sale, and had an interview with M. L'Amazaga, the intendant. Whether Amazaga was afraid of being compromised, or of some ambush on the part of Napoleon, and in order to prevent the princes from being induced to take any false step which might lead to a more rigorous confinement, he informed M. Berthemy, the governor of the chateau, of the nature of the project, before mentioning it to the princes. The Baron was arrested on the spot, and sent to Paris. Being asked what means he possessed for effecting their escape, he said that three vessels and a brig were waiting for him off the coast of Quiberon, and that with the relays of horses which he might have procured, he could easily have made the transit from the chateau to the coast; that he had the necessary funds, and also an unlimited credit with a wealthy mercantile house in London. He was imprisoned at Vincennes, and taken out only to be shot.

The timid princes knew how to do nothing but to guard themselves

against awakening Bonaparte's suspicions. Ferdinand VII. went so far as to ask it, as a special favour, that Bonaparte would adopt him, and uttered his wish to quit Valancey, only in the most humble and supplicating tones. His prayer, for such it was, was not heard. His father was more fortunate—he was permitted to go to Nice.—*Hist. de Bonaparte.*

(48) Page 95.

*"A mysterious hieroglyphic."\**

An Egyptian woman, born, and grown old in those frightful deserts, on that vast ocean of arid sands and antique monuments, removed from Bonaparte's vision the veil of futurity, and marked out to him the duration and end of his prosperity. "Thou shalt have," said she, "two wives; one thou shalt repudiate most wrongfully. She is your first wife. The second will not be inferior to her in great qualities. She shall bring thee a son. Soon afterwards, dark intrigues shall be commenced against thee. Soon shalt thou cease to be powerful and happy. Thou shalt be overthrown in all thy hopes. Thou shalt be driven away by force, and banished to a volcanic land, surrounded by the sea, and by hidden rocks. Beware, my son," she added, "beware how thou countest upon the fidelity of thy kindred. Thine own blood must rise up against thy domination."

This woman, in her cabalistic operations, made use of nothing but shells of different kinds. She made a pyramid of them, and from the variety of the colours, or the manner in which she placed them, she drew auguries more or less favourable. Bonaparte, as we are assured, was the more struck with the correctness of the fortune she told him, as she was absolutely ignorant that she was speaking to the General-in-chief. He gave her twenty-seven sequins, all that *Abdalla*, who afterwards became colonel of the Mamelukes, had about him. Returned to France, he soon forgot the Egyptian woman and her prophecies. After his return from Elba, he recalled to mind the pyramid of shells, and its strange prognostics. He again alluded to the subject in conversation with Col. *Abdalla* and inquired of M. de Mailly whether he ever saw Mademoiselle Vamen

"I was never willing to believe anything," said Napoleon, at this epoch; "but I must now admit, in good faith, that there are some things beyond the reach of men, and that, notwithstanding their wonderful perspicuity, they will never be able to fathom them. For instance, that strange prophecy found with the Benedictines, purloined during the Revolution, and which I am acquainted with. What is the meaning of it? Is it I who am its object? It would seem, from that, that the old dynasty must, one day, reascend the throne; that was always Josephine's opinion. In fact, we ought to refer everything to Him who rules the world, and to profit by those sparks of light, which are sometimes sned into the minds of privileged beings, in order to enlighten us in the course we ought to pursue, and to enable us to shun the hidden rocks which we might otherwise encounter."

*A Prophecy extracted from an old book of Prophecies of Philip-Dioudonni-Noël Olivariusus, printed in 1512, purloined, during the Revolution, from the ci-devant Benedictines of \*\*\*.*

"Italic Gaul shall see a supernatural being, born not far from her midst.

\* Bonaparte, it is said, always wore upon his person, in such a manner as to be invisible to every eye, the stamp of a mysterious hieroglyphic.



This man shall, while quite a boy, come out of the sea : he shall come and acquire the language and the manners of the Celtic Gauls. With soldiers shall he, while yet a youth, open for himself a way through a thousand obstacles, and shall become their first chief.

“That crooked way shall yawn terribly before him. He shall come and wage war near to his native land, for one lustrum and more; he shall be seen waging war beyond the sea with great glory and valour, and shall again wage war upon Italy; shall give laws to the Germans; shall calm the troubles and terrors among the Celtic Gauls. He shall not be named *King*, but shall, a little after, be called *Emperor*, through great popular enthusiasm; he shall battle everywhere in the empire; he shall, for two lustrums and more, drive before him princes, lords, kings; then shall he raise up princes and lords, for life: and, speaking from his throne, he shall cry aloud, ‘*Nations! O sidera! O sacra!*’

“He shall be seen with forty-nine times twenty thousand foot soldiers, who shall bear arms pointed with steel; he shall have seven-times-seven-times-seven thousand horses, mounted with men who shall wear great swords or lances, and coats of mail; he shall have seven-times-seven-times-two thousand men, who shall ply terrible engines, which shall vomit forth sulphur and fire and death. The whole numbering together of his army shall be forty-nine times twenty-seven thousands [1,323,000]; he shall bear, in his right hand, an eagle, the sign of victory to the warrior; he shall give many countries to the nations, and to every one peace. He shall come into the great city, and command many great things;—edifices, bridges, sea-ports, aqueducts, canals; which shall give him wealth far exceeding that of the Romans, and all within the dominion of the Gauls. He shall have wives two, sons, one only. He shall go forth and wage war, even to where the lines of latitude and longitude cross each other, fifty-five months. There his enemies shall burn a great city with fire; thither shall he enter, and go out, with his host, from amidst ashes and much ruins; and his host, having no longer nor bread nor water, by reason of the greatness of the cold, two-third parts thereof shall perish, and more than one-half of the rest thereof be no longer subject to his command.

“Then the great man, forsaken, betrayed by his friends, pursued, in his turn, through great desolations, even unto the great city, driven back by much people of Europe, there shall be put in his place kings of the ancient blood of the Capets.

“He, forced into exile in the sea, from which he arose so young, and near unto his native place, having dwelt there eleven moons with some of his own true friends and soldiers, who, numbering not to exceed seven-times-seven-times twice [692], the eleven moons being ended, shall, with him, take ship and come and again set foot on the land of Celtic Gaul, and walk the land towards the great city, where sitteth the king of the ancient blood of the Capets, who riseth and fleeth away, bearing with him his kingly ornaments. Whereupon the great man again sitteth in his palace, giving laws to his people. Then he being driven back once more by the united people of Europe, after three moons and a third have passed, the king of the ancient blood of the Capets is put again in his place, whom, though thought dead, his people and soldiers shall hold near to their hearts.

“The nations and the Gauls, like tigers and wolves, shall devour each other; the blood of the ancient line of Capet shall be the sport of blackest treason; the disturbers shall be deceived, and shall fall by fire and sword, and the *lily* be upheld, though the latest branches of the ancient blood shall be again threatened, and shall wage war against each other. Then



shall a young warrior walk towards the great city, bearing upon his armour a lion, and a cock; and a lance shall be given him by a great prince from the East. He shall be seconded, marvellously, by a warlike people from Belgic Gaul, who shall join the Parisians to end the troubles, and unite the soldiers, covering them with olive branches, warring again through seven-times seven moons, with so much glory that the united European people, through great fears and lamentations, offering their sons and their wives as hostages, shall submit, at length, to a just and righteous sway that shall be cherished by all. But peace shall endure twenty-five moons.

“Within Lutetia (*Paris*), the Seine, reddened with blood, shed along its banks from its fountains to its mouth, shall extend itself through ruins and death, and seditions among its unhappy children. But the valorous man, with the mighty Gauls, shall follow the fugitives from the palace of the kings; and, after having spared the remains of the ancient blood of Capet, ruled the destinies of the world, dictated supreme law to every nation, and every people, shall lay down his fruitless power, and die.”

The Empress Josephine deigned to honour the editor of these memoirs with her confidence, in frequently admitting her to her presence. She, one day, put to me several questions respecting the Emperor, and among them this:—“What were Napoleon’s designs respecting Rome?” “To make himself master of it,” I replied; “but he must be right careful how he interferes with the spiritual government of the church; for he cannot, perhaps he desires not to succeed in imitating Henry VIII.”

After Napoleon’s return from the Congress of Erfurth, the Empress, in the heat of their conversation, mentioned to him what I had lately told her. “Ah, ha!” said he, rubbing his hands, “you intermeddle, with a view to penetrate my designs, and, for this purpose, *you consult the oracles*. Remember, madame, I don’t like to have people looking into my designs; to-morrow, yes, to-morrow, your Mademoiselle Le Normand shall be arrested: so, don’t speak of it again!” The Empress and her daughter stared at each other, and did their best to appease him. “’Tis useless, I tell you; I shall give the order against her; never shall that woman overawe me.”

Josephine, who feared the effect of the Emperor’s anger towards me, sent Mademoiselle Aubert, one of her women, to me, at about eleven o’clock the same evening. She came from Malmaison to Paris, under the vain pretence of taking back to the Empress a cup of porcelain, which was at the Tuileries, but which, it was pretended, the Empress wanted at breakfast the next morning. I was thus, through the agency of the Empress, notified that my peace was threatened, and warned to save myself. But I told the woman who bore the message, that, though I was obliged to the Empress, I had nothing to fear from the Emperor. This reply was reported to the Empress, who related it to the Emperor at breakfast.

“Your Mademoiselle Le Normand,” said he, “is correct. But where the devil does she hunt up what she says? She is welcome to mingle in your matters, but as to my own, just please to inform her that the least indiscretion may cost her her liberty.”

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*"Eighty thousand men."*

On a Friday, after a journey to Fontainebleau, the Emperor was in the saloon with Josephine. He took up a prayer-book that was lying on the table, and commenced chanting the — Psalm; she begged him to be still, telling him that the church was the only proper place for chanting prayers, and that to chant them out of the church, boded evil. He stopped his music, but then commenced reading the "Examination of Conscience." At this moment, Cardinal Fesch happened in, whom the Emperor asked how many mortal sins there were? "Seven, to be sure," said the cardinal. "Well," replied Napoleon, "I tell you there are eight." "I should certainly be glad to know what they are," said the cardinal, "for the church has never recognised more than the seven you now have before you in that book."—"The *eighth*," said he, "is to avoid the *conscriptio*."

(51) Page 100.

*"Racine and Voltaire."*

Napoleon cared but little about comedy, and still less for the *comic-opera*; though he was fond of interludes. During the winter, on the days the grand concerts were given at the Tuileries, there was almost always an interlude after the concert. Of theatricals, tragedy was his favourite. A tragedy was regularly played once a week at Paris, St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, &c., but nothing but a tragedy;—never a silly after-piece, a circumstance not very agreeable to those who wanted to laugh a little after weeping. The Emperor never applauded. Whenever he had heard enough of a speech, he would turn and converse with the other persons in the loge. After the play was over, his habit was to send for the principal actor and testify his satisfaction through a chamberlain.

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*"Unquiet, sombre, and dreamy."*

The opinion was general, that the emperor took too much snuff. Like Frederick the Great, he put it into his vest pocket; but only when he was in the army. Wherever he was, he not only had a box in his pocket, but several in his apartments. The captain of the guards had one, the aide-de-camp another, the principal valet de chambre and his Mameluke, two others. From this, it might be supposed, that he was continually taking snuff, and in large quantities. But persons who were well acquainted with him, knew that it was his habit, whenever excited or absorbed in reflection, to throw his pinch on the ground, and that he took snuff only by pressing his finger against the bar of his nose; which is proved by the fact that he wiped his nose only with a cambric handkerchief, which hardly ever showed a stain of tobacco.

He had another habit, which might have led one to believe that he was not very careful about his dress. He was always dressed in uniform, either that of his guard or the chasseurs, with the plate of the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour on his dress, and no cordons or other decorations of another order, except one of the plain silver crosses which he gave to the soldiers. His under-waistcoat and his breeches were almost always of white cassimere, for the reason above stated. His under-waistcoat was often covered with snuff, and his white breeches sometimes served him to write down a name, or to add up a row of figures with a pencil, which he always had in his pocket.

Another curious circumstance, noticed by Josephine, and all others who composed his court was, that if perchance a prayer-book fell into Napoleon's hands (for example, when returning from church, he would instantly open it, and commence chanting the psalms with open throat; this was commonly followed by a fit of melancholy, and that by a fit of anger, which it is more easy to describe than to conceive. These small matters are of use only as illustrating the character of the most singular and extraordinary man of his age. When in Paris, he was in the habit of walking out to make observations in the city, either on the Boulevards or within, unattended by any but Duroc, each clad in a blue surtout, without any kind of decoration. It rarely happened that they did not meet with some notable adventure. Bonaparte seldom gave his grand-marshal of the palace time to dress himself; the consequence was, the latter was often without money in his pocket, however much in need of it. As for Bonaparte, he never carried any.

It happened that one day, as they were on a long walk, the Emperor, being hungry, went into a coffee-house, on the corner of the Boulevard, and called for cutlets and an omelet, his favourite dish. Breakfast over, it was necessary to pay the bill. The grand-marshal fumbled in his pocket, but found he had forgotten his purse. They looked at each other with mutual embarrassment. The waiter, who observed their awkward plight, assured them if they had no money, 'twas all the same, and they might pay when they returned. The mistress of the establishment scolded the boy for his carelessness in trusting people whom he did not know, and said—"Eight francs more lost!"—"No, madame," returned the boy, "I will pay you; these gentlemen appear like honest men, and I am sure they will repay me." The old woman took the eight francs, grumbling all the time about people's getting in debt without having money. The marshal drew out his watch, and said to the garçon, "My friend, here is my watch, which I leave in pledge with you for your loan, and am much obliged to you, both on my own and my comrade's account, for the good opinion you have of us." The garçon would not take the watch, and the two guests left. Both of them forgot the breakfast business, being too much occupied to think of it. For some days after, the old woman jibed the garçon about his generosity, which was so poorly recompensed. At length, five days having elapsed, the Emperor called to mind the breakfast scene and the loan by the waiting-boy. He immediately sent a valet-de-pied, who, on reaching the coffee-house, inquired if that was not the place where two gentlemen had breakfasted for eight francs, which the garçon had paid; stating that he had come to return him the money. The garçon was called. After satisfying himself that it was the same one who had lent the eight francs, the valet-de-pied said to him, "Here are twenty-five Napoleons which the Emperor has sent you; he thanks you for having paid his breakfast bill and answered for him."

Another evening upon the Boulevard, the Emperor stopped in front of the shop of a vender of vases and bronzes, and asked the price of two magnificent vases which pleased his fancy. The shop-keeper, who was a female, told him the price was a thousand crowns. "That," said the Emperor, "is too dear—much too dear." "*Par Dieu*," she replied, "too dear!—they are worth much more than that; but then I must live, you know; and business is so dull—nothing is doing—every one is complaining—nobody is happy—nothing is heard of but war, war; war all the time!" "It seems, then, you are not pleased with the government,



my good woman," said Napoleon: "And your husband, where is he?" "Ah! *mon Dieu*," said the old woman, "he has gone to earn a trifle; as to the government he does not concern himself about that; he says nothing about the government—he is so foolish, my husband." The Emperor left the shop, and when arrived at the Elysée, sent a valet to seek out the woman's husband. The poor fellow, when told by the valet to follow him, was half dead with terror, supposing that his wife had been babbling, contrary to his reiterated injunctions. At length he arrived, trembling, in the Emperor's presence. "Bring me," said he, "the two vases I bought at your house this morning; your wife asked me a thousand crowns for them, and said the purchase was a cheap one: I give you 4,000 crowns; and tell your wife from me, to mind her business, and never meddle in politics, which don't concern her."

The court used to pass their time at Rambouillet, during the September holidays; at which season, Bonaparte was seldom at Saint-Cloud. On one occasion Josephine, by reason of sickness, was forced to remain at Saint-Cloud during those holidays, not being able to go out of her room. After dinner, the Emperor would ride out in a calèche with his sisters, and spend his evenings with his Grand Marshal de Palais. At eleven o'clock in the evening, he took a stroll along the *grande allée* to see the shops there, all filled with showy articles. There was then among them a wooden hut, in which were exhibited all the members of the imperial family, in wax, seated around a table. Nothing could be worse than these slovenly and unlike wax figures. They were most pitiable. And yet the crier, who was at the door, extending his jaws with all his might, launched into a pompous and grotesque eulogy upon the beauty of those figures. Bonaparte, out of curiosity, entered the apartment. The first thing he said was, "What have you here?" "Sir," said the owner, "'tis the *superb imperial banquet*; this is his Majesty, the Emperor; this her Majesty, the Empress; this," &c. &c., pointing out with his little wand each one of his personages. On Napoleon's asking, "Does this figure really resemble the Emperor?" "Yes, sir," said he, "as much as if you were looking upon the Emperor himself." "Ah!—but how homely he is." "No, sir, not at all; he has a fine profile, and good looks; and then only look at this head of his!—what an intellectual head, sir!" "But the Empress is horrible! she is crook-shouldered." "Ah, as to that, no, she is a woman of the finest figure in France." "Exactly—one would not doubt it after seeing this," was the Emperor's ironical reply.

He then left the dirty shop, and was recognised, for the grand marshal, having no change, paid out a twenty-franc piece. The Emperor returned to Josephine, and told her what he had seen, sorry, apparently, that they should both be exhibited so little like, and so miserably distorted; all which made the Empress laugh heartily, and regret that she had not, like the Emperor, gone, and taken a look at her caricature.

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"*The public ceremonies.*"

Josephine had not what is called a grand and majestic air, and made no attempt to inspire awe; but she possessed a far higher gift, that of enchaining all hearts by a manner at once so gracious, so easy, so good, so consoling, that the most wretched being could never leave her without thinking himself at the height of happiness. Yet this extreme condescension had its inconveniences; for, neglecting to establish the proper line



of demarkation between herself and those whom she admitted to her presence, if the latter happened to be wanting in tact and knowledge of the world, and became familiar, she preferred not to see them at all to putting on a cold and dignified constraint, which by no means suited her character. As she wanted to please every one, and to see no one go away dissatisfied, she was often compelled to listen to long narrations from persons who fatigued her. To rid herself, decently, of such inflictions, she would go out of the saloon, and say to her *femme de service*, "come, in a few minutes, and tell me that the Emperor wants to see me."

Napoleon one day sent word to her to come to his cabinet. Supposing it to be the usual concerted summons, she did not stir. He—for nothing must resist him—was seriously offended with her for the neglect, and came suddenly out, and inquired what it was that kept the Empress in her room. She was at the moment with Madame D., a fat, squabby woman, with a large face, with a huge blonde wig, and artificial flowers upon her head. She spoke in a fine flute-like voice when in her full dress, though when in her morning gown, her language was the rough Billingsgate of a Parisian market woman. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the wife of an ex-director and the newly crowned Empress. But Josephine always conducted herself with so much deference towards her visitors, that it was impossible to discover that she noticed their faults. She merely laughed, in private, at their foolish pretensions, but never blamed them for the kind of worship which they paid her husband. "The times are changed," she used to say to her courtiers; "the Luxembourg is too narrow; the Tuileries have taken its place."

She had a little dog called Carlin, which was much attached to her, and which used to bite the feet of persons who came too near its mistress. But, notwithstanding its cross temper, there was one instance in which it was of use.

When the coronation carriage was contracted for, the coachmaker made his plan of it in conjunction with the *grand-ecuyer*. On its being finished, it was found to have cost three thousand francs more than the stipulated price, and the coachmaker, for two years, in vain pressed his claim for compensation, though he showed incontestable proofs of his losses to that amount. He went to Fontainebleau to see Josephine on the subject, and to beg her to interest herself for him. She was spoken to about it, and engaged to see him the next morning in her private room. In the *boudoir*, where she made her toilette, was a secret stair-case with wooden steps, so arranged that nobody could either ascend or descend without making a noise. The coachmaker was introduced through this stair-way. (It was the morning of Madame D.'s presentation.) While the man was explaining to Josephine the loss he had unjustly sustained, Napoleon was heard approaching. There was no time to save the coachmaker, except by means of this stair-way. Carlin, Josephine's dog, seeing a man fly, set to barking, and followed him; but the manœuvre was not so prompt but that Napoleon heard the quick step on the stairs. The poor coachmaker, frightened by the noise of his own steps, stopped half way on the stairs, the doors being shut above and below. But the dog, always a-whining, now kept up a low cross growl. On entering, Napoleon cast a severe glance upon all the persons in the room, and asked—"What man is that concealed in the stairway, who scud off when I came in?"

"Nobody," answered Josephine.

"But Carlin followed him, and keeps him company, for I hear him growl."

Here embarrassment was depicted on every face. As he addressed himself to all, and no one answered, he went right to the stairway, opened the door, and found the poor coachmaker trembling with fright, and in a condition impossible to be described.

"Who are you?" said the Emperor; "what do you want?"

"I am such a one—your majesty's coachmaker, and I come to ask a favour of the Empress."

"For what?" said the Emperor.

The coachmaker, becoming more self-possessed, stated the grounds of his claim, and handed his petition to the Emperor, who said:—"I will look to it."

He then went to Josephine, telling her:—"This man is right, if his claim is a just one." She attended to the matter, and the coachmaker was paid.

(54) Page 108.

*"To change his resolution."*

Napoleon was regularly informed of all that took place with his wife in private. On the eve of his departure for Germany, April 13th, 1809, he was informed, at the very moment, that the Empress had received a letter through one of her women, and was reading it with marked attention. This was enough to arouse the curiosity of a man naturally suspicious. He went immediately to her, and found her with that famous letter in her hand. She had thrown herself on her bed, deeply afflicted at not being able to obtain his permission to accompany him to Strasburg (he had already taken his leave of her). Napoleon had an idea that this letter contained important secrets which it was essential that he should penetrate before he left. The mystification must have been complete, when he found only these few words in the letter:—

"Do not let your Majesty cease to importune the Emperor; the most singular chance shall aid you on this occasion; your good star cannot cease to direct you; it will become necessary to the Emperor, in order to insure victory;—victory is promised him, provided he takes you to one of our frontier towns. Everything shows, madame, that you shall be on the way this night, although, in your opinion, the chances are against you."\* "Ah, ha," said Napoleon, rumpling up the letter and rubbing his hands:—"I am again to be the vanquisher of the house of Austria. Wife, I shall have a double happiness; you shall accompany me; I give you one hour to make your preparations." Josephine knew not whether to regard it as a reality or a dream. But, illusion it was none; she followed the Emperor. The beautiful Creole put on her head a simple madras, and wrapped herself up in a night robe, her ladies having only time to dress themselves in the same way.† When she found herself

\* I wrote this letter to the Empress at 8 o'clock, P. M., of the 12th of April. She left at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 13th. L. N.

† When the Empress was travelling, she was often badly lodged, for never would the Emperor mention the time of his departure, until the very moment arrived. She never complained, but was always in good spirits. She was much more occupied than the ladies who were with her, and the first thing she did on stopping, was to go and visit the lodgings of her women; in case she found them uncomfortable, she would inquire what was needed. One evening, being ready to go to bed, she perceived that the woman who lay in her room, had only one quilt upon the floor, while she, herself, had three and a feather bed. In spite of Madame Mar\*\*\*'s romon-

actually on the road to Germany, she said to her husband, "How trifling a circumstance has made you act a part which you rejected only a few hours ago! and this, in spite of all your philosophy. Bonaparte, you are just like other men (a fatalist). Hitherto your successes have been brilliant indeed, and this time, an act of complacency on your part, for such I regard it, promises you, in my opinion, great results." She was not deceived in her presentiments; and the famous battles of Essling and Wagram were soon added to Napoleon's successes, rendering him, by the treaty of peace which followed, the most powerful sovereign of the West.

(55) Page 110.

"*Levity in my conduct.*"

Josephine is generally charged with levity in her conduct. I do not pretend to justify her altogether; but she was skilful enough to profit by the weakness of certain generals, to attach them more thoroughly to her husband's cause. She possessed the nicest tact; her address was incredible, especially when partisans were to be gained for Bonaparte. She used the ladies of her court as instruments to discover the most secret particulars, which concerned the glory or the welfare of him in whom she was wholly engrossed. In a word, Bonaparte was never so prosperous, and so well served as during the years he spent with the woman who was always his best and most constant friend.

(56) Page 110.

"*I flattered all parties.*"

In this, Josephine shone pre-eminent. She loved to extend a helping hand to the ancient noblesse. She would promise to make the marquises chamberlains to the Emperor; the nephews of the ancient *parlementaires*, judges. The son of an old minister of Louis XVI. obtained, through her influence, a rich prefecture, which, in some degree, indemnified him for the loss of his property during the Revolution. The heads of the most illustrious families figured with great ostentation at Napoleon's court. The Duchess of Rochefoucault, lady of honour to the Empress, became her personal friend: Mesdames Walsh-Serrant, Turenon, Octave-Séguir, Montmorency-Matignon, Victor-Mortemare, de Chevreuse, Bouillé, &c. &c., were of the number of the ladies of the palace. MM. de Beaumont, de Courtomer, d'Aubusson-Lafeuillade, de Montesquieu, were attached to Napoleon's cause, and occupied the most distinguished posts in Josephine's household. The counts and viscounts breathed more freely when they began to hear their names and titles pronounced in the saloons of the Tuileries, and the Faubourg St. Germain. The title of *my lord* took the place of that of *citizen*. A baroness who counted *fourteen quarterings*, regularly paid her court to Josephine, to obtain an appointment to the slightest employment near her person. The children of the victims of

strances, the Empress took one of her own quilts and gave it to her, that she might sleep more comfortably. If she happened to stop and take breakfast, while passing through a town, her ladies in the meantime remaining in the carriage, she would be sure to send them a valet with biscuits and fruit, and wine for their dessert. If one of them happened to fall sick and be confined to her bed, the Empress would go in person and inquire about her health. If one of the carriages in her suite chanced to fall in the rear for any reason, she would be so concerned about it, that she would send back the gendarmes to look after it. Such were Josephine's kindness and attention on all her journeys. She was everywhere adored. Permission to accompany her was always sought for long in advance of her departure.



'93 and '94 sat upon the same seats which had once been occupied by their fathers. The temple of Themis resounded with the names of Duval d'Epréménail, Séguier, Chopen d'Arnouville, &c. &c. Josephine had adroitly pointed out to them, and made them fully sensible of the necessity of their all becoming faithfully attached to her husband's cause. "Should he, unhappily, fall," said she, "what would become of you? Your parents and friends would be sacrificed by the executioners of 1793, who would instantly again rush into power." To the military gentlemen, she would thus depict their position: "For you, are reserved all the wealth and dignities of the empire; the lyceums and the most of our institutions are created for your children; your fortunes are, therefore, inseparably linked to that of the Emperor." The clergy of every denomination were always received by her with the most marked attentions. M. Ferdinand de Rohan discharged the functions of almoner to her. Often was the metropolitan chapter of Paris, as well as the bishops of the departments, presented to her; all of them were charmed with the respectful and affectionate manner in which she received them. The present Pope paid her the highest respect. Pius VI., in his last moments, spoke of her with the most perfect respect. Indeed, all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest, and without any distinction, had the utmost confidence in the Empress. It may be said with perfect truth, that she used all her influence with Napoleon, to induce him to rebuild the altars, profaned by the unholy hands of the innovators of the preceding age; that she always protected the emigrants, who owed to her their permission to return to France, and the preservation of a portion of their estates.

OBS.—Had those same men, thus dependent upon her favour, but listened to the advice of her first husband, to stand by their king, to throw around him a rampart of their bodies, to make some concessions to the popular wants, to contribute something from their immense estates, ground out of the people through ages of feudal oppression and kingly misrule, in order to pay off the public debt; had they consented to admit the eternal PEOPLE to "*some share in the public honours*," that haughty but frivolous race of men, the old nobility, might have been saved the humiliation of appealing to a West India Creole woman for the privilege of her smile;—they might have avoided the dishonourable necessity of fawning upon the Man of Destiny—the plebeian genius of the age—only to betray him, and subject their country again to the crushing weight of the feudal system, and the tyranny of the Bourbons.—TRANSLATOR.

(57) *Page 111.*

"*Triumphant entry into Vienna.*"

Terror was at its height when Napoleon showed himself upon the ramparts of Vienna. All the inhabitants awaited, in silence and consternation, the laws of the conqueror. But as the Germans are a kind-hearted and hospitable nation, they received our troops, and lavished their attentions upon the wounded. By degrees, a kind of confidence was established between the two nations. The good Germans discovered that they had nothing to fear from their enemies, the French; the latter showed themselves generous; and the women of Vienna, following the example of their countrymen, treated them with the most charming urbanity. Balls and concerts were frequent, and the implements of war, which had carried affright into the bosom of the Austrian capital, were soon overlooked



in the general joy. Good society began to animate the saloons. A better feeling began to be manifested towards our officers. Liaisons began to be serious, and those gentlemen, on their departure, left behind them many a regret. Discipline was very exact and rigorous during their stay, and the best taste displayed in the social circle. The French lost some of their native levity, and swore eternal *love* and *constancy* to the fair of Vienna—the most of them being utterly at a loss how they were to keep their oaths. “What a strange metamorphosis,” said they, among themselves; “we came to impose chains upon the fair ones of Vienna, and lo! ’tis we who are forced to wear them.” “’Pon my honour,” answered a young aide-de-camp, whose luggage consisted of a bottle of rose-water, several tooth-brushes, knives and scissors cased in mother-of-pearl, thread-needles for embroidering, Macassar oil, gold spectacles, &c., “’pon my honour, general, I am very unhappy. For the last two days I have been in love with a perfect beauty; my sleep is so troubled by her, that I am seriously afraid of falling sick. Doctor,” said he, speaking to Larrey,) “doctor, pray give me a preservative against love; do, doctor, for if I remain at Vienna, doctor, I shall certainly have the spleen. I cannot stand it. Oh! doctor.” Thus pleasantly did our amiable undone ones pass their time, not excepting even the master supreme, who could hardly get away from Schönbrunn. Indeed, had the French remained longer in Vienna, no one can doubt but that conjugal fidelity would have become an embarrassing and unprofitable virtue. But, returned to France, each one resumed his habits, and the women only, as in former days, remained faithful to their duties.

58) Page 112.—MARSHAL LANNES.

The Duke of Montebello had, beyond doubt, a sinister presentiment,\* when he mounted his horse to go to the island of Lobau. “He was with Doctor Lannefranque when I met him, on the bridge over the Vienne. The marshal loved my colleague. He stopped, took the doctor’s hand, and said—‘You will not be slow to follow me; I shall probably stand in need of you. Gentlemen, if I may credit appearances, the day will be a hot one.’ ‘*Monsieur le Duc*,’ replied the doctor, ‘it will add to your glory, and we shall all congratulate you.’ ‘*Glory*,’ repeated Montebello, with animation, ‘beloved smoke! I should like better, a thousand times——. Hold, shall I talk to you frankly? I feel oppressed—I don’t feel right in regard to this conflict, but, whatever may be the result, it will be my last battle.’ ‘How is that, general?’ ‘Adieu, adieu, gentlemen,’ and he galloped away from us. ‘His last words distressed me much,’ said Doctor Lannefranque to me, ‘and I more than once saw him exhibit the same devotedness, and the same agitation. Had not his devotion and attachment to the Emperor been as sincere as it was, he would have asked to retire. Weakness cannot be imputed to so brave a man. He was, like many others, tired of the business, and persuaded that that campaign would be his last.’”—*C. de G\*\*\**.

\* The marshal, like many others, had had the curiosity to have his fortune told, he wanted to know, particularly, the kind of death he should die. “That” (it was answered,) “reserved to the rivals of Turenne; and it seems to be near at hand.” That intrepid man, whom no danger could shake, grew pale, and betrayed his uneasiness. In the evening, while conversing with some of his friends, in the Tuilleries, he informed them that he had paid dear for his curiosity, in seeking to ascertain his fate. “Of what use is it to me,” said he, “to be tormented by a presentiment? All hope of escaping from my fate has left me; and yet, I have more than once felt a desire to postpone it.”

(59) Page 114.

*"Fall by his strokes."*

On the 30th of October, 1809, the Emperor was in imminent danger. At mid-day during a parade, while surrounded by his generals, he came near falling by the dagger of an assassin. A young "*Seide*," about 17 years old, of a pleasant face, mild and regular features, the son of a protestant minister, rushed upon him with a view to kill him. The Prince of Neuchâtel threw himself before the Emperor, while General Rapp caused the wretch to be seized. He was found armed with a new, well-sharpened carving-knife. I tremble still, when I think of the scene; the assassin rushing upon the Emperor, and the latter exhibiting the most imperturbable coolness, and, without the slightest emotion, continuing to direct the evolutions of the troops as coolly as if a mere buzzing insect had been brushed away from him.

Being conducted into the hall of the gen-d'armes, the young man was searched. The knife I have spoken of was found upon him, four frederics d'or, and a miniature likeness of a very handsome woman. General Rovizo commenced questioning him, but he answered only in these words—"I want to speak with the Emperor." For two hours no other answer could be obtained from him. His Majesty, hearing of his obstinate silence, had him brought up into his apartment in order to question him himself. The following is the dialogue that took place.

*Napoleon*.—Where are you from, and how long have you been at Vienna?

*Prisoner*.—I am from Erfurth; I have been here two months.

*N*.—What do you want of me?

*P*.—To ask for peace, and to show you that it is indispensable.

*N*.—Did you suppose I would listen to a man without reputation—without diplomatic authority?

*P*.—In that case, my purpose was to kill you.

*N*.—What evil have I done you?

*P*.—You oppress my country, and the whole world; unless you make peace, your death is necessary for the good of mankind. In killing you, I should have performed the most glorious act that a human being can perform. But I admire your talents; I counted upon your reason, and, before striking, I wanted to convince you.

*N*.—You are the son of a Lutheran minister, and 'tis doubtless religion that impels you.

*P*.—No, sire, my father is ignorant of my design; I have not communicated it to him. For two years past, I have sworn that you should change your course, or die.

*N*.—Were you at Erfurth when I was there?

*P*.—I saw you there three times.

*N*.—Why did you not kill me then?

*P*.—You then gave my country a moment's rest; I thought peace was secured, and I saw in you only a great man.

*N*.—Do you know *Schneider* and *Schill*?

*P*.—No, sire.

*N*.—Are you a free-mason, or one of the illuminati?

*P*.—No, sire.

*N*.—Do you know Brutus?

*P*.—There were two of them; the last died for liberty.

*N*.—Did you know anything about Moreau and Pichegru's conspiracy?

*P.*—I read of it in the journals.

*N.*—What is your opinion about those men?

*P.*—Sire, they were afraid to die.

*N.*—A portrait was found on you—what woman is that?

*P.*—My best friend, my lover, the adopted daughter of my virtuous father.

*N.*—What! your heart is open to those tender sentiments, and yet you are not afraid to afflict, to undo the beings you love, by becoming an assassin?

*P.*—I obeyed a voice more potent than my love.

*N.*—But, by striking me in the midst of my army, did you expect to escape?

*P.*—I wonder I am still alive.

*N.*—If I should pardon you, what use would you make of your liberty?

*P.*—My plan has failed, you are on your guard;—I should return peaceably to my home.

His majesty sent for Corvisart, and asked him whether he did not detect in the young man proofs of insanity. Corvisart examined him critically, but answered that he found in him only symptoms of powerful emotion.

He remained for two days in a hall guarded by two gendarmes. He walked about tranquilly, and from time to time knelt in prayer. A table knife was brought him with his dinner. He took it and looked at it coldly. A gendarme wished to take it out of his hand, but he answered with a smile,—“Don’t be afraid, I should do myself no more harm than you will do me.” The next morning he heard the firing of cannon—“’Tis peace,” he was told by his keeper. “Are you not deceiving me?” said he. “No,” was the reply. Then he seemed overcome with joy; tears streamed from his eyes; he fell on his knees and prayed fervently; then rose and said, “I shall die more contented.”

When the Emperor had left, he was sent for to be taken out and shot. To the colonel who announced his death to him, he said: “Sir, I ask but one favour, and that is, that I may not be tied.” It was granted him. He walked on with a free and firm step, and died with calmness.\*

(60) *Page 114.*—WAGRAM.

Bonaparte was never greater than after the battle of Wagram. He saw that all the powers of Europe were acknowledging his preponderance. He forced them, so to speak, to admire him. But the affairs of Spain rent away the veil behind which he concealed himself. The ambitious Napoleon now appeared like a new meteor; but his chief minister predicted that the attempt upon Spain would eclipse his glory.

(61) *Page 114.*—SCHÖNBRUNN.

This chateau, built by the august Marie-Thérèse, 1754, is only a half league from the lines of Vienna. Its situation is beautiful, and although the architecture is bad, it has an air of majesty. ’Twas in this ancient castle that Napoleon, now master of the principal European states, addressed his secret vows to the daughter of so many kings. The arch-

\* The name of this young fanatic was Frederick Staps. He was born at Naumbourg, May 14, 1792, and was shot Oct. 27th, 1800, while Napoleon was at Vienna. His last words were—“*Long live Liberty! Long live Germany! Death to her Tyrants!*”—TRANSLATOR.

duchess preserved great dignity of manner, not compromising her proud character in the slightest degree. She did not humble herself before her father's conqueror; although, from this moment, she looked upon Napoleon as an extraordinary man;—dissembling, in the meantime, her ideas respecting him. She asked him for safety and protection, sure already of obtaining anything she asked. From this moment the ambitious Napoleon swore that the niece of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette should become his wife. In this he succeeded. At the time of his marriage with this princess, he practised upon her an agreeable surprise, by placing before her a picture of the Chateau of Schœnbrunn, her favourite little dog, and a thistle-finch, which she was fond of. The first time she was at the *Grand Trianon*, she found there divers objects which had belonged to her, and to which she was greatly attached.

The Emperor required her to dress like an Empress—which often fatigued her. "This robe is well enough," she would say to the ladies of her court, "but do as the Emperor commands." She occasionally sent dresses and even *robes de cour* to her sisters at Vienna. But this displeased her household, and in the latter days, Napoleon forbade it, directing that those various suits should remain in the imperial wardrobe to be distributed among friends.

The Emperor was fond of raising a dispute with his young wife; and that princess found it difficult to adapt herself to his *bizarre* character. She often pouted; but he soon made it up, not being fond of broils.

But they sometimes had a jar about their son. The Emperor was extreme in everything, even in his mode of caressing the infant. While sporting with him one day, he held him up on one of his hands, and just missed turning the babe heels over head upon the floor. Maria Louisa uttered a shriek. "'Tis nothing, madame," said he, "the child takes after his father, and like him, he must be invulnerable."

As Bonaparte himself was fond of beans, he used to make the young prince eat some of that vegetable, and would daub his face over merely to make him cry. The Empress disapproved of this. "Come, my boy," said Napoleon to his son one morning, "look at this thing sharply." It was a portrait of Francis II., his father-in-law, which the Empress had been privately engaged in painting. He handed a brush to the boy and made him daub over his grandfather's face. The child burst out a laughing. Maria Louisa happened to come upon them while engaged in the sport, and scolded her child for such naughty actions. "I admit I am to blame," said Napoleon; "but that picture displeased me; it was to insure its disappearance that I let the child do this." The Empress was angry, and for four hours there was an apparent coldness between them.

Obs.—The above anecdotes are quite sufficient to show how egregiously Napoleon cheated himself in marrying that silly girl, glorying in the pompous title of the "daughter of the Cæsars." Had the "great Julius" foreseen that his mighty name would be thus assumed and dishonoured by the wife of Napoleon Bonaparte, he surely would not have crossed the Rubicon.—TRANSLATOR.

(62) Page 121.—PLOMBIÈRES.

The city of Plombières, situated among the Vosges, is renowned for its baths. It is built in a bottom, surrounded by high hills, in such a manner that it seems to be in a well. All the surrounding country abounds with mineral springs. Luxeuil, for example, whose site is more



agreeable than Plombières, affords to those afflicted with the gravel a sure remedy. These regions are generally subject to a variable temperature, which produces rheumatic affections; and it seems as if Providence hath placed the remedy by the side of the disease; for all those waters are filled with active healing qualities, and in a short time work a perfect cure.

There are, at present, three baths at Plombières, one of which is under the care of the government. You find, in the city, a handsome ball-room, where the visitors assemble twice a week. During the season, and until the end of September, you will see four or five hundred persons, of all nations, continually going and coming, the major part of whom board with the bourgeois. Two taverns only are not sufficient to accommodate the guests; but the inhabitants, having no other fortune than the waters, furnish you with board and lodging for one hundred and eighty francs (\$33.84) a month.

The visitors amuse themselves by giving and attending parties in the neighbouring valleys (that of Plombières is not more than half a league in width). At all hours of the day, you see the Russian and the Spaniard, the Neapolitan, the Englishman, the Frenchman and the Italian, the Belgian and the Pole, riding out together, mounted in a cart covered with cloth, ornamented with boughs of trees, and drawn by oxen. This mode of riding out was infinitely amusing to Josephine, and whenever she visited the baths at Plombières, which was frequently, she never omitted this agreeable kind of exercise. She used to carry there a quantity of elegant steel ornaments, which she distributed among her attendants. She usually left with the overseers of the workshops there, some evidences of her generosity, to encourage the workmen. While in the town, she used to lodge at M. Martinet's, a physician, who resided in the principal street. She was always attended by a numerous train, and the inhabitants of Plombières, whenever they had Josephine among them, gave loose to the most extravagant expressions of joy. She spent her time in performing acts of benevolence, and was visited, indiscriminately, by all classes of persons, to whose demands she never turned a deaf ear. During one of her visits, she became god-mother to one of Madame Martinet's children. That estimable woman, now a widow, never spoke of the ex-Empress but with the profoundest sorrow and regret. She loved to converse about her. Never was she so happy as when she could say to her friends and acquaintances, "Alas! Plombières has met with an irreparable loss, in the death of Josephine. At her bidding, plenty reigned here. Her presence, alone, attracted multitudes to our waters. In her have I lost a protectress, a friend—for such I may venture to call her. Her death has, for me, banished all earthly felicity; nothing now remains to me but sorrows, and the memory of my benefactress."—*Communicated.*

(63) Page 128.

*"Relative to his design."*

Josephine was deeply affected by her divorce, though it would seem that the Emperor, on that trying occasion, was merely acting a comedy.

Some days previous to the sixteenth of December, the Emperor went into her apartment without being announced. She was in bed, and he, seating himself upon the foot of the bed, spoke to her as follows:—

"Josephine, I am going to afflict you; but the good of my people imperiously demands that I should separate myself from you. I need an

heir. Would that you might, in this respect, have fulfilled my wish! But the thing is now impossible, and it is with regret that I feel myself constrained to take this course."

Josephine had long since been forewarned by Fouché of her husband's secret intentions, but could not believe that matters could ever proceed to such an extremity. After having made to him some fruitless representations, she dared predict to him that the day he quitted her, would be the last day of his glory. "You need," said she, with vehemence, "a friend, and you have nothing but flatterers. Do you believe that your generals are truly attached to you? No! the most of them only wait a propitious moment to turn their arms against you. Do you think they will, with unconcern, see the Emperor Napoleon searching for a wife among the daughters of Kings? No!—they have been bred in the same school as yourself; they have *earned true* nobility, at the price of their blood, and the blazonry upon their armour, of which they are so justly proud, is but the evidence of valour, which has given them the prodigious power they now enjoy in Europe. But remember—in you they but behold their equal. If they sustain the glory of your throne, it is only because your elevation seems their work. They believe you great, because the rays of your grandeur are reflected by themselves. If they burn incense to you, they breathe with delight the incense of a power which they share. But the moment a foreign wife shall come, and seat herself at your side, the court will cease to be directed by the same influence. You are too *new* a man to attach to your person the ancient families. You may load them with favours—you have it in your power, and it is your duty to make them forget the wrongs inseparable from the Revolution—but beware you do not humble the old generals, who served their country before you. Banish from your halls that too severe etiquette, which was not made for them. Their wives and children ought not to be made to blush, either in your presence, or in that of your future companion. The sword of the brave will ever be your surest safeguard. I myself have ever been careful to conciliate all parties, and to be indulgent to all opinions; so much so, that, since your fortunes have become so wonderful, I have in a manner taught your officers to forget the immense distance which exists between General Bonaparte and the Emperor Napoleon."

(64) Page 130.

*"Your truest friend."*

The company at Malmaison was always numerous and brilliant. Josephine always did the honours, and most charmingly, at the balls and concerts given there. Crowds of visitors, tired out with the scenes at the Tuileries and St. Cloud, hastened to Malmaison, to breathe a purer and serener air than that which was respired in the midst of the flatterers who surrounded Napoleon, and regarded it as a favour to be seen in the circle of his courtiers. It was one day told the Empress that the *grand écuyer* was in danger of falling into disgrace with her husband. "Why so?" she exclaimed, "*he has certainly served him well thus far; I don't see into this rupture.*"

The Duke of Vicenza had been appointed to the management of the household affairs. He superintended all the details, and the service in this department was exact and systematic. But what produced the rumour about his removal was this:—The duke being on a riding party, in company with Maria Louisa and the Princess Aldobrandini, on horse-

back, the Empress undertook to outstrip them, and ride ahead. Caulincourt (the duke) admonished her that she might, in so doing, incur danger. But she persisted and rode on. Her horse stumbled, and Caulincourt said, in a low tone—"What perverseness!"

She heard it, and went straightway and complained of it to the Emperor. He flew into a rage at once. "That man," said he, speaking of his favourite, "always does more than I wish; he goes too far."

Josephine saw at once that an explanation was necessary on both sides. The Empress was in the wrong, and so thought the Emperor; Josephine, who well knew how important to Napoleon were the services of such a man as Caulincourt, remarked to those who expressed their surprise that she should still take so much interest in the Emperor:—"Were I an ordinary woman his friends might be surprised at it; but I am, and ever shall be, his most constant friend."

(65) Page 138.

"*Had sworn to sacrifice all he held most dear.*"

There was in Germany, in 1809, much said about a certain minister of great talent, who, whenever he was alone and at work in his cabinet, saw a little black man constantly standing behind his chair; and this was related with an air of the profoundest conviction.

During the last two years of Bonaparte's reign, there was a tale continually repeated in the saloons of Paris, about a *Little Red Man*, who presented himself at Fontainebleau, and at St. Cloud, to obtain an audience of the Emperor. It was currently reported and seriously believed, that this *Little Red Man* ('twas thus he was called) had been seen in the palace of the Tuileries conversing with Napoleon in a very peremptory style; and it was whispered among the Emperor's friends, that the little gentleman talked very loudly to him, and recalled to his mind the famous oath which he, Bonaparte, had taken in the great pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt.\*

Among the threats uttered by the *Little Red Man*, the following was clearly distinguished:—

"Thou shalt be prosperous until thy forty-fifth year. Till then I am obliged to protect thee. After that, I shall abandon thee to Destiny, who, if thou shalt be so guilty as to break thine oaths, will know how to avenge me."

The better to understand certain facts, it is necessary to go back to the early years of Napoleon Bonaparte. Thus we shall be enabled to lift the veil which has ever concealed from the majority of Frenchmen, the secret reasons which made it necessary for him to separate from a wife whom he was once pleased to call his "tutelary angel."

It is fully established that Bonaparte received his first initiation as a neophyte in the universal sect of the "*Free Judges*," in 1795. He took the oath at a general meeting of the brethren in the forest of Fontainebleau, "*that no freeman ought ever to obey a king.*" He imprecated upon himself the most dreadful punishments in case he should violate his promise to the invisible brethren.

A second initiation took place during his victories in Italy. Bonaparte afterwards confessed to his intimate friends that "he was not only asto-

\* "Glory to Allah," said the conqueror of Italy. "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet: the bread stolen by the wicked becomes dust in his mouth," &c.



nished at the strange ceremony of which he seemed to be the sole object, but also at finding himself in the midst of the principal chiefs of the army, who, with alacrity, and with their hands upon their swords, repeated the oath—"Death to Tyrants, whoever and whatever they may be."

The formula of the oath they exacted of him was this :

"I consent to be put to death, if I shall make any covenant with royalty. In order to extinguish it in Europe, I will, without reserve, employ fire and sword, and will even sacrifice *whatever is dearest to me*, should the society whereof I have the happiness to be a member, command me so to do." He signed the oath with his blood, and declared himself, beforehand, a *traitor*, should he fail to execute, faithfully, that which he thus solemnly promised. After the most formal assurances from the leaders of the sect, a sect which could dare anything, seconded by the *sicaires* (*assassins*) scattered throughout Europe, Bonaparte pursued the course of his conquests with dreadful carnage and fixedness of purpose.

It was at Grand Cairo that the illustrious *initiate* had an interview with the heads of the "*Philadelphs*." He had numerous meetings with him in a celebrated mosque, where a third and last initiation took place. Already did the general of the army of Egypt perceive that several of his officers began to evince a design to treat him with insulting superiority. Kleber was of the number. From this moment he foresaw reverses as astonishing as had been his successes. He consulted the supreme master of the "*great work*." This Egyptian passed his life with the Beys; but the people in general believed him to be a godly man, and to hold mental communication with angels.

Bonaparte had just grounds to fear being assassinated. The chief of the "*Invulnerables*" said to him :—"I will render you inaccessible to all the strokes of faith, but upon the condition that you shall wear the *usual dress*." He prescribed the dress.\* "*Beware*," said he, "not to adopt another in the heat of combat. It hath a twofold virtue; it will render you invisible to your enemies, and turn back upon them the blows they aim at you. Should fortune ever so favour you as to place you at the head of a nation, beware, O my son, beware not to bind your brow with the diadem of kings. *Thy fortune may and must astonish the world*. You are the chosen child of the *universal society*. It is everywhere invisible; but it attaches itself to you by imperceptible threads. Should ambition, that vice of kings, make you wander for a moment from the true principles, then you may look for the day that shall see you redescend to the level of the least of your brethren. You will then spread misery amongst stranger nations, and coast the African seas to find a country. You will be abandoned by your relations; none among them will follow you into exile. You alone, unhappy man!—Meanwhile one friend will remain to you."

The return of Bonaparte from Egypt to France, was the work of the *Philadelphs*. Having become First Consul, he renewed his oath; but soon the fortunate *Emperor* forgot what he owed to those men who had served him with their influence and their swords. In 1805, he recounted to Josephine the fearful oath he had taken of "*war upon kings*." He had thus far discharged the obligation tolerably well; but he had dared to sit upon the throne of France, and it was to be feared that the *Free Judges* might, sooner or later, come and drag him from it, and make him repent bitterly for that which they must regard as an act of perjury, unpardon-

\* The gray surtout and little hat, surely, which Napoleon always wore.



ible, in reference to the solemn vows he had taken. The Empress was frightened at the idea, and afraid her husband might fall by the dagger of some zealot belonging to the terrible sect; and hence that unceasing and minute vigilance which she observed in regard to his person. She was constantly saying to Marshal Duroc: "*Keep a strict watch over the Emperor; he does not observe sufficient precautions.*" After the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon thought he could awe the whole world, and in the end forgot that he was still under the yoke of the *invisibles*, who, like their predecessors, knew not how to pardon.

The terrible *Little Red Man*, it seems, had promised to visit him three times before exposing him to the strokes of his enemies. The first interview was in the Chateau of the Tuileries, three days before Napoleon's coronation. A billet was sent to Napoleon, and received by him. It contained only these words:—"Remember your oath: *Hatred to Kings—a Universal Republic.*" The new monarch thought nothing about it. He turned off the Egyptian grand master somewhat uncivilly, as it is said. The latter personage, who was naturally patient and forbearing, adjourned his second visit, which took place after the campaign of Wagram; but on this occasion, the invisible man did not come alone. He demanded a private audience with the Emperor, and informed him beforehand that he should be at the palace of Fontainebleau, on the 12th of November, 1809. The Emperor was surprised, although he dissembled his feelings. The *Illuminate* then said to him:—"What you propose to undertake will lead you to your ruin: think of your oath; there is still time for that." They conversed together, it seems, for two hours. The Empress was not present at the conversation; that afflicted woman was already convinced that another was soon to displace her in her husband's affections. She was not able then to see the mysterious little man, and never mentioned the circumstance. Bonaparte had throngs of the *Philadelphs* about his person. France swarmed with English, Germans, Spaniards, and Italians, who, at the least signal, would have stricken down the Emperor with their poniards. The war in Spain had begun to unseal the eyes of the mighty conqueror; he saw that he would be vanquished, and that the strife of arms was subject to the same vicissitudes as great reputations. He now began to entertain fears; his private enemies now began to urge him to carry out the suggestion made by his brother Lucien in 1800, to separate from his wife and espouse a Spanish infant. He repudiated Josephine, thus sacrificing *what he held most dear*, and proving to the whole world, and especially to the *Philadelphs*, that he was a fanatic, who would yet lose himself in the tortuous paths of ambition.

The *Little Red Man*, or rather the society which he represented, saw, in his voluntary sacrifice of Josephine, nothing but an irresistible proof that this man, who was chiefly their own work, would sooner or later dare *deny* even them, should occasion require. They swore his destruction, and in order to succeed, they caressed his errors, and applauded his mad enterprises. It may, however, be said to the praise of many among them, that they took all possible pains to convey secret advice to him. He listened to nothing; he resolved to continue to reign—the throne had so many charms! He was singularly struck by the famous vision of M. A. A. de M\*\*\*. The dreadful results of the Russian campaign are known to the world. Here the *Philadelphs* had their eye upon him. Henceforth they knew that his end was near, notwithstanding his alliance with the Archduchess of Austria, an alliance formed by him to strike them with awe. But the time had now passed. The decree had gone forth. He

was to incur not only the penalty of being overthrown, but banished. During the last moments he spent at Fontainebleau, in 1814, he received, as some say, the promised visit from the *Little Red Man*, but, according to others, a simple piece of paper containing the original oath which he had taken, and signed with his own blood; which was as much as to say to the dethroned monarch, that the society of which he was a member, had abandoned him. Had he remained Consul, he might, perhaps, have been so still. But the *Philadelphs forget nothing, and pardon nothing*. For more than three centuries past, have they dreamed of nothing but a *Universal Republic*—which, if we may judge from the best political rules, must end in the overthrow of all the governments on the globe, and the advent of a universal chaos from the East to the West.—*Note communicated.*

Obs.—The story of the "*Little Red Man*" has been very generally believed. But the mystery thrown around it is easily explained. Napoleon was a member of one of the secret societies with which Europe was then filled, pledged to the advancement of popular liberty, and the destruction of tyrants. In despotic governments, such societies must be necessarily secret; their obligations must be terrible, and regarded as paramount to the laws which are sought to be overthrown. Nothing is more probable than that, having assumed the powers and prerogatives of monarchy, Napoleon should have been reminded of the dreadful oath he had taken, and that he should have had secret and mysterious calls from "*Little Red Men*," "*Little Gray Men*" (one of the latter visited him in his tent, in Russia, just before the battle of Borodino), and all other sorts of men, whose hopes of a republic he had disappointed. But the idea that he was finally overthrown by their influence in his councils, would seem to be too far-fetched. That overthrow was the result of the political blunders into which his ambition led him, against the opinions of his soundest advisers and best friends. They were, in a few words:—

1. The war in Spain; an almost insupportable draught upon the blood and treasure of France, and utterly unproductive of profit or glory.

2. The divorce of his wife Josephine—a matter of cold-blooded calculation; a wrong determination as to the result to arise from the respective positions of the objects upon the political chess-board. It was discarding a *French woman* for an Austrian princess. It offended France; it shocked all hearts by an apparent indifference to the love of a noble-minded, innocent, faithful and beautiful woman.

3. The campaign to Russia, an effort which France was not then strong enough to sustain; but which, however gloomy and terrible in its results, was the grandest conception of the age—a display of military power unequalled in the history of the world.—TRANSLATOR.

(66) Page 142.

"*The decree that was to dissolve my marriage.*"

Prince Eugene had a mournful and melting interview with his poor mother. They both wept bitterly. The beloved son strove to console the Empress, who, on her part, sought to arouse his fortitude. Both the illustrious sufferers were overcome by the afflicting scene. "'Tis not," said that noble woman, in the agony of her heart, "'tis not that I regret the throne, my son, but I feel that I am leaving the Emperor a prey to the evil-minded men who seek his ruin. I shall be no longer here to warn him against their false-hearted counsels. The task reserved for me hence

forth, will be to pity him, and to pray for him and the French people, whom I love. *My children will imitate my example.*"

(67) Page 143.

*"On this trying occasion."*

The Senate being assembled on Saturday, the 16th of December, 1809, Cambacérès, the arch-chancellor of the empire, who had been appointed to preside over the sitting, was received with the usual honours. The King of Westphalia, the King of Naples, Grand-Admiral, Prince Eugene, Viceroy of Italy, the Prince Vice-Constable, and the Prince Vice-Grand-Elector, being present, the sitting was opened by the Prince Arch-Chancellor, who addressed the body in the following terms :—

"GENTLEMEN :—The proposition about to be submitted to the deliberation of the Senate at its present sitting, is one which concerns our most cherished interests. It is dictated by that imperious voice which teaches sovereigns and nations, that to insure the safety of a state, we must listen to the counsels of a wise foresight, reflect upon the past, examine the present, and cast our eyes upon the future. Influenced by these high considerations, his Imperial Majesty has, upon the present occasion, which will be for ever memorable, banished from him all personal considerations, and silenced all his private affections. The noble and touching assent of Her Majesty, the Empress, is a glorious testimony of her disinterested attachment to the Emperor, and entitles her to the eternal gratitude of the nation."

Count Regnault de Saint-Angely then rose, and submitted to the assembly the draught of a *Senatus Consultum*, dissolving the marriage contract between the Emperor and the Empress. The speaker thus developed the reasons for this measure :—

"MY LORD, AND SENATORS :—The formal act set forth in the document to which you have listened, fully explains the reasons which justify it. What can I add to it ? What language can I address to the Senate of France, which will not fall beneath the touching declarations of the illustrious pair, whose generous purposes your deliberations are about to consecrate ? Both in respect to public policy and private feeling, their hearts have united in the utterance of language, at once the most true, the most persuasive, the best calculated to convince and to move. As sovereigns, as partners, the Emperor and Empress have done all, said all. To us, it only remains to love, bless and admire them.

"The voice of the French people is next to be heard. Their memory is as faithful as their hearts. In their minds, full of gratitude, will they unite the hopes of the future with the recollections of the past. Never shall monarch receive more of respect, of admiration, of gratitude and love, than Napoleon, in sacrificing his holiest affections to the good of his subjects ;—than Josephine, in sacrificing her love for the best of husbands, her devotion to the best of kings, her attachment to the best of nations.

"Accept, gentlemen, in the name of weeping France, in the presence of astonished Europe, this, the greatest sacrifice *ever made on earth* ; and, full of the profound emotions which you cannot but feel, hasten to bear to the foot of the throne, not only the tribute of your own feelings, but of



the *vain* French people;—the only price worthy of the fortitude of our sovereigns; the only consolation worthy of their hearts.”

Prince Eugene, Josephine’s son, then rose and addressed the assembly in the following language :—

“PRINCE—SENATORS :—You have heard the proposition read which is now submitted to your deliberations. I deem it my duty on this occasion to make known the sentiments which animate my family. My mother, my sister, and myself, owe everything to the Emperor. To us he has been a true father. In us shall he at all times find devoted children, submissive subjects. It is important to the happiness of France that the founder of this fourth dynasty should grow old surrounded by direct descendants, who shall be to us all guarantees and pledges of the safety and glory of our country.

“When my mother was crowned in the presence of the whole French nation, by the hands of her august husband, she contracted an obligation to sacrifice all her affections to the interests of France. With courage, dignity, and nobleness of soul has she fulfilled that primary duty. The tears, which this resolution has cost the Emperor, suffice for my mother’s glory. In the situation in which she is about to be placed, she will not, in her prayers and her patriotic sentiments, be a stranger to the new prosperity for which we all look; and, with satisfaction mingled with pride, will she view that happiness which her sacrifices will insure to her country and the Emperor.”

(68) *Page 148.*

*“In his turn be conquered.”*

When Bonaparte separated from Josephine, he left the woman who had exercised a great influence upon his destinies. It was she who had, in a manner, launched him upon Fortune’s car, who knew how to uphold him in spite of envy, who was the guardian angel, sent by Providence upon the earth to repair a thousand wrongs; and, from the moment he repudiated her, Napoleon, the invincible Napoleon, began to be a prey to fearful forebodings. This false step was a triumph to his enemies, and all Europe was amazed that a man, whose former achievements had covered him with glory, should thus, with a sort of ostentation, run after the daughter of a sovereign whom he had subdued by force of arms.—“From the moment” (such was the general exclamation) “that Napoleon shall start this scandalous project of a divorce, and, not content with severing the bonds which are for him not less sacred than advantageous, shall dare aspire to the hand of the august daughter of the Cæsars, Napoleon is no longer anything of himself; he is but an ambitious man. He will tremble for the result of the part he is acting, for he will seek to sustain himself by force, and not by popular favour.”

Some days before the divorce, Josephine addressed him thus :—

“Bonaparte, even now you have no confidence in the stability of your power. You want an ally, and the very sovereign whom you have lately vanquished, the sovereign who has just grounds to hate you, now sees himself flattered by the very man who has so lately overrun his country. In his eyes you are but a small affair at this present time; for, if such an enormous sacrifice as the giving his daughter to you in marriage, be necessary to give peace to his subjects, you cannot but know that he will secretly despise you, and say to himself—‘Well, the man who so lately



made me tremble, who imposed such cruel conditions upon me, is on the eve of some dreadful catastrophe. Did he suppose himself firmly seated on his throne, he would not need to resort to a foreign alliance, and the very circumstance that the mighty conqueror is so anxious to obtain a companion of illustrious birth, is evidence that he intends, should a storm ever arise, to lean upon that foreign support.'”\*

While at Malmaison, Josephine received occasional visits from Napoleon, after the divorce. He was fond of conversing with her, and used to give her the most trifling details of what transpired at his court, telling her, often, that he always saw her with renewed pleasure. But he never spoke to her of Maria Louisa; such was the kind of respect he had for the latter. Josephine could scarcely restrain her spite. Whenever her friends conversed in her presence about the woman who had taken her place, she carefully avoided letting fall the slightest remark that could be construed into a censure of that woman; though it was easy to see how much it cost her to hear the qualities of the new empress continually preached up. “He will never love her,” said she, with ill-concealed feeling; “he has sacrificed everything to his politics; but his first wife—yes, his first wife, will for ever possess his confidence.” And she did not deceive herself in this prophecy, for many a time did the ex-Empress have reason for exulting in the irresistible ascendant she still preserved over him.

(69) Page 164.

“*The birth of the King of Rome,*” &c.

The news that the Empress Maria Louisa had given birth to a son, was announced by the discharge of one hundred and one cannon. The enthusiasm was universal.

On hearing of this unexpected good fortune of her husband, Josephine, who had long since abandoned all hope of having children, felt the more pleasure in the event, that it furnished an additional proof of the attachment of the French people to the Emperor. She made the young archduke a present of a little carriage drawn by two superb *mérinos*, and had, it is said, the curiosity to go herself and see the first experiment with them. The Emperor was much pleased with this polite attention, and spoke of it frequently to Maria Louisa, who, as a matter of course, was offended; she could not endure to hear praises bestowed upon the woman who had preceded her. It was easy, indeed, to perceive that Josephine was not forgotten, for the supreme master always spoke of her with new and increased interest. He loved to hear of all that took place at Malmaison, even the most minute particulars. Often, when returning from a hunting party, he would go and take Josephine unawares at Malmaison, and talk

\* The civil marriage of Napoleon with the Archduchess of Austria took place at Saint Cloud, April 1st, 1810; the fetes were brilliant, but were interrupted by a tremendous shower—a perfect deluge. The company knew not where to take refuge, and many, especially ladies, in consequence contracted diseases of which they died. Josephine was deeply affected by the terrible conflagration which took place at the close of a splendid ball given by the Austrian ambassador on that occasion. She knew her children were there. Prince Eugene saved the lives of several; but in vain did he assure Madame Schwartzberg that her daughter was not in the hall. The tender mother could not believe: she rushed into the flames, and perished. Napoleon showed himself wherever the danger was the most imminent, uttering the most cutting reproaches upon those whose duty it was to keep up a minute and active watch, and prevent evil-minded persons from stealing during the fire. But in vain; the most valuable effects of the guests were stolen and carried off by the thieves with impunity.

with her for some minutes in the most friendly manner. They walked together in the garden; their conversation was at times animated; and he was often seen with moist eyes when he left her, as if he had experienced a violent agitation.

He was displeased with certain of his courtiers, who, the moment the divorce took place, affected to forget the forsaken Josephine. "Have you been to Malmaison?" he would say to them earnestly—"How does the Empress?"—which was as much as to assure them that it would please him to know that they still paid their respects to Josephine, and that the political chameleons might, if they chose, throw down the gauntlet, which he would be the first to pick up.

(70) Page 165.

"*The heir apparent.*"

Josephine was absolutely determined to see the King of Rome, although it was impossible to do so at Malmaison. Madame Montesquiou, by order of Bonaparte, went to Trianon, with her august *élève*. Josephine was advised of it, and repaired thither. She lavished her caresses upon the young prince. Her eyes were filled with tears. "Ah!" said she, with a throb of emotion that went to the heart, "I could not—I could not fulfil Bonaparte's highest wish; but Louisa is more happy than I, and I now pardon her freely for the wrong she did me, in coming to usurp my place. Surely, I am now willing to overlook all my husband's errors, and concern myself solely about the happiness of a father." And, indeed, from that moment she seemed to regain all her gayety, and only thought of Maria Louisa as one who had given to the Emperor a pledge of security.

(71) Page 166.—NAVARRÉ.

She often went to Navarre, which she had done much to embellish. She was there when the foreign troops advanced upon Paris. But her Malmaison property was respected; the allies even despatched thither a guard of honour. She received a letter from Talleyrand, informing her that the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia wished to see her. She was visited by those sovereigns, and often honoured by their presence; she even *fêted* them at Malmaison. But what, alas, must have been her mental sufferings, when she reverted to the painful position of her husband! Never had she ceased to love him, and his deep misfortunes now only served to redouble her affection.

She was probably one of the principal causes which prevailed, in securing for him such favourable conditions from the victorious sovereigns. She pleaded his cause with earnestness, but with dignity. "I have," said she, "been his wife; I feel it my duty, both from obligation and friendship, to intercede for him." When she heard that he had set out for the Isle of Elba, she exclaimed, "Though Bonaparte is abandoned by all who are most dear to him, I, at least, will not be of that number; I detest ingratitude, and will never participate in their panic terrors. I will go and join him again on his island, and there, surrounded by a few tried friends, we will perchance both of us enjoy one more ray of happiness."

(72) Page 173.—CLARKE.

It was a master-stroke of policy on the part of Josephine to have gained over, with so much adroitness, this general, who was born of Irish

parents. At the epoch of the Consulate, he was nothing more than a partisan of Bonaparte, and quite free in the expression of his opinion on that subject. He was in the habit of visiting at Malmaison, where the Consul's wife received him with grace and distinction. He became the more fond of Josephine, because she manifested a great liking for his daughter, whom she invited to leave the boarding-school where she had been staying, and come and spend a few days with her. These amiable attentions were infinitely flattering to the general; and the principle of gratitude was with him sacred. Having become Emperor, Napoleon manifested some dislike towards him, and frequently showed distrust. Clarke complained of this to Josephine, and on more than one occasion expressed his mortification in her presence. Like an adroit wife as she was, she reassured the general, and told him that the Emperor often confessed that General Clarke was of great service to him, especially on his campaigns; but that, possessing the character he did, he found it convenient to dissemble, and to be on his guard against persons who sought to look through his designs. "General," said she, "were you an ordinary man, Bonaparte would despise you; but, on the contrary, you inspire him with a kind of fear; such is his distrust of a certain class of generals.\* I myself try to reassure him respecting those gentlemen, and give him the guarantee of my word, which ought to be inviolable, you know, general. Every one esteems you," she said continually to Clarke. "Look at B., C., D., E., K., L., M., O., R., S.; their services and their fidelity in keeping their oaths will convince you better than all my arguments. Thus," continued Josephine, in a manner and with a voice to which she joined the sweetest smile, "certainly, *Monsieur le Comte*, you can never—I am sure of it, you can never be willing to expose me to the reproaches of my husband, seeing how much I have done to gain you his favour. Your loyal feelings are well known to me, and the friendship you bear me will always warrant me in believing that at all times and under all circumstances you will watch over the interests of the Emperor. I charge you with a duty which, I am sure, will be daily recognised by your honourable and generous conduct in the service which is confided to you, and in which you have it in your power to do so much good, and to repair so many evils." Such were Josephine's private conversations with the most distinguished ministers and military men of the empire. She was ever making friends for the Emperor, and during the last years of her life, Malmaison became the rendezvous of all his most zealous friends. She conversed with them all about their different arrangements, and animated the zeal of such of them as seemed to despair of his cause.

(73) Page 174.—POLAND.

Nothing is more astonishing in political history, than that Poland should, for so many centuries, have maintained itself with an elective king. The fearlessness of the feudal system drew down upon it all its woes. That

\* Of this number was the Prince of Ponte-Corvo. Bernadotte, while relating to Napoleon how his election was brought about in Sweden, gazed at him with those black and piercing eyes which always gave to his physiognomy a singular appearance. After a conversation of two hours, Napoleon said to him, in a quick sharp tone:—"Eh bien, let destiny be accomplished: I would freely give three millions to see you mount the throne." "Yes, sir, let destiny be accomplished," again ejaculated Napoleon, observing that Bernadotte echoed those words. That illustrious general, who was really offended with Napoleon, soon took his leave of France to be King of Sweden.



system was never fitted to any but infant states of society. It has ever produced anarchy in the end, and dismemberment as the last result.

Montesquieu says: "There are some states which are gainers by being conquered. They are, ordinarily, those whose institutions have lost all their strength; where corruption has found its way; where the laws have ceased to be executed; where the government has become an oppression, and where matters have come to that pass in which the state has lost the power of self-reformation."

[What a commentary on the present condition of Mexico!—TRANSLATOR.]

(74) *Page 177.*

*"Scene of desolation."*

General Barclay de Tolley, foreseeing that an assault would be attempted upon the town of Smolensk, although the breach was not yet practicable, reinforced the garrison with two new divisions, and two regiments of infantry of the Guard. The combat lasted till nightfall. Columns of smoke and flame began to rise, and seemed instantly to communicate themselves to the principal quarters of the town. In the middle of a summer's night, that blazing city presented to our eyes the spectacle which an eruption of Vesuvius presents to the inhabitants of Naples. No pen can describe the horrible devastation which the interior of the town presented. Let the reader picture to himself the houses on fire, all the streets, all the public squares, piled with dead or dying Russians; ruined families braving every danger in their efforts to snatch the wrecks of their property from the raging flames, by whose light this dreadful spectacle was viewed from afar;—and he may have some faint idea of its horrors.

The next morning we entered Smolensk through the faubourg that lay along the river; we trod among nothing but ruins and dead bodies. The still smoking palaces presented nothing to the view but walls cleft by the flames, and beneath their fallen fragments the blackened skeletons of their inmates half consumed by the fire. The few houses which remained, were occupied by our soldiers, while at the door you might have seen the houseless owner lingering awhile with the residue of his family, weeping and wringing his hands at the death of his children, and the loss of the fruits of years of patient toil. The churches offered the only consolation to the unhappy wretches who were without shelter. The Cathedral, so celebrated throughout Europe, so venerated by the Russians, became the refuge of the miserable beings who had escaped from the conflagration. Within that church, huddled around the altars, were entire households couched upon rags. On one side might have been seen an expiring old man, casting a last look upon the saint whom he had invoked for his whole life; and, on the other, an innocent babe, resting in its cradle, to whom the mother, bowed down by sorrow, was giving suck, while she bedewed it with her tears.

To this scene of desolation, the passage of the French army into the interior of the town presented a striking contrast. On the one side was the affliction of the vanquished; on the other, the pride of the victors; those had lost their all; these, enriched with spoils, never having known defeat, moved proudly forward at the sound of martial music, striking with fear, as well as admiration, the wretched remains of a subdued population.—*Campagnes de Russie.*



(75) *Page 179.*—GENERAL MALLET.

Mallet, a general who was suspected by the Emperor, and shut up in a mad house under the pretext that he was insane, conceived, in 1812, the project of a revolution, and had the temerity to attempt its execution, without any methodical plan, without accomplices, and without money. Having escaped from his place of confinement, and furnished himself with pretended decrees of the Senate announcing the death of the Emperor, and appointing General Mallet military commandant of Paris, he went to a barrack in the middle of the night, read there the so-called decree of the Senate, of which he was the bearer, and marched off a regiment that was quartered there. Thence he proceeded to the prison *de la Force*, and, in virtue of the power with which he had invested himself, set at liberty a general officer named Lahorie, on whom he presumed he could rely. The latter, with a detachment of the regiment, proceeded to the hotel of the minister of police, informed him of the death of Napoleon, and told him he was charged by the Senate to secure his person. The Duke of Rovigo, outwitted by these two pieces of news, suffered himself to be caught and carried off as easily as if he had been a lamb. Before seven o'clock in the morning, he found himself under lock and key in the same prison from which Lahorie had been taken some hours before, and had for his fellow-prisoner the prefect of police, who permitted himself to be arrested with the same facility.

During this time, Mallet repaired to the quarters of the general staff, in order to arrest General Hullin likewise. The latter did not show himself as confiding as Savary, but demanded the perusal of the decree of the Senate. Mallet, feigning to search for it in his pocket, drew a pistol, fired upon Hullin, and fractured his jaw. At this moment, Adjutant-General Laborde, an active and intrepid man, arrived at the quarters. He heard what had taken place, convinced the subalterns, who had followed Mallet, that they were the sport of an impostor, and secured his person. He then repaired to the office of the minister of police, where he found Lahorie, who, having given orders to the clerks to draw up a circular letter, was in serious conference with a tailor, to whom he was giving directions for a suit of clothes. After causing him to be apprehended, Laborde went to the Force prison, and set the minister of police at liberty. After this, he went to the department of police, and found there another emissary sent by Mallet; and the prefect, as credulous as the Duke of Rovigo, was actually busy in preparing a new hall in which the provisional government was to assemble. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon, everything was restored to order.

Maria Louisa was at Saint-Cloud while this movement was going on at Paris. It must be said to her honour, that, on this occasion, she showed coolness and courage. She ordered the few troops who were with her to be placed under arms. But scarcely had they time to execute her order, before she learnt that the conspirators were arrested. The following is an extract from a work, printed in England (by Colburn, a bookseller), respecting the conduct of the Duke of Feltre [*Clarke*] on this occasion.

“The conduct of this minister, also, was suspicious on the occasion of Mallet’s conspiracy, or, rather, his ill-concerted enterprise. The duke pretended that he had given orders for Mallet’s arrest, and that he had himself mounted a horse, and passed through all the streets of Paris, calming and undeceiving the public mind. ’Tis very true he did all this,

but not until Laborde had arrested Mallet, and released the Duke of Rovigo from his confinement in La Force. Until then, he had remained quite tranquil in his hotel, only waiting, it should seem, for the result, in order to declare himself."

The news of the pretended death of the Emperor, and the more correct news of the seizure of the minister of police, spread rapidly through Paris, but without producing any effect. No demonstrations of joy, nor signs of sorrow, were visible. The faubourgs of St. Antoine and St. Marceau, always so agitated in times of revolution, remained perfectly tranquil. The only sentiment which seemed to animate the Parisians, was that felt by the spectators of a game of chess—the curiosity to see how the matter will end. The next day people thought of nothing but to let slip their sarcasms against the minister of police, of whom they jokingly said, that, on this occasion, he had made a "*tour de force*."

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*"That horrible catastrophe."*

A spectacle now presented itself, which my imagination had never before conceived; no, not while perusing the most dreadful pages of ancient and modern history. Consternation kept a great part of the population of Moscow shut up in their houses; from which they did not issue until the fire had penetrated into their asylums. Terror held them mute; they stood trembling, not daring to utter the slightest imprecation against the French. Some of them attempted to fly, and to carry with them the most precious of their effects; while others, more sensible to the demands of nature and humanity, thought only of saving their parents. Here you might have seen a son bearing off his infirm father upon his shoulders; there, mothers holding their babes in their arms, and shedding over them torrents of tears; while their older children, afraid of losing them, pursued on after their flying mothers, and calling out to them with piercing and lamenting cries. Many of the aged, more borne down with grief than years, unable to follow their families, shedding bitter tears over the desolation of their country, gave themselves up to die under the roofs where they were born. The streets, the public squares, the churches, were all filled with these wretched beings, who, lying upon what remained of their household goods, groaned away the heavy hours, without giving even the smallest sign of despair. You heard no dispute, no cry amongst them. Victor and vanquished were alike struck with stupor, the one by excess of fortune, the other by excess of misery.

The fire, pursuing its desolating course, soon reached the finest parts of the city. In a moment, as it were, all those palaces which we had so much admired for their elegant architecture and tasty decorations, were wrapped in flames and consumed. Their superb pediments, adorned with bas-reliefs and statues, deprived of their supports, fell with a wild crash upon the ruins of their columns. The churches, though roofed with tiles or lead, also fell, and with them those proud domes which the last sunset had revealed to us, all resplendent with silver and gold. The hospitals, in which were more than 20,000 sick and wounded, soon fell a prey to the devouring element. The soul revolts and freezes with horror at the scene which followed. Nearly every one of those miserable wretches perished in the flames; and the few who still retained the breath of life, were seen dragging themselves along, half burnt to death, amongst the smoking cinders; while others of the number,

groaning under piles of corpses, lifted them up in order to get at the light of day.

How shall I describe the tumults which the pillaging, connived at throughout this immense city, produced? Soldiers, sutlers, galley-slaves, prostitutes, rushing through the streets, entered the deserted palaces, stealing and carrying off whatever could flatter their cupidity. Some loaded themselves with tissues of silk and gold; others covered their shoulders with the most costly furs; many loaded themselves down with women's and children's furred robes. Even galley-slaves concealed their rags beneath the court dresses. Others again rushed into the cellars, dashed in the doors, and after making themselves drunk with the most costly wines, tottered out again, laden with immense booty. The frightful sacking was not confined to the houses which were deserted. The horrors of the town and the rapacity of the populace were all confounded together, and aided the plunderers in executing a work of devastation as great as that of the conflagration. Nor did those asylums wait long to be violated by an insolent soldiery. Those who had officers with them hoped, for an instant, to escape the common danger; but the fire advancing rapidly upon them, soon robbed them of all their hopes.

Towards evening, Napoleon, no longer thinking himself safe in a city whose ruin seemed inevitable, left the Kremlin, and took up his quarters with his suite in the chateau of Peterskoë. While seeing him pass, I could not but look with a shudder upon the leader of a barbarous expedition, who, to shun the cries of a just public indignation, was seeking to hide himself in some dark corner. But it was in vain; the flames pursued him on all sides, and, flashing upon his guilty head, reminded me of the torches of the *Eumenides* pursuing the criminals devoted to the infernal gods.—*Camp. de Russie.*

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*"Happy return from Moscow."*

The conspiracy of Mallet and Lahorie struck Napoleon with terror: for, if ever his authority ought to have been regarded as firmly established, it was while he was carrying the terror of his arms to the extremity of Europe. He could never accustom himself to the idea, that obscure citizens could have dared to overthrow him, who was making kings tremble. In his rage, he accused the public functionaries and magistrates of having betrayed his interests, since not one of them had thought of carrying out the constitution of the empire, by calling to the throne the child who was to succeed him. To him this was an irresistible proof that, notwithstanding all he had done of grand and wonderful, nothing would be more difficult than for him to establish a new dynasty. Tormented by this reflection, the army became to him a thing of little account; and, abandoning all his plans of campaign, he thought only of quitting us (says Eugene de la Beaum), and flying to Paris, in order to apply a remedy to an event which seemed to have taken place only to show him how fragile was that colossal power which he had neglected properly to consolidate;—for he was carried away by a false system, disgraceful to our age, which taught him that battles only were necessary to the founding of an empire.

On his return to the capital, Napoleon was received by the Senate with the same enthusiasm as if he had conquered on the banks of the Berezina; he demanded an extraordinary levy of 350,000 men, and obtained it. All



the cities of France vied with each other in furnishing him ready-equipped horsemen. Napoleon now gave the public to understand that this was to protect the territory of France from invasion. At the name of country, every good citizen roused himself from the kind of slumber into which he had been plunged. Every man offered himself to defend it; people of worth and experience declared that it must be hedged in with a triple row of bayonets, and that before passing that barrier, the invader must march over the body of the last soldier of France.—Honour to the brave men who fell in Saxony while resisting the combined forces of so many nations!

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“Subject to his control.”

Since 1789 this father of politics had been engaged in studying the characters of the statesmen of Europe. He knew how to take advantage of their weakness in consolidating the rising power of Napoleon. In concert with him, he set about re-establishing the ancient customs and ceremonies of religion that had been abolished by the demagogues of 1793 and 1794. Frenchmen, now governed by more just laws, and free in the exercise of their religious worship, forgot that they had a Cæsar. That naturally docile nation became submissive and faithful when it could worship its God according to its ritual. The coronation of the new Emperor was really a conquest achieved over the republican party. Napoleon, thanks to his sword and his minister, appeared truly great in the measures he took to preserve the fruits of that triumph. M. Talleyrand pointed out to him that a conqueror might invade a kingdom with impunity, but not overthrow an altar or displace an image of the Virgin, without exciting a general disturbance. In order to please his new subjects, Napoleon affected to re-establish religious ceremonies with that pomp and decency which are required by our mysteries. The visit of Pope Pius VII. to France was a *coup d'état*, whereof the coronation was the quintessence. The character which he impressed upon this ceremony was the triumph of policy in consolidating his power over a people accustomed to revere their kings. Soon did this Hercules of the cabinet, this man so superior to others, by the extent of his knowledge, and the delicacy of his genius, penetrate the designs of all the courts of Europe. He understood perfectly how to profit by his astonishing sagacity, and knew how to distinguish the mere courtier from the useful and laborious man. He could appreciate all our *grand chameleons*. He could, himself, *direct the compass of the world* whenever he wished. Sometimes the men over whom his influence extended, would counsel their sovereigns to employ the aid of such and such persons—to make such and such concessions; and sometimes they would disavow them. Napoleon would have fallen six years before, had not this able minister directed the wheels of his political chariot. The Abbé de Pradt cannot be compared to the modern Richelieu, although my lord Bishop of Malines is a man of great talent. The latter is but a third-rate man when contrasted with Talleyrand. A man of new and original ideas, labouring with ease and rapidity (*without correspondence, for he wrote to nobody*), a correct *coup d'œil*, habituated to reason quickly from cause to effect, of unexampled facility in passing from one subject to another, viewing at a glance a whole suite of characters in profile; a man of wit and of the world, polished in his intercourse with society, fond of women, heeding them little, though availing himself of their lucky ideas; afraid of having his own designs



penetrated, but fond of penetrating those of others; with some enemies whom he cared little for; some friends, whom he well understood; feigning to live unknown, but troubling himself but little on that score; such was Talleyrand. When the proper time shall come, he will be recalled to a ministry, which he will know well how to discharge. He still owes more than one service to his country, and to his friends.—*Note by Josephine.*

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*“Ruin of their country.”*

“I do not pretend,” said Fenelon to the Duke of Burgundy, his pupil, “I do not pretend that Republics furnish us no proofs of true patriotism. The virtues may be compared to those useful plants which grow everywhere; though this does not prove that one climate may not be more favourable to them than another. Patriotism, even amidst the thorns and brambles of anarchy, and under the dog star of despotism, has sometimes borne the most precious fruit; but you will not hence conclude that because it hath shone more brightly amidst the disorders of society, disorders are most congenial to it; there, it only shines by contrast.”

The most of our politicians of 1793 have left to their offspring, as their sole inheritance, nothing but their sad doctrines. Those young Brutuses must necessarily reject all idea of monarchical power, and still caress the hope of a return of the bright days of friendship and brotherhood. Alas! We have furnished the proof that a pure democracy too often degenerates into mere license. Besides, every government not founded upon the basis of religion, justice, and respect for person and property, tends to despotism and anarchy. What is *anarchy*? A disorder in the state, where no one has authority to command, and cause the laws to be respected; and where, consequently, the people conduct themselves as they please, without curb, without subordination, and without police. O Frenchmen! let us strive to banish all new dissensions from the bosom of our happy country, and thus wrest from the stranger a shameful pretext for again ravaging our provinces, and appropriating to himself the fruits of six years of peace! What did I say? This Paris, this peerless city, has once seen the stranger within her walls. He sought to conform himself to our tastes, our habits; perchance by an excess of politeness, and the better to please us, he may finally be tempted to stay here for ever! This we must fear, this we must avoid!

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*“Still remaining in your power.”*

“To obtain peace, sacrifice everything, since without it you lose the empire, your honour, your independence.—Think, O Bonaparte!” was Josephine’s constant language to him. Such were the counsels she gave him whenever he visited Malmaison. During the latter part of his reign, she used to say to him: “Give up the idea of seeking the foreigner at his hearth. Raise against him an inexpugnable rampart on your frontiers, and call to the defence thereof those legions of brave men with whom the cry of Honour and Country was no vain shout. That sublime impulse was of itself worth a whole army. Persevere—persevere, O thou who hast so much to dread from the nations thou hast conquered. But, if God hath decreed to punish thee for having neglected the sagest counsels;—should the strangers invade our provinces, and force thee to descend from the throne, lay thy crown at the feet of the Senate of France, that it may

be offered to the most worthy.—A stranger should never place upon his brow the diadem of our kings. Then, Bonaparte, should there be yet time, fly to Italy; quit a country which holds within its ramparts the proud German and the sons of Britain. Spare thy country the horrors of a civil war—ever dangerous to the one party as well as to the other. Posterity, more just than contemporaries, will thank thee for thy moderation, and pronounce just eulogiums upon thy character.”—*Note by Josephine.*

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“*To do the honours there.*”

The Empress Josephine quitted her cherished abode in such a state of despair that her attendants had great difficulty in restoring calmness to her mind. Already had she heard the alarm cry of—“*Save yourself*;—the stranger approaches with rapid strides;—he has passed the frontiers;—the clouds of Cossacks are everywhere spreading despair and death.”—It was a thunderclap to that afflicted but feeling woman; but, soon recovering her wonted energy and presence of mind, she gave orders immediately that her whole household should proceed to Navarre. She left in haste. One of the main-braces of the carriage which bore her, broke in the middle of the way, and it was necessary to stop. Some troops appeared in the distance, whom she took to be columns of Prussians in pursuit of her. She expected to be carried off by main force, and was greatly frightened. But her journey was resumed and continued without any accident. How mournful, how despairing must have been her reflections in crossing the threshold of a castle where she had every moment reason to fear she should be exposed to danger or insult. “Alas,” said she, “little, little does Bonaparte dream of what is taking place at Paris!—Did he, his soul would be rent by mortal anxieties.” The air of unconcern with which she pronounced these few words, showed but too plainly that life had no longer a charm for her.

For several days she preferred to remain alone. Her ladies noticed that she was continually perusing and reperusing a letter which the Emperor wrote her from Brienne, in which he said:—“Josephine, while revisiting the spot where I passed my early childhood, and comparing the peaceful hours I then enjoyed, with the agitations and terrors which I now experience, I am constrained to say to myself—‘I have sought death, often, in the midst of combats: I fear it no longer—to me it would this day be a blessing.’”

During the latter part of her stay at Navarre, Josephine seemed crushed by unspeakable anguish. But often would she say, when speaking of Bonaparte: “I am the only one to whom he intrusted all his secrets—all except the one which has caused his ruin; and had he communicated that to me in season, I should still have enjoyed his presence; and, by means of my counsels, he would perhaps have escaped these new calamities.”

Soon, however, she received an invitation to yield to the wish expressed by the illustrious allies, to see her at Malmaison. This well-merited mark of respect moved her even to tears. She seemed to hesitate;—the first wife of Napoleon thought she should remain invisible to all eyes. Nevertheless, she was induced, by high and powerful considerations, to quit Navarre, and return and do the honours at Malmaison. Her emotions must have been extreme, on revisiting her cherished abode. A guard of honour watched around her; her property was respected: she found her-

self, so to speak, in the midst of her court, but surrounded by the most illustrious personages in Europe. Then might she have esteemed herself fortunate, being the only member of the whole imperial family whose titles and honours were preserved. Josephine, shining with grace and amiability, honoured by the presence of the world's masters, appeared again to the eyes of the French people like a brilliant meteor lately eclipsed by a cloud. Throngs of strangers came to Malmaison to admire and to pity her, and she received the most honourable felicitations for the noble devotion she had displayed during the gloomiest periods of the Revolution.—“Everywhere,” said the Emperor Alexander to her, “everywhere I hear the name of Josephine praised. That princess, it is everywhere said, was Bonaparte’s guardian angel; you shall be so still to the French people (added that generous prince) for, following your example, madame, and in order to prove to you the interest with which you inspire me, I shall fulfil your intentions by protecting, with all the power I possess, the people over whom you have reigned. She who hath counselled none but sublime actions, merits now to reap their fruits; enjoy, then, the good you have done; and, as well in my own name as in that of my illustrious allies, be assured of the most constant and honourable protection.” Such were the marks of respect which Josephine received on the day of her first interview with the most powerful monarchs of Europe.

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*“The love they manifested to the French people.”*

The Emperor Alexander ever manifested the most noble disposition towards the French people. In this he sought to imitate the great and generous Catharine, his illustrious ancestor, who also loved them. It was to the magnanimity and moderation of that august prince, that Paris owed the complete preservation of all her monuments. For this Josephine more than once testified her gratitude. “Happy the people subject to your sway,” said she, “and happier still those who, having experienced great vicissitudes of fortune, have seen themselves forced, through the inscrutable ways of Providence, to pass, in their turn, from the Capitoline hill, under the Caudine Forks. If, generous prince, they have in you found a mediator who could only moderate the severity of the conventions imposed upon them by conquerors, irritated by their own disasters, you have been the first to show to the world a sublime example, one which distinguishes you from your allies by its rare disinterestedness; and loading the French people, so to speak, with evidences of your unexampled generosity, you have acquired a title to the thanks of posterity.”

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*“Their legitimate princes.”*

Very many of the most illustrious families in France owed their political existence to the ex-Empress. Her taste was to oblige; her position rendered her necessary. As to her opinions, they were well known. Herself a victim of the revolution, she could not but detest its principles. Raised in some sort in the midst of the Court of Versailles, she could not but adopt its usages. Whenever she spoke of Louis XVI. and his family, her eyes would fill with tears. “They suffered much,” said she. “Whenever my eyes fall upon the Place de Louis XV., I seem to see them



there surrounded by the implements of their death. The malevolent are ever the same; should Bonaparte fall from power to-day, they would drag him to the scaffold. Nothing is more ideal than the acclamations of the multitude. I detest all those assemblages where paid orators seek to electrify the people by making them repeat, even to satiety, the phrases—*'Long live the Republic! Down with the Republic! Long live the Directory! No more Directory! Hurrah for the Consul! Long live the Emperor! Long live the Empress,'* &c., &c. All such cries are but the forerunners of horrible catastrophes. Every prince who reposes upon the popular favour, is near his fall." When Napoleon heard her talk thus, he would say, "*Tu fais un cours d'ana.*" To please him, she would hold her tongue, for he did not like maxims; and for the sake of peace, she would change the conversation. When she heard that the house of Bourbon was to be recalled to the throne, the first words that escaped her were, "At least, a foreign dynasty will not rule over France. It is but just—it belongs to them. I shall take pleasure in seeing them, especially the *Duchess*. She is an angel of goodness." She was doubtless speaking of the Duchess dowager of Orleans, that admirable princess whom all parties respected, and who, after her long and ill-merited misfortunes, has at length found a support. Providence watched over her, as well as the august daughter of Louis XVI. Josephine, *incognito*, witnessed the entry of *Monsieur* the king's brother into Paris. She was observed to be deeply moved, when she heard that prince repeat to the multitudes who were making the air ring with their acclamations—"Yes, my friends, 'tis but one Frenchman more among you:"—"Admirable words!" said Josephine; "I am sure, if Napoleon were present, he would be moved by them. Alas, could he be philosophic enough to look upon this with the eye of a sage, how happy might we both still be! But ambition, and the lust of ruling, are diseases which seize upon all men, and until their latest breath they cling to power. How little have they of the noble philosophy of the Great Saladin, who directed that after his death his winding-sheet should be shown to the people, and that they should be told that '*that was all of this world which remained to the Great Saladin.*'"

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"*New pretexts for deferring it.*"

Napoleon, who, in the days of his glory, had seen himself at the head of 500,000 combatants, now found himself at Fontainebleau, with nothing but his guard, reduced to two or three thousand men, but determined to shed for him the last drop of their blood. Whether from the effect of his sudden overthrow, or from some other cause, he was seized by a fit of catalepsis, a malady to which he was subject. He fell down, motionless and speechless. His physician, M. Corvisart, was called, and lavished upon him his utmost care and skill; for this reason, his departure for the island of Elba was postponed.

Though still sick, his curiosity was excited by the Paris journals, which he read daily, holding them in his trembling hands, and casting a rapid and unquiet glance upon their columns. Instead of the extravagant eulogies of which he had been for fifteen years the object, he now found in them nothing but late-coming, painful truths. He foamed with rage, and vented himself in threats, forgetting that the part he had to act was finished. Recovering his equanimity, he now reflected that he was no longer the redoubtable Napoleon, and, in his anguish, exclaimed,—“Had I been



told, three years ago, but the hundredth part of the truths I have heard to-day, you would still see me on the throne of France"—a humiliating reflection, indeed, to the cowardly flatterers who had surrounded him—to those inefficient and miserable functionaries who, constantly kneeling at his feet, had, without any sense of shame, sold him to the interests of the people;—to those mercenary poets—those subsidized writers who, in their base and cowardly compositions, had exhausted all the forms of the most servile adulation;—who showed themselves utterly indifferent to the public evils, provided they could fill their rapacious palms with gold, the price of their depravity.

Napoleon preserved all his character in his misfortunes; and now prepared to close the last scene of his expiring power. Under different pretexts he had delayed his departure; but suddenly assembling some thousands of men of his guard, who remained about his person, he passed them in review. Signs of terror were discoverable in his altered countenance, and some tears fell from his eyes. The guard waited for his orders in profound silence: but not a cry of *Vive l'Empereur* smote the air. The old warriors preserved an attitude of perfect respect, although it was manifest that their hearts were overcome by grief. After walking his horse a few paces along the line, Napoleon, addressing himself to his guard, spoke as follows:—

“GENERALS, OFFICERS, AND UNDER-OFFICERS OF MY OLD GUARD:

“I bid you farewell: I am satisfied with you. For twenty years, I have found you ever in the path of glory.

“The allied powers have armed all Europe against me; a part of the army has betrayed its duties; and France herself has chosen other destinies.

“With you, and the brave men who have remained faithful to me, I might have maintained a civil war for three years; but France would have been unhappy—a result contrary to the end I have ever had in view.

“Be faithful to the new king whom France has chosen; do not abandon our beloved country, so long unhappy.

“Do not mourn my lot: I shall ever be happy when I know that you are.

“I might have died; nothing could have been easier for me; but I shall ever pursue the road of honour.

“I shall write what we have done. I cannot embrace you all, but I embrace your general. Bring me the eagle.” He then kissed it, and said, “Beloved eagle! may this kiss echo through the hearts of the brave!—Adieu, my children!”

He started on the 20th of April at noon, with Generals Bertrand and Drouot, who retired with him to the island of Elba, accompanied by four superior officers, commissioners of the allied powers; the English Colonel, Campbell, the Russian General, Schuwalow, the Austrian General, Koller, and the Prussian General, Valdebourg-Truchsess. He was under the escort of from 150 to 200 of the foreign troops, protected by several detachments posted at different points along the route. He ran some personal risks, and was forced to have recourse to a disguise of dress to avoid the fury of some people enraged at the loss of their property or their children. On the 27th of April, in the morning, he arrived at Frejus by way of Avignon.

On the 4th of May he landed at Porto Ferrajo, under the discharge of cannon from the frigate and fort. The act of his taking possession was

attested by a *procès-verbal*. General Drouot, governor of the island, signed it in the name of the Emperor, with the commissioners of the allied powers.

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*"Bust of Alexander."*

During Napoleon's stay at Amsterdam, in 1811, he dropped the first hint of his animosity against the sovereign of Russia. In a cabinet connected with the apartment occupied by Maria Louisa, there was found, standing on a piano, a small and very accurate bust of Alexander. Napoleon, wherever he went, was in the habit of visiting in person all the rooms connected with his apartment, or that of the empress. While making this visit, he discovered the bust, took it, and placing it under his arm, said, "*confiscated.*" He went on, however, conversing with several ladies who were with him. Deeply engrossed in conversation, he made a gesture, forgetting the marble bust, and dropped it. One of the ladies, however, caught it before it struck the floor, and asked Napoleon what she should do with it. "What you please," said he, "so I don't see it again."—*M. M.*

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*"Clemency to grandeur."*

"I congratulate you," said the Emperor Alexander one day to Josephine, "on having reigned over the French, a nation so worthy to be well governed; I congratulate you on having known how to make friends while on the throne, friends who have followed you into retirement. 'Tis to you, madam, that France is in a great measure indebted for the tranquillity she enjoyed, during the first years of your husband's reign. Had Napoleon continued to listen to your advice, he would probably now have reigned over a great and generous people. All the sovereigns in Europe, and myself the first, would ultimately have applauded the wisdom of his institutions and the strength of his government."

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*"The remainder of your days in peace."*

It is the curse of absolute princes to fall easily into the snares laid for their credulity.

In the early part of January, 1814, the Empress Josephine being in her gallery of paintings, the Emperor came upon her unawares while she was reading a passage in the life of Diocletian. He appeared singularly struck by the passage (it related to his abdication of power), and said to her—

"My wife" (for so he continued to call her), "I shall perhaps terminate my course in the same way, and take pride in showing the beautiful fruits of your gardens, cultivated by my own hands, to the envoys of the different nations who may come to visit Napoleon the *Philosopher.*"

"So much the better," answered Josephine; "then should we be happy indeed." But directly resuming her air of sadness, her eyes became suffused with tears. "My friend," said she with the deepest emotion, an emotion that seemed to rend her heart, "my friend, you have a new wife, and a son; I desire henceforth only to aid you by my counsels. But should you ever become free, or should the blast of adversity ever deliver you to your enemies, come, come, O Bonaparte, to my cherished asylum, and

leave it not while the honour of the name of France, and the integrity of its soil, shall be menaced."

Such were the dreams of that good woman. She loved to persuade herself that Napoleon, tired of grandeur, stripped of his ambition, would one day imitate the great models of ancient times. But the thirst for power is contagious, and its ravages great. A sceptre is not surrendered with the same ease with which it was acquired; and Napoleon, in his misfortunes, could not say with Diocletian: "O ye, who have seen me seated on a throne, come now and see the lettuce which I planted with my own hands!"

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*"Necessity."*

Josephine had learnt, through a secret channel, that Murat was very anxious to sever his interests from those of Bonaparte, whom she advised of it. He instantly despatched formal orders for him to raise his full number of men, and complete his junction with the Viceroy of Italy. By this means the Emperor proposed to protect Italy, and flattered himself that Vienna would be in his hands sooner than the allies could take Paris. But Murat paid no regard to the promises he had made his brother-in-law; he made no movement in his favour, but, on the contrary, endeavoured to paralyze all the dispositions of Prince Eugene. Napoleon continually expected deliverance from that quarter; hence his strange security while he was at Fontainebleau. The Viceroy did not delay to write to the Empress, and give her an account of the damning treason of Murat, who had left him alone exposed to so many dangers. Nevertheless, the prince endeavoured to make the best of his position, though he could not, single-handed, resist so large a hostile force. Had Murat combined the whole plan for the invasion of Italy by the allies, he could not, in reference to his own safety, have done his duty better!

(89) *Page 224.*—GRAND DUCHESS OF NAVARRE.

After her divorce, Josephine passed her time alternately at Malmaison and the chateau of Navarre. At these places she received daily, and at all hours of the day, the blessings of a multitude of poor families, who lived only on her bounty. Here, when reduced to occupy a limited sphere of life, here she found friends—*yes, true friends!* The great have but few, few indeed, of that class among them!

On her death, her estate at Navarre should have descended to her son. She had delighted to embellish that spot, which had been totally neglected for a series of years.\* She made numerous improvements, and gave a new life to that spot which had been long deserted, but which her presence rendered an enchanted palace. Had she wished it, she might have preserved the title of Grand Duchess of Navarre; but it is said she refused it. She was, however, to be presented to his majesty Louis XVIII. under the title of the Countess of \*\*\*; but Destiny, which sports with all human schemes, decided it otherwise. Without this mysterious agency, the part which Josephine acted might have been more difficult;

\* Navarre and its dependencies once belonged to the Bonillon family. Its sale was at auction, and Napoleon was the highest bidder, to whom it was struck off for the sum of 900,000 francs (\$169,200). He made a present of it to Josephine after her divorce, and paid her three visits at this her new residence. On one occasion he arrived at midnight, and left at two o'clock in the morning.



her star might have directed her course far, far away from the path in which it led her.

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*"The ingratitude of Murat."*

After the fall of the Emperor, and his departure to the Island of Elba, Josephine fell into a profound melancholy. Her feelings were visibly affected whenever her husband's name was mentioned in her presence. Murat's name had become odious to her, the more so that she never liked him. She had learnt that he was no stranger to the plot which was concocting to take Napoleon from the Island of Elba, and expatriate him to a more distant region. According to Josephine's idea, Murat hoped to obtain, in consideration of that act of villany, full and entire security, and remain the peaceable possessor of the crown of Naples; others, on the contrary, who thought themselves more competent to judge, imputed to Murat far nobler intentions.

When Josephine was informed of these perfidious movements on the part of Murat, she had begun to feel the approaches of that cruel malady which, at the end of a few days, laid her in the tomb. She confided her secret to a faithful agent of Bonaparte; and urged him for the last time to distrust his near relations. By a species of fatality, the person charged with carrying this despatch was arrested on the frontier, and it was not until five months after Josephine's death, that Napoleon was informed of it; hence the continual fears he entertained for his safety. The vicinity of Naples added still to his terrors. Such, indeed, were his apprehensions, that, during the latter part of his stay at Elba, he would not suffer himself to be approached. On the day of his departure for France, he gave a ball to the best society at Porto-Ferrajo, in order to conceal his project; but so completely was he preoccupied, that he neglected at the moment to provide for the peace and safety of his family. Madame Letitia had made several voyages to King Joachim (Murat, King of Naples), to induce him to be favourable to his brother-in-law—which that deceitful man promised. But Josephine had penetrated his designs; and had that interesting woman been alive at the date of Murat's misfortunes, though pitying his sad end, she would have remained convinced that *the fatality which pursues us is often but the just recompense of our guilty designs*:—whole generations are sometimes punished for the crimes of their fathers.

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*"That magical retreat."*—MALMAISON.

Become Empress of the French, Josephine preserved her simple tastes and her love for rustic life. Adored by a people who saw in her their guardian angel, she was never more happy than when, retired to Malmaison, she could pass her time in this new Eden, away from the pomp of her imperial husband's court. One of the first uses she made of her power was in embellishing her beautiful gardens. Well taught in all the branches of natural history, she made of Malmaison an immense museum, consecrated specially to that science. The men of learning, whom she patronized and encouraged by her bounty, and to whom she furnished the means of travelling, were at special pains to send her, from the four quarters of the globe, the most rare and interesting objects. To gratify her innate love of natural history, she reserved, in the new arrangements of her park, a portion of it to be devoted to the theoretical and practical



study of her favourite science. She established at Malmaison a botanical garden, a menagerie, and a school of agriculture, and it was under her eye, and almost under her personal direction, that the lovers of nature came to study her phenomena.

The botanical garden, including the hot-houses, contained all those rare plants which art or patience can cause to grow in our climate. The menagerie, one of the most complete in Europe, contained all sorts of land animals, aquatic or winged, that can live in our atmosphere. The school of agriculture, established upon the plan of that of Rambouillet, was devoted to useful experiments, having for their sole object the perfection of the first of human arts, and the opening to the French people new sources of wealth and prosperity. In these different establishments, the useful was mingled with the agreeable, and Josephine, in the midst of her gardens, surrounded by her superb Merinos and other animals, consecrated to the use of man, appeared to the French people like a beneficent divinity, occupied with the sole desire and care of rendering them happy.

She proved this to them, by incurring, in reality, no expense except for objects which presented to her heart some hope of usefulness. She sacrificed immense sums in organizing her different establishments, but never entertained the thought, for a moment, of wasting money in building herself a palace worthy of the wife of the most powerful monarch in Europe. The modest habitation of Malmaison, composed of a simple *rez-de-chaussée*, and one story, always satisfied her ambition. But though the aspect of this humble abode did not announce to the traveller the Empress of the French, the story of her virtues, of her beneficence, the tears of love and gratitude shed by all the dwellers in the neighbouring hamlet, while speaking of her, soon made her known; and the traveller returned, struck with admiration for the woman who desired to reign, only to be loved.

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“*Her last words.*”

The death of Josephine threw all France into tears, and even strangers shared in the general sorrow. They witnessed the universal regrets her death occasioned; and it may be truly said, to the praise of both the friends and foes of Bonaparte, that, on this mournful occasion, all united to scatter flowers upon the tomb of the woman who had adorned the happy days of the illustrious exile. On hearing of her premature death, the people were generally of opinion that some wicked hand had administered her the hemlock. Many uttered their suspicions aloud. Nothing, however, proves that these suspicions were well founded. What tended to give them credence was, the *black ingratitude and the dark smile* of the man who was the supposed agent of a criminal intrigue. Woe to that coward, if he be guilty! But the sensible portion of those who were attached to Josephine (and on this subject I have made the most minute and authentic investigations), have all, with the exception of those who are fond of something new, informed me, that, on returning from Saint-Leu-Tavernay, on the day that Queen Hortense gave a great dinner to the allied sovereigns, Josephine felt a general prostration of strength. The Empress's physician recommended her to adopt some precautions, and gave her an emetic and a cathartic. She felt relieved, and resumed her usual habits. She meanwhile continued to do the

honours at Malmaison, as heretofore. His majesty, the Emperor Alexander, came there regularly, and Josephine felt happy, when she saw Eugene and that great prince laughing and amusing themselves with antic sports, on the green bank which fronted the principal apartments. In vain did that patient and enduring woman seek to conceal from herself her real sufferings; in vain did she, on the 26th of May, endeavour to make her accustomed promenade. She was forced to keep her house, contrary to her habit. She felt weak; a cold perspiration covered her face. She underwent much pain during the following night, and experienced a degree of delirium. She seemed much agitated, and talked a great deal. On the next day (Friday), she gave a great dinner to the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia. She was anxious to be present at it herself, and made an effort to get out of her bed, but in vain. Her daughter was charged to receive the illustrious guests.

The disease, from this moment, took a very serious type. It was generally credited about the house, that the malady was a catarrh, neglected by the *Sieur A\*\**, formerly the Emperor's physician, but who had now become hers. Doctor Lamou\*\*, who resided at Ruel, and who administered under A\*\*'s directions, could not, notwithstanding his good intentions, save the life of the Empress. His superior [A\*\*] having neglected to come, and Josephine finding herself growing worse, Lamou\*\* judged it necessary to apply leeches to the back of her neck, and between the shoulders, with a view to scatter the inflammation. But Lamou\*\* could do nothing of himself, without being authorized by the chief physician, although the Empress begged him to take it upon himself, if he judged it necessary. The next morning A\*\* arrived, but that illustrious woman had now but a few hours to live. She reproached him for his want of attention, and told him that "his neglect had killed her" (her own words). Lamou\*\* said he could have saved her life, had he been permitted to apply the leeches; to which M. A\*\* answered—"You should have done so in a case so urgent, without waiting for my arrival." After her death, the body was opened by Doctor Lamou\*\*; he found a deposit of blood back of the neck, just as he had supposed; and this it was that extinguished the life of the unhappy Josephine.

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*"The Emperor Alexander burst into tears."*

The Emperor of Russia was not present when Josephine breathed her last; he arrived at Malmaison shortly after. That generous prince asked to be conducted into her apartment. Gazing upon the lifeless remains of her who, but a few hours before, had so much excited his feelings of admiration, he could not restrain his tears. In vain did he strive to console her two children. That august prince, wholly overcome by grief, was not in a condition to moderate that of the spectators of that sorrowing scene. The whole household of the dead Josephine melted into tears, for she was really adored. Numerous strangers who had never known her, but who happened to be present at the time of her death, mingled their tears with those of the mourners. One of them exclaimed, "Were I, at the time of her interment, engaged in actual service, I would certainly accompany her funeral train, even without asking permission of my commander."

His majesty, the Emperor Alexander, appeared inconsolable, and repeated many times—"She is no more, that woman whom France named

the *beneficent*; that angel of goodness is no more. Those who have known Josephine can never forget her. She leaves to her children, her friends, and her contemporaries, deep but merited regrets."

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"*Solemn convoy.*"

On the 2d of June, the funeral honours were paid to the mortal remains of the Empress Josephine in the parish church at Ruel. The cortège, composed of a detachment of cavalry, and 200 men of the National Guard, left the chateau of Malmaison at noon, having at its head the banners of the different fraternities of the parish of Ruel. The suite was composed of the prince of Mecklenberg, General Sacken, the two grandchildren of the deceased Empress, Marshals of France, general officers, foreign as well as French, senators, numerous aides-de-camp to their majesties the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia, a great number of ecclesiastics from the neighbouring parishes, officers of the National Guard, the prefect and sub-prefect, the mayor, and more than 8000 inhabitants of the environs, assembled to pay their last homage to the memory of a princess who so well deserved the name of mother to the poor and afflicted. M. Baral, Archbishop of Tours, assisted by the Bishops of Evreux and Versailles, celebrated mass. After reading the Holy Scriptures, he pronounced the funeral oration. The body of the Empress, placed in a leaden coffin, enclosed in a box of wood, covered with black cloth, was deposited in the lower southern side of the church at Ruel, in a vault, whereon was raised a *chapelle ardente*, formed of funeral hangings; the altar, richly decorated in the form of a tomb, and the altarpiece representing a cross, were surmounted by a canopy. On the right was placed the statue of Immortality, on the left that of Religion. A sepulchral lamp was suspended in the middle of the *chapelle ardente*, and in the middle of the same *chapelle* were placed a desk, some seats and arm-chairs. Her heart was deposited in a square leaden box, to be sent to its destination. The *chapelle ardente* at Malmaison, as well as the front and inside of the church there, were shrouded in black, but without any heraldic characters. The ceremony did not terminate until five o'clock, P. M. Such are the details of the funeral obsequies of a princess whose life, considering the health which she usually enjoyed, should have been of much longer duration.—D. L.

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"*Her last tear fell upon his portrait.*"

"Banished to an island under a foreign sky, torn from France, from a wife the model of all the virtues, from a beloved son, from all his friends; fallen from the palaces of kings, among the hills of Elba, overcome by cares and fatigues, sad and melancholy, alone amidst the dwellers upon that island, there still remains to him one faithful Pylades, and a few warriors who have voluntarily shared his exile. Bonaparte can never find consolation in his deep misfortunes, except in the reflection that there still remains to him *one true friend who hath never ceased to watch over his precious life. But, alas! she is lost for him.*"—*Last words of Josephine.*

(96) *Page 239.**"A simple stone now covers her."*

The tombstone bears neither epitaph nor inscription. It indicates nothing except that the best of mothers, the most excellent of wives, slept the sleep of the Just, on the 29th of May, 1814. The widow and the orphan daily go to weep at her tomb; and the veteran survivors of our victories address their prayers to Heaven for the repose of her who lived only for the French people. Multitudes of her faithful friends continually visit the last resting-place of her whose memory was honoured by universal mourning and lamentation. To-day nothing distinguishes her tomb. The earth is not pressed by a sarcophagus of costly workmanship. No barrier defends the entrance of the chapel. The poor and the rich can come at all hours, and contemplate the frailty of human grandeur and the instability of all human affairs. What now remains of Josephine is the recollection of her good deeds.

Ye feeling souls!—ye who are *therefore* the children of sorrow—who cover the companionship of emotion, come to *Rue!*—and contemplate the dust of her who lately merited your respect and your love! Ah, come, pour forth your tears upon her urn!

Narrow tomb—last resting place of the gods of this earth, how dost thou humble their pride!—Vain mortal! lift this stone!

Here lies a woman, who, during her happy days, perchance, awakened thy envy; all the vain displays of earthly greatness have vanished with her; her body, as cold as the marble which covers it, is but the prey of Death.—Her reputation alone will live after her.



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JEROME, his brother, King of Westphalia.  
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PAULINE, his sister, Princess of Guastalla (Princess Borghèse).  
CAROLINE, his sister, Grand Duchess of Berg and Cleves, Queen of Naples, Countess of Lipano.  
HORTENSE (daughter of Josephine by Alexander Beauharnais), Queen of Holland (wife of Louis Napoleon).  
STEPHANIE (daughter of "Senator Beauharnais," an emigrant, brother of Alexander Beauharnais), Grand Duchess of Baden.

## DIGNITARIES.

- AREIGHI, duke of Padua.  
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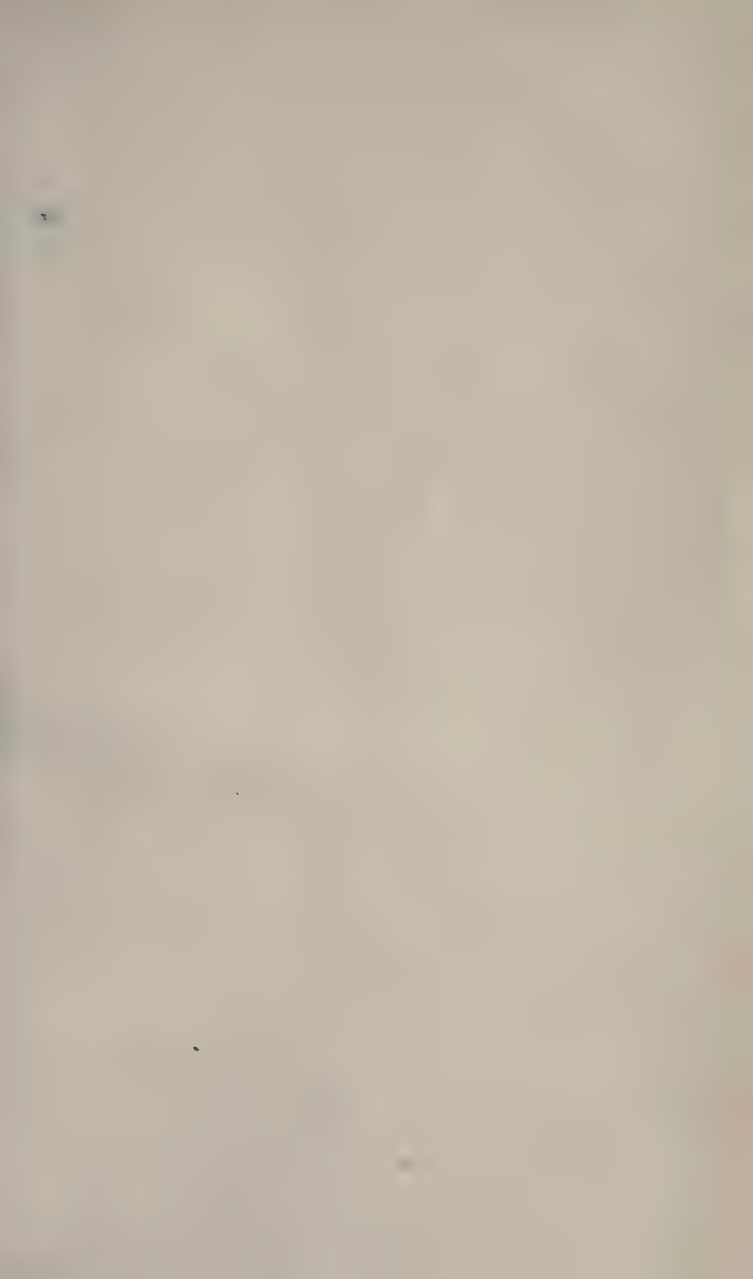
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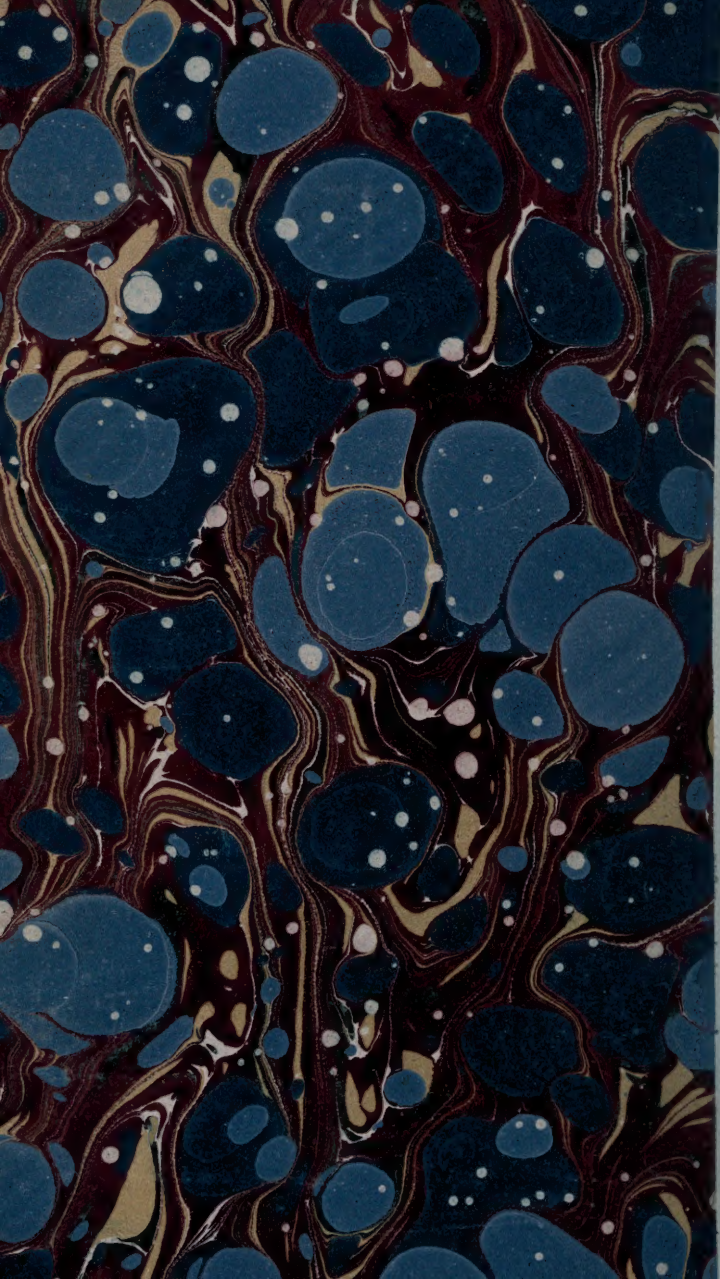












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